★Sept. 20, 1941

THE NEW YORKER

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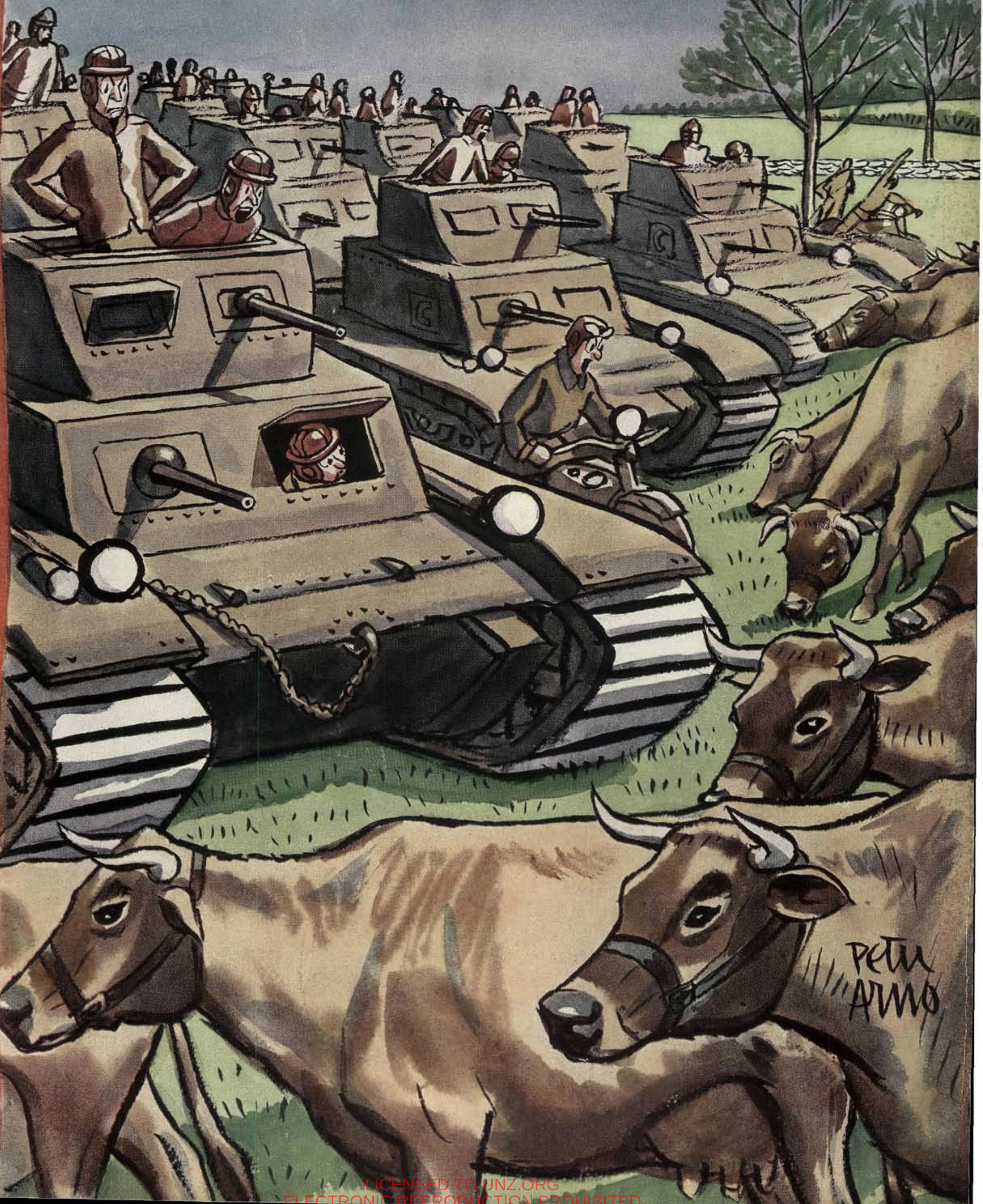

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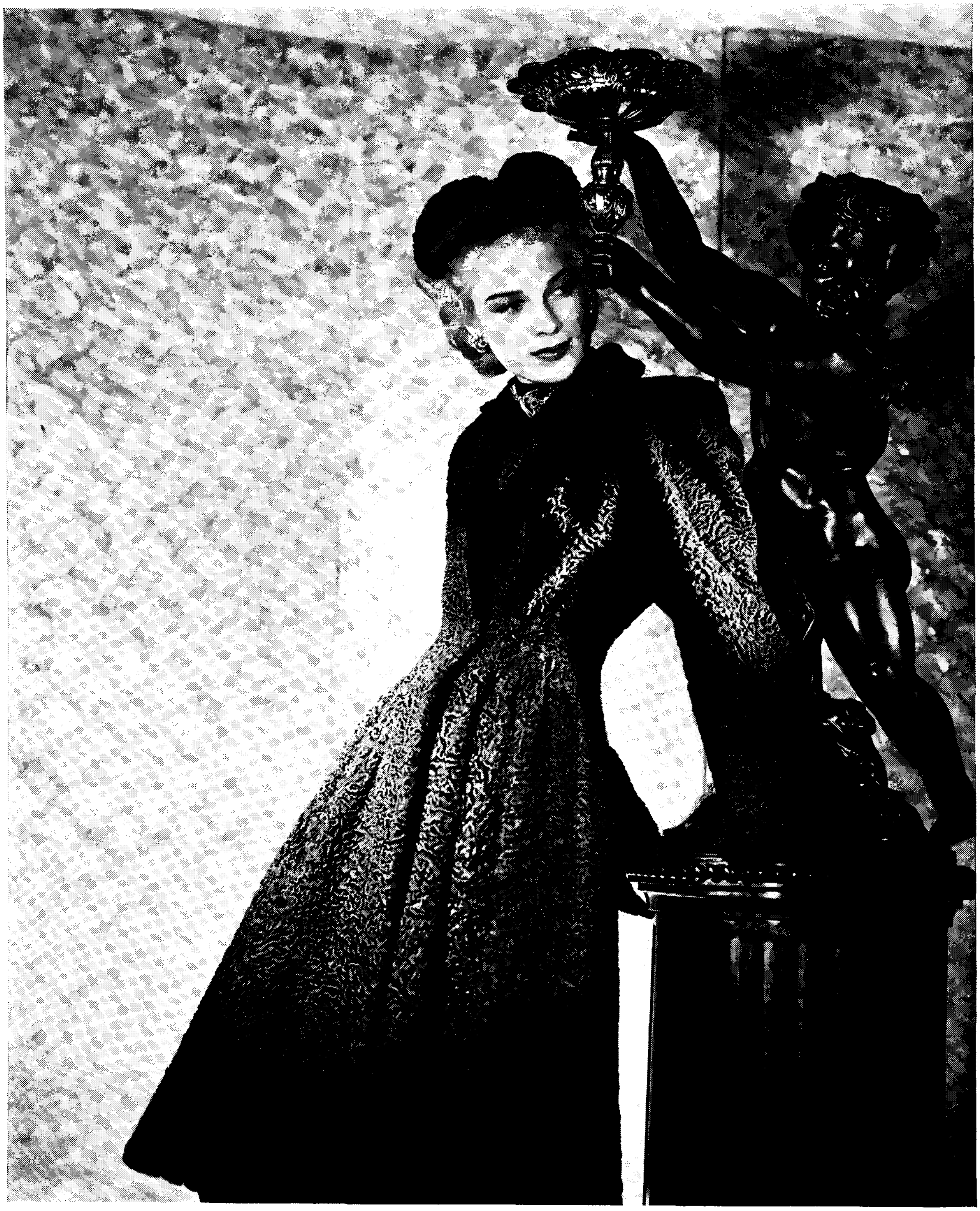

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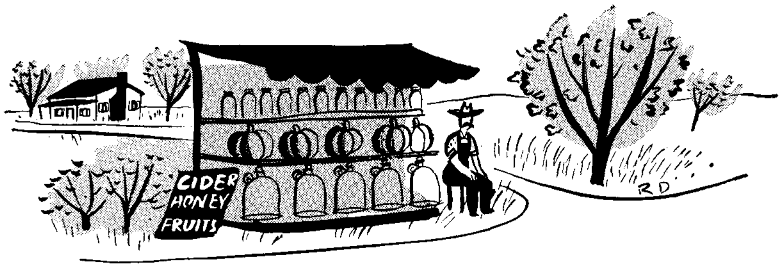
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS WORTH WHILE

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 18, THROUGH SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 27. TIMES GIVEN, INCLUDING TRAIN DEPARTURES, ARE DAYLIGHT SAVING.

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Arsenic and Old Lace—The Brewster sisters defeat their nephew Jonathan by a score of thirteen corpses to twelve. Josephine Hull, Jean Adair, and Boris Karloff are responsible for most of the slaughter in this beautifully original and hair-raising comedy. (Fulton, 46, W. CI 6-6380. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Claudia—Rose Franken's account of how a flighty bride is brought to face the facts of life. Frances Starr, Dorothy McGuire, and Donald Cook are splendid for two acts but get a bit lost, along with the author, toward the end. (Booth, 45, W. CI 6-5969. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

The Corn Is Green—Ethel Barrymore triumphant as the teacher who discovers a genius. Among the others in the cast of Emlyn Williams' play are Richard Waring, Edmond Breon, and Thelma Schnee. (Royale, 45, W. CI 5-5760. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Life with Father—Russel Crouse and Howard Lindsay have turned the red-headed Day family loose on the stage in an intelligent and high-spirited comedy. Dorothy Stickney and Howard Lindsay are excellent as Mother and Father. (Empire, B'way at 40. PE 6-9540. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

My Sister Eileen—Two young ladies from Columbus, Ohio, discover that Greenwich Village is even more peculiar than advertised. Ruth McKenney's reminiscences have been made into a fine, dizzy comedy, with Shirley Booth, Morris Carnovsky, and Jo Ann Sayers. (Biltmore, 47, W. CI 6-9353. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Village Green—Frank Craven is as homely and genial as ever in this rather frail comedy about art and politics in New Hampshire. John Craven, Matt Briggs, Perry Wilson, and Laura Pierpont represent some of the local types. (Henry Miller, 43, E. BR 9-3970. Mon. through Sat. at 8:50. Mats. 2:45, Thurs. and Sat.)

Watch on the Rhine—Lillian Hellman's story about a family of refugees from Germany who bring the great problems of today into an American household is easily the best anti-Nazi play we've had so far. Mady Christians, Lucile Watson, Paul Lukas, and George Coulouris head an exceptional cast, and Herman Shumlin's production is magnificent. (Martin Beck, 45, W. CI 6-6363. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

The Wookey—The bombing of London brings a hardheaded cockney tugboat captain around to approving of the war. Extraordinary scenery and sound effects and a splendid cast headed by Edmund Gwenn and Heather Angel make Frederick Hazlitt Brennan's play seem rather better than it is. (Plymouth, 45, W. CI 6-9156. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

Cuckoos on the Hearth—A comedy by Parker W. Fennelly, staged by Antoinette Perry and produced by Brock Pemberton. (Morosco, 45, W. CI 6-6230. Tues. through Sun. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

The More the Merrier—A farce by Frank Gabrielson and Irvin Pincus, with Teddy Hart, Millard Mitchell, and J. C. Nugent. Produced by Otto L. Preminger and Norman Pincus. (Cort, 48, E. BR 9-0046. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

WITH MUSIC

Hellz-a-Poppin—Broadway's oldest show, now going into its fourth season, with Jay C. Flippen and Happy Felton heading the cast. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50. CI 7-5161. Tues. through Sun. at 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed., Sat., and Sun.)

It Happens on Ice—Some of the greatest skaters in the world turned loose on one of the biggest stages in a show that starts off by being very exciting and then gets a little wearing. (Center, 6 Ave. at 49. CO 5-5474. Tues. through Sun. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat., and 3, Sun.)

Lady in the Dark—Gertrude Lawrence still carrying on splendidly in Moss Hart's psychiatric opera, although most of the gentlemen surrounding her are different. The new cast includes Eric Brotherson, Walter Coy, Willard Parker, and Paul McGrath. (Alvin, 52, W. CI 5-6868. Mon. through Sat. at 8:35. Mats. 2:35, Wed. and Sat.)

Pal Joey—John O'Hara's *New Yorker* series successfully transplanted to the stage with the assistance of Richard Rodgers, Lorenz Hart, and George Abbott. George Tapps, Vivienne Segal, and Vivienne Allen represent the perfect heel and a couple of his little playmates. (Shubert, 44, W. CI 6-5990. Tues. through Sun. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Sat. and Sun.)

Panama Hattie—Ethel Merman as a girl who knocks around with sailors but turns out nicely just the same. A first-rate musical comedy, with Arthur Treacher and James Dunn. Cole Porter wrote the music. (46th Street, 46, W. CI 6-6075. Mon. through Sat. at 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed. and Sat.)

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THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 43RD STREET
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OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes, so you'd better verify the dates and curtain times.)

The Distant City—Gladys George in a play by Edwin B. Self, produced by John Tuerk. Opens Mon., Sept. 22. (Longacre, 48, W. CI 6-6454. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

BALLET

Jooss Ballet—This group, making its first appearance here in several years, will present "The Green Table," "The Heroes," "The Big City," and "A Ball in Old Vienna," Mon. through Wed. Eves., Sept. 22-24, and Sat. Eve., Sept. 27; "A Spring Tale" and "The Prodigal Son," Thurs. and Fri. Eves., Sept. 25-26, and Sat. Aft., Sept. 27. (Maxine Elliott, 39, E. LO 5-0668. Eves. at 8:40. Mat. at 3.)

MISCELLANY

Gilbert and Sullivan—The Savoy Opera Guild will present "Ruddigore," Thurs. through Sat. Eves., Sept. 18-20, and Wed. through Sat. Eves., Sept. 24-27, at 8:30. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. CA 6-9042.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

(A listing of some places where, with a few indicated exceptions, you will find music or other entertainment. Fill-in orchestras may be substituted here and there on Mon. Eves.)

Ambassador Garden, Park at 51 (WI 2-1000)—A green and pleasant place, with Jules Lande's orchestra.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54 (EL 5-8769)—Off to still another season, this time with Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band.

Larue, 45 E. 58 (VO 5-6374)—Favored by folk who interpret dinner dancing literally and like to take their time about it. Val Ernie's and Eddie Davis's orchestras.

Monte Carlo Beach, 51 E. 54 (PL 5-3400)—Felix Ferry is setting about turning this summer place of his into a permanent fixture. John Kirby's band is on hand to help him do it.

Plaza, 5 Ave. at 58 (PL 3-1740)—The Persian Room is scheduled to reopen on Wed., Sept. 24, with Jean Sablon, Gower and Jeanne, and Dick Gasparre's orchestra. Preview benefit, Tues., Sept. 23, for the Soldiers and Sailors Club.

Rainbow Room, R.C.A. Bldg. (CI 5-9000)—José Fernandez heads the show way up there with all those searchlights and beacons flashing around. The music is by Ozzie Caswell's orchestra and Clemente's rumba band. . . . Russ Smith's orchestra is playing in the Rainbow Grill.

St. Regis, 5 Ave. at 55 (PL 3-4500)—The Viennese Roof has Hal Saunders' orchestra and a rumba band. Formal dress required on the dance floor.

Savoy-Plaza, 5 Ave. at 59 (VO 5-2600)—John Hoysradt keeps things going in the Café Lounge, where Howard Lally's orchestra plays for dancing.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53 (PL 3-1940)—The hardy perennial for hardy people. Music by Sonny Kendis's orchestra.

Versailles, 151 E. 50 (PL 8-0310)—A large one on the East Side, with a touch of Broadway about it. Kitty Carlisle is there at the moment and so are Maximillian Bergère's orchestra and Panchito's rumba band.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park at 49 (EL 5-3000)—Xavier Cugat's orchestra plays for dancing

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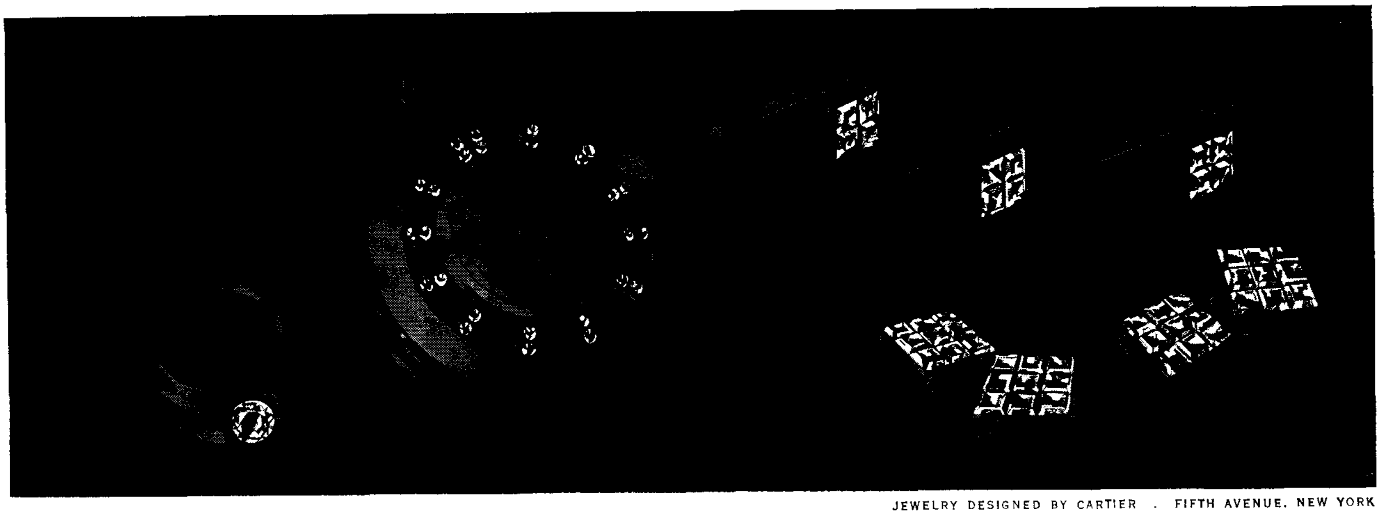
Have you seen



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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on the Starlight Roof and sort of ties the show together, too.

Miscellaneous—At **LE RUBAN BLEU**, 4 E. 56 (EL 5-9787): this has been known as an intimate spot for several seasons, and at present you may find it all of that and more, what with one Carrie Finnell, a graduate of burlesque, heading the entertainment. No dancing.... **LA MARTINIQUE**, 57 W. 57 (PL 5-5757): a familiar landmark that has just reopened, with Adelaide Moffett, Joe Frisco, Eddie Oliver's orchestra, and a rumba band.... **LE COQ ROUGE**, 65 E. 56 (PL 3-8887): an attractive, small retreat, with Joseph C. Smith's orchestra.... **ARMANDO'S**, 54 E. 55 (PL 3-0760): a dance floor no bigger than a minute, with music by George Morris's orchestra.... **SPIVY'S ROOF**, 139 E. 57 (PL 3-1518): Spivy's somewhat special songs are the highlights of the entertainment.... **CAFÉ SOCIETY UPTOWN**, 128 E. 58 (PL 5-9223): all-swing centre of the East Side, with such expert Negro entertainers as Hazel Scott and Count Basie's band.... **PENTHOUSE CLUB**, 30 Central Pk. S. (PL 3-6910): a lofty hideaway for dinner and supper, with soft music to listen to and the lights of Central Park to look at down below.... **ASTOR ROOF**, B'way at 44 (CI 6-6000): Bob Chester's orchestra and a rumba band. Closes Sat., Sept. 20.... **BILTMORE**, Madison at 43 (MU 9-7920): Ray Heatherton's orchestra.... **ESSEX HOUSE**, 160 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-0300): Nick D'Amico's orchestra. No dancing Mon.... **NEW YORKER HOTEL**, 8 Ave. at 34 (ME 3-1000): Johnny Long's orchestra and an ice show.... **WARWICK**, 65 W. 54 *(CI 7-2700): small and* secluded, with Art Barker's orchestra.... **BILL'S GAY NINETIES**, 57 E. 54 (EL 5-8231): the old songs, of course—loud but pleasant. No dancing.... **VILLAGE VANGUARD**, 178 7 Ave. S., at 11 (CH 2-9355): a casual, low-ceilinged cellar spot, with some Calypso singers. Closed Mon.... **JIMMY KELLY'S**, 181 Sullivan (AL 4-1414): rough-and-tumble carryings-on until all hours, far south of the beaten track.

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Broadway Atmosphere—At the **HAVANA-MADRID**, B'way at 51 (CI 7-3461): relentlessly South American, with the inevitable rumba band. ... **18 CLUB**, 20 W. 52 (EL 5-9858): Jack White isn't especially delicate about his quips, but nobody seems to mind. Frankie Hyers is also active.... **DIAMOND HORSESHOE**, 235 W. 46 (CI 6-6500): a Billy Rose show, with Joe E. Howard, Nita Naldi, and Gilda Gray.

Mostly for Music—At **CAFÉ SOCIETY DOWNTOWN**, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737): a Village institution, with such gifted Negro performers as Helena Horne, Ammons and Johnson, the Golden Gate Quartet, and Teddy Wilson's band. Closed Mon.... **NICK'S**, 7 Ave. at 10 (WA 9-9742): another Village place, this one with Joe Marsala's band.... **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 53 W. 52 (EL 5-9600): Zutty Singleton keeps hammering away with his quartet.... **KELLY'S STABLE**, 137 W. 52 (CI 7-9738): Art Tatum, Red Allen's band, and sawdust on the floor.

Foreign Flavor—Scandinavian: **CASTLEHOLM**, 344 W. 57 (CI 7-0873).... Polish: **POLISH RESTAURANT**, 151 E. 57 (PL 3-2816).... Russian: **KRETCHMA**, 244 E. 14 (GR 7-9784).... Latin: **EL CHICO**, 80 Grove, at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646); and **CLUB GAUCHO**, 245 Sullivan (GR 7-4833).

Note—The Claremont Inn, Riverside Dr. at 124 (MO 2-8600), plans to keep on offering alfresco dining and dancing through Sun., Sept. 28.

OUT OF TOWN

Dancing at Nearby Places—Ben Marden's **RIVIERA**, at the other end of the George Washington Bridge (Ft. Lee 8-2000): the show here includes Harry Richman and Phil Baker; the music is by Pancho's orchestra and Fausto Curbelo's rumba band.... **GLEN ISLAND CASINO**, New Rochelle (New Rochelle 6-4480): Claude Thornhill's orchestra.... **CHANTICLER**, Millburn, N.J. (Millburn 6-1454): Charlie Murray's orchestra.... **MEADOWBROOK**, Cedar Grove, N.J. (Verona 8-9817): Benny Goodman's orchestra. Closed Mon.

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Dinner in the Country—Some agreeable objectives for weekend wanderers (dancing only when indicated)—**BETHPAGE, L.I.**: Beau Séjour (Hicksville 91).... **BROOKHAVEN, L.I.**: Brook House (Bellport 394).... **HAMPTON BAYS, L.I.**: Catena's Restaurant (Hampton Bays 170). ... **HUNTINGTON, L.I.**: Dahlstrom's Green Tree Lodge (Huntington 1838).... **LAKE SUCCESS, L.I.**: Lakeville Manor Inn (Great Neck 2790). ... **MANHASSET, L.I.**: Mori's (Manhasset 1842). ... **MONTAUK, L.I.**: Gurney's Inn (Montauk Point 2345).... **OAKDALE, L.I.**: Stirrup-Cup Castle (Sayville 889).... **SMITHTOWN, L.I.**: Riverside Inn (Smithtown 1016), dancing nightly, except Mon.... **SOUTH HUNTINGTON, L.I.**: Round Hill Restaurant (Huntington 1371).... **STONY BROOK, L.I.**: Three Village Inn (Stony Brook 575).... **SYOSSET, L.I.**: Stockholm (Syosset 1749), dancing nightly, except Mon.; and Villa Victor (Syosset 1706).... **WESTHAMPTON, L.I.**: Casa Basso (Westhampton 1841).... **AMAWALK, N.Y.**: Benedusi's (Yorktown 984).... **COLD SPRING, N.Y.**: Harbor Hill Inn (Cold Spring 975).... **DOVER PLAINS, N.Y.**: Old Drovers Inn (Dover Plains 2781).... **GARRISON, N.Y.**: Bird and Bottle (Garrison 078).... **HAWTHORNE, N.Y.**: Valley View Farm Inn (Pleasantville 120).... **MT. KISCO, N.Y.**: Lawrence Farms Inn (Mt. Kisco 5324).... **NEW CITY, N.Y.**: French Farms (New City 981). ... **POUNDRIDGE, N.Y.**: Emily Shaw's Inn (Bedford Village 9371).... **BRIDGEWATER, CONN.**: Hilltop Farm (New Milford 830).... **DANBURY, CONN.**: White Turkey Inn (Danbury 4548).... **LIME ROCK, CONN.**: Lime Rock Lodge (Lakeville 455).... **NORWALK, CONN.**: Silvermine Tavern (Norwalk 6-2588).... **REDDING RIDGE, CONN.**: Spinning Wheel (Redding 67).... **RIDGEFIELD, CONN.**: Outpost Inn (Ridgefield 882), dancing Sat. Eves.; and La Bretagne (Ridgefield 899).... **SOUTH NORWALK, CONN.**: Dorlon's Shore House (Norwalk 8-9898).... **SOUTHPORT, CONN.**: Tide Mill Tavern (Fairfield 9-2900).... **WESTPORT, CONN.**: Cobb's Mill Inn (Westport 2-4330), dancing nightly, except Sun. and Mon.; and Red Barn (Westport 2-3971).... **ALPINE, N.J.**: Le Petit Pavillon Royal (Closter 788).... **BERNARDSVILLE, N.J.**: Old Mill Inn (Bernardsville 70).... **CLOSTER, N.J.**: Red Coach Tavern (Closter 606).... **DOYLESTOWN, PA.**: Water Wheel Tavern (Doylestown 7941).

ART

Americans—At the **FERARGIL**, 63 E. 57: paintings by Bellows, Brook, Eilshemius, Henri, and others. Daily 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Sat., Sept. 20.... **KRAUSHAAR**, 730 5 Ave., at 57: oils by Sloan, Glackens, Luks, and others. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Sat., Sept. 20.... **A.C.A.**, 26 W. 8: paintings by William Gropper, Philip Evergood, David Burliuk, and others. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 2 to 6 P.M.; through Sun., Sept. 21.... **CONTEMPORARY ARTS**, 38 W. 57: paintings and sculptures by artists now serving in the Army and Navy. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 7 P.M. (also Mon. Eve., 8:30 to 11:30); Sun., 2:30 to 5:30 P.M.; through Sept. 30.

Europeans—Paintings, tapestries, and sculptures, from the fifteenth to the eighteenth century, with the paintings holding most of the interest: Wildenstein, 19 E. 64. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Sept. 27.

Groups—At the **LILIENFELD**, 21 E. 57: a curiously unfinished Cézanne heads a show of works by such moderns as Werner Drewes and Chagall. Daily 10 A.M. to 4 P.M.; through Fri., Sept. 19.... **PERLS**, 32 E. 58: pleasant oils by Darrel Austin and others in a selection of paintings from this gallery's shows of last season. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Sept. 27.... **ARTISTS'**, 113 W. 13: a show of works by foreign-born American artists. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M. (also Tues. and Thurs. Eves., 8 to 10); Sun., 3 to 6 and 8 to 10 P.M.; through Sept. 30.

Metropolitan Museum, 5 Ave. at 82—Changes continue up here. Several of the rooms of American painting have been rearranged, and many French paintings—some from the Louvre which were shown at the World's Fair in Flushing, and others never before seen in New York—have recently been hung. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 6 P.M.

Whitney Museum, 10 W. 8—An exhibition of two hundred contemporary American water colors, selected by the Section of Fine Arts of the Treasury Department. Tues. through Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through Sept. 30.

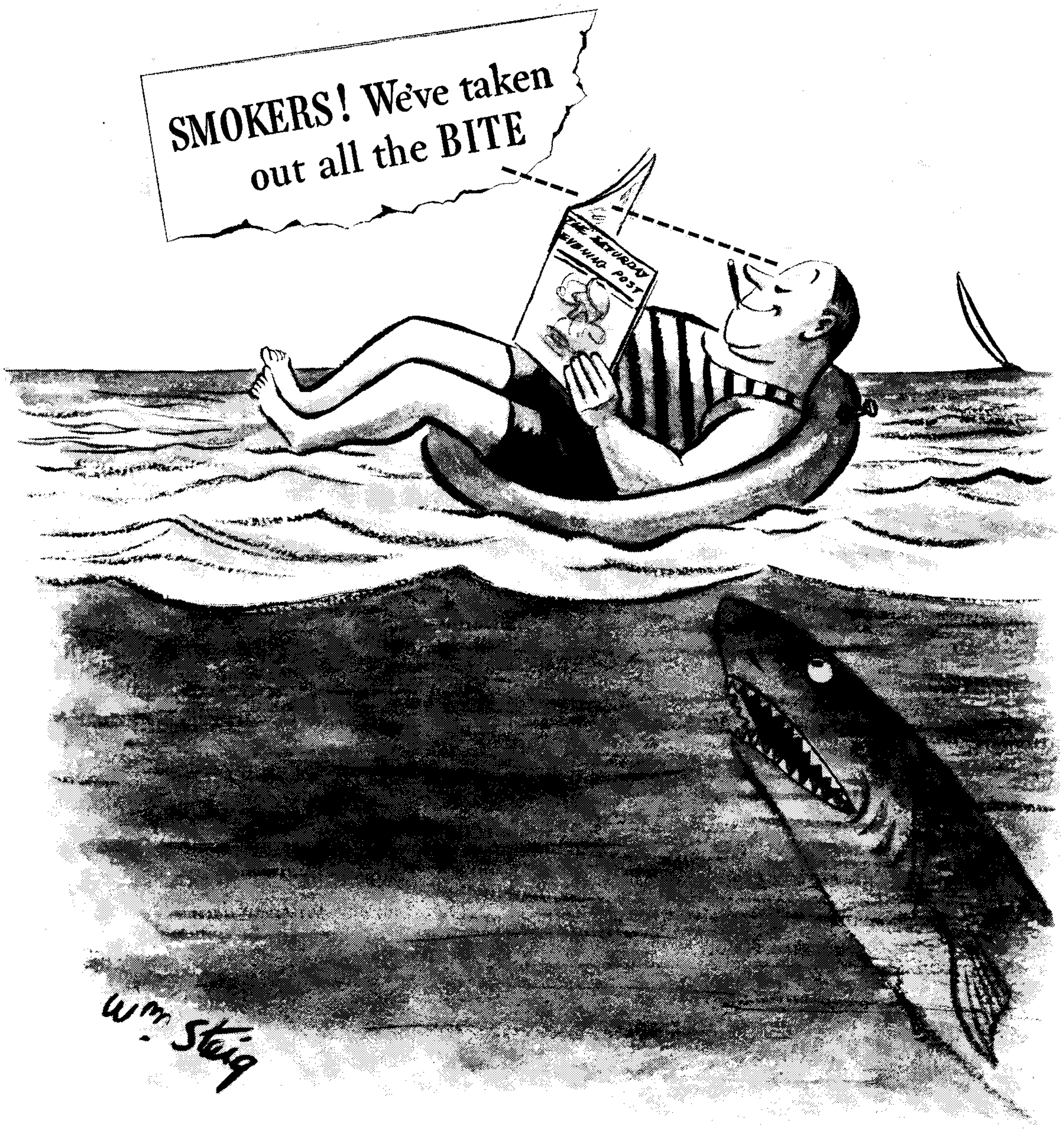
Here and There—At the **ASSOCIATED AMERICAN ARTISTS'**, 711 5 Ave., at 55: paintings by Edward Biberman. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Sept. 20.... **KNOEDLER**, 14 E. 57: water colors by Arthur B. Davies. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Sat., Sept. 27. ... **MONTROSS**, 785 5 Ave., at 60: paintings by Ann Kocsis. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Sept. 20.... **RIVERSIDE MUSEUM**, 310 Riverside Dr., at 103: paintings, sculptures, and prints by members of the New York Society of Women Artists. Tues. through Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through Sept. 28. ... **ARGENT**, 42 W. 57: paintings by members of the National Association of Women Artists. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Sept. 27.... **AMERICAN BRITISH ART CENTER**, 44 W. 56: water colors and drawings by this *gallery's group and a collection of drawings* by Augustus John. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Oct. 10.

MUSIC

Opera—The New York Grand Opera Company in "Il Trovatore," Thurs. Eve., Sept. 18; "La Traviata," Fri. Eve., Sept. 19; "La Bohème," Sat. Eve., Sept. 20. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. of B'way. CI 5-9871. Eves. at 8:30.)

SPORTS

Baseball—At the **YANKEE STADIUM**: Yankees vs. Philadelphia, Tues. and Wed. Afts., Sept. 23-24, at 3; Yankees vs. Washington, Fri. Aft., Sept. 26, doubleheader, at 1:30, and Sat. Aft., Sept. 27, at 2:30.... **POLO GROUNDS**: Giants vs. Boston, doubleheaders, Sat. Aft.,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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
Wm. Steig

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Sept. 20, at 1:30, Sun. Aft., Sept. 21, at 2, and Mon. Aft., Sept. 22, at 1:45.... **EBBETS FIELD:** Dodgers vs. Philadelphia, Sat. Aft., Sept. 27, at 2:30.

BOXING—Madison Square Garden: Ray Robinson vs. Maxie Shapiro, lightweights, 10 rounds, Fri., Sept. 19; preliminaries at 8:30, main match at about 10 P.M.

DOG SHOW—Ox Ridge Kennel Club, Darien, Sat., Sept. 27, at 10 A.M.

FOOTBALL—Sat. Aft., Sept. 27: N.Y.U. vs. Penn. Military College, Ohio Field, at 2; Manhattan vs. St. Bonaventure, Randalls Island, at 2:30.

Professional game: Dodgers vs. Detroit, Ebbets Field, Sun. Aft., Sept. 21, at 2:30.

GOLF—New Jersey State Seniors', Essex Fells C.C., Essex Fells, Thurs., Sept. 18, at 9 A.M.... Loew Cup Mixed Foursomes, Cedar Creek Club, Glen Head, L.I., Fri. through Sun., Sept. 19-21, at 10 A.M.... New Jersey Open, Forest Hill Field Club, Bloomfield, Thurs. through Sat., Sept. 25-27, at 9 A.M.... Invitation Tournament, Meadow Brook Club, Westbury, Fri. through Sun., Sept. 26-28, at 9 A.M.... Invitation Tournament, Garden City C.C., Garden City, Fri. through Sun., Sept. 26-28, at 9 A.M.

HORSE SHOWS—Farmington Hunt Club, Charlottesville, Va., Fri. and Sat., Sept. 19-20, at 9 A.M.... Plainfield Riding Club, Plainfield, N.J., Fri., Sept. 19, at 1:30 P.M., and Sat., Sept. 20, at 10 A.M.... Byram River, Glenville, Conn., Sat., Sept. 20.... North Shore, Stony Brook, Thurs., Sept. 25, at 9 A.M.; Fri., Sept. 26, at 9 A.M. and 8 P.M.; and Sat., Sept. 27, at 2 and 8 P.M.... Montclair, West Orange, Fri., Sept. 26, at 1:30 P.M., and Sat., Sept. 27, at 9 A.M.

HUNT RACES—Whitemarsh Valley Hunt Club, Flourtown, Pa., Sat. Aft., Sept. 20, at 2:15.... Meadow Brook Steeplechase Association, Westbury, Sat. Morn., Sept. 27, at 11:30.

POLO—Meadow Brook Club, Westbury: National Open Championship final, Sun. Aft., Sept. 21, at 3:30; Monty Waterbury Cup Tournament, Sat., Tues., and Wed. Afts., Sept. 20, 23, and 24, at 3:30.

RACING—Weekdays at Belmont Park, at 2 P.M.; through Sat., Oct. 4. (The Matron Stakes and Lawrence Realization, Sept. 20; Manhattan Handicap and match race between Requested and Alsab, Sept. 23; Jerome Handicap, Sept. 24; The Futurity and the Jockey Club Gold Cup, Sept. 27.) Frequent special trains will leave Penn Station between 12:15 and 1:30 P.M. on Sat., and between 12:30 and 1:30 P.M. on other weekdays.

SKEET—North American Championship, Remington Gun Club, Lordship, Conn., Sat., Sept. 20, at 9 A.M., and Sun., Sept. 21, at 8 A.M.

TRACK—N.Y.A.C. Meet, Travers Island, Pelham Manor, Sat., Sept. 20, at 3 P.M.

YACHTING—Championships on the Sound, at 1:45 P.M.: American Y.C., Sat., Sept. 20; Echo Bay Y.C., Sat., Sept. 27.

OTHER EVENTS

NATIONAL DEFENCE EXPOSITION—A comprehensive show of Army and Navy tanks, mosquito boats, dive-bombers, anti-aircraft devices, etc., as well as civilian air-raid defence equipment, planned as a benefit for the U.S.O. and the Office of Civilian Defence: Grand Central Palace. Opening day, Sat., Sept. 20, 12 noon to 10:30 P.M.; other days, 10:30 A.M. to 10:30 P.M.; through Oct. 18.

PHOTOGRAPHIC EXHIBITIONS—About forty prints by David Octavius Hill, showing some of the earliest work of this nineteenth-century master: Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53. Wed., 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; other weekdays, 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 12 noon to 6 P.M.; through Oct. 19.... A hundred and fifty or so pictures by some of the leading photographers of the country, assembled by the British War Relief Society and the Manhattan Camera Club: 6 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 9 P.M.; through Sept. 30.... A collection of news pictures of the Spanish-American and the first and second World Wars, including many taken on European battle fronts during the last few months: Arden Gallery, 460 Park, at 57. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Sept. 20.

POLICE SHOW—The Police Department's annual dramatization of its daily life: Madison Square Garden. Wed. through Sat. Eves., Sept. 24-27, at 8:30, and Sat. Aft., Sept. 27, at 2:30.

WEATHER VANE EXHIBIT—A showing of some of the ingenious work of eighteenth- and nineteenth-century American craftsmen: Downtown Gallery, 43 E. 51. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Oct. 4.

AUCTIONS—Parke-Bernet Galleries, 30 E. 57—English and French furniture, silver, gold, and enamelled watches, porcelains, and Oriental rugs, belonging to Morton Stein, William H. Proctor, and others: Fri. and Sat. Afts., Sept. 19-20, at 2.... French and English furniture, Tiffany and Lalique glass, Wedgwood ware, laces, and Oriental and Aubusson rugs, owned by Mrs. Ethel G. Douglas, Mrs. H. C. Lytton, and Frederick Housman: Fri. and Sat. Afts., Sept. 26-27, at 2.

MOTION PICTURES

THE BIG STORE—Destined for those who have dedicated their lives to the Marx Brothers. Only a slight affair, and rumored to be their last appearance together. (8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8; through Fri., Sept. 19.... Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; through Sat., Sept. 20.... Loew's 86th Street, 3 Ave. at 86; Sat. through Mon., Sept. 20-22.... 77th Street, B'way at 77; starting Wed., Sept. 24.)

CITIZEN KANE—Orson Welles' extraordinary study of a rich man and his life. A superb and triumphant business. (Hamilton, B'way at 146; through Sun., Sept. 21.... Palace, B'way at 47; through Tues., Sept. 23.... R.K.O. 23rd Street, 8 Ave. at 23; R.K.O. 58th Street, 3 Ave. at 58; R.K.O. 81st Street, B'way at 81; R.K.O. 86th Street, Lexington at 86; Riverside, B'way at 96; Nemo, B'way at 110; and Coliseum, B'way at 181; through Tues., Sept. 23.)

DIVE BOMBER—Errol Flynn and Fred MacMurray in a film of young pilots and their education. Superior flying scenes. (Strand, B'way at 47; Thurs., Sept. 18.)

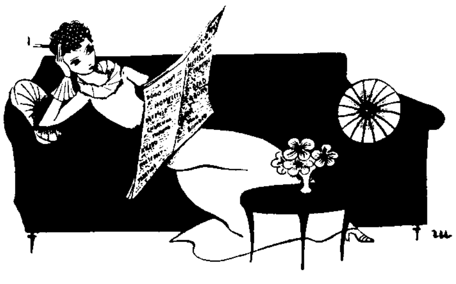
DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE—Spencer Tracy's misguided experiment with the famous dual rôle. Not half the thriller the story has been in the past, but with some nice playing by Ingrid Bergman. (Astor, B'way at 45.)

FANTASIA—Bach, Beethoven, and Mickey Mouse in a grand mixup, which still seems to be doing very well for itself. (Broadway, B'way at 53; daily at 2:40 and 8:40 P.M.; extra showing Sun. at 5:40 P.M.)

THE GIRL IN THE NEWS—Margaret Lockwood and Emlyn Williams in a British melodrama, with murder and plotting. Directed by Carol Reed, but not quite up to his "Night Train." (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Sat. through Mon., Sept. 20-22.... Art, 36 E. 8; and Schuyler, Columbus Ave. at 84; Wed. and Thurs., Sept. 24-25.)

HERE COMES MR. JORDAN—An easygoing and diverting fantasy, with Robert Montgomery as a deceased prizefighter and Claude Rains as an important executive in the hereafter. (Lexington, Lexington at 51; Ziegfeld, 6 Ave. at 54; Loew's 72nd Street, 3 Ave. at 72; Olympia, B'way at 107; and Loew's 175th Street, B'way at 175; through Mon., Sept. 22.... Loew's 83rd Street, B'way at 83; through Wed., Sept. 24.)

KUKAN—The Burma Road and the bombing of Chungking as they appeared to Rey Scott during his journey in the Far East. (World, 153 W. 49.)



LOVE CRAZY—Dippy little business, with Myrna Loy and William Powell, which very properly includes a glimpse of life in a rest home, as well as several of the difficulties of matrimony. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; Sat. through Tues., Sept. 20-23.)

PÉPÉ LE MOKO—The famous French film, with Jean Gabin, from which our "Algiers" was derived. Perhaps a bit faded, yet unquestionably of an exotic and exciting world. (5th Avenue Playhouse, 5 Ave. at 12; through Thurs., Sept. 25.)

SERGEANT YORK—Of the Tennessee mountain boy who won the Congressional Medal of Honor in the last war, where he came from, and how it happened. A superbly managed film, with Gary Cooper. (Hollywood, B'way at 51.)

THE SHEPHERD OF THE HILLS—Sweetness and light in Technicolor, disseminated by a cast that merits your attention: Betty Field, Marjorie Main, Harry Carey, and James Barton. (Stoddard, B'way at 90; through Mon., Sept. 22.... Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; Tues. through Sat., Sept. 23-27.... Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Wed. through Fri., Sept. 24-26.)

THEY MET IN BOMBAY—Rosalind Russell and Clark Gable as a couple of dressy jewel thieves up to tricks in the Orient. Routine but showy. (Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; through Fri., Sept. 19.... Carlton, B'way at 100; through Tues., Sept. 23.)

TOM, DICK, AND HARRY—Ginger Rogers, bothered and bewildered by George Murphy, Burgess Meredith, and Alan Marshal, in a comedy that is quite satisfactorily cheery and neatly turned. (Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; Sat. through Tues., Sept. 20-23.... Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85; Sun. through Tues., Sept. 21-23.... Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52; Wed. and Thurs., Sept. 24-25.)

UNFINISHED BUSINESS—Pleasant nonsense, displaying Irene Dunne and Robert Montgomery to fair advantage. Restful comedy, in general. (Rivoli, B'way at 49.)

REVIVALS

ARISE, MY LOVE (1940)—Claudette Colbert, Ray Milland, and the war. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Tues. through Thurs., Sept. 23-25.)

THE BAKER'S WIFE (1940)—Rabelaisian French film, with Raimu. (Art, 36 E. 8; through Sat., Sept. 20.)

UN CARNET DE BAL (1938)—A widow traces the careers of her early loves. French. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Tues. through Thurs., Sept. 23-25.)

THE PRIVATE LIVES OF ELIZABETH AND ESSEX (1939)—Bette Davis, as Elizabeth Tudor, and Errol Flynn. (Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Sat. through Mon., Sept. 20-22.)

SECRET AGENT (1936)—Hitchcock spy film. Madeleine Carroll, John Gielgud, Robert Young, and Peter Lorre. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; Wed. through Sat., Sept. 24-27.)

STORM IN A TEACUP (1938)—A Scotch village and some dogs in a British comedy. Vivien Leigh, Rex Harrison, and Sara Allgood. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; Wed. through Fri., Sept. 24-26.)

SUSAN AND GOD (1940)—Rachel Crothers' upper-crust lady who gets religion. Joan Crawford and Fredric March. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; through Fri., Sept. 19.)

WE ARE FROM KRONSTADT (1936)—Russian film of the 1919 Revolution. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Sat. through Mon., Sept. 20-22.)

NOTE—The Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53, is showing early American and foreign films daily at 4 P.M. (also at 2 P.M. on Sun.) on this schedule—**THURS. AND FRI., SEPT. 18-19:** "Gertie the Dinosaur" (1909); "The Doctor's Secret" (1908), directed by George Méliès; "His Bitter Pill" (1916), a Mack Sennett comedy; and "The Freshman" (1925), with Harold Lloyd. **SAT. AND SUN., SEPT. 20-21:** "Ballet Mécanique" (1924), produced and directed by Fernand Léger; "Entr'acte" (1924), directed by René Clair; "The Smiling Madame Beudet" (1923); and "Menilmontant" (1925). **MON. AND TUES., SEPT. 22-23:** "Potemkin" (1925), and three other Russian films (1906-23). **WED. AND THURS., SEPT. 24-25:** "The Salvation Hunters" (1925). **FRI. AND SAT., SEPT. 26-27:** "Variety" (1925), with Emil Jannings and Lya de Putti.

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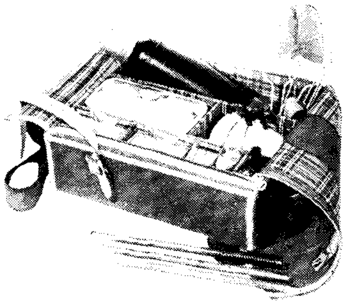

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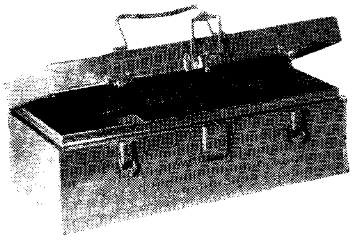

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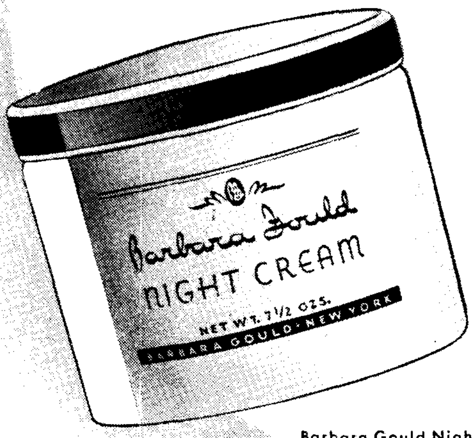

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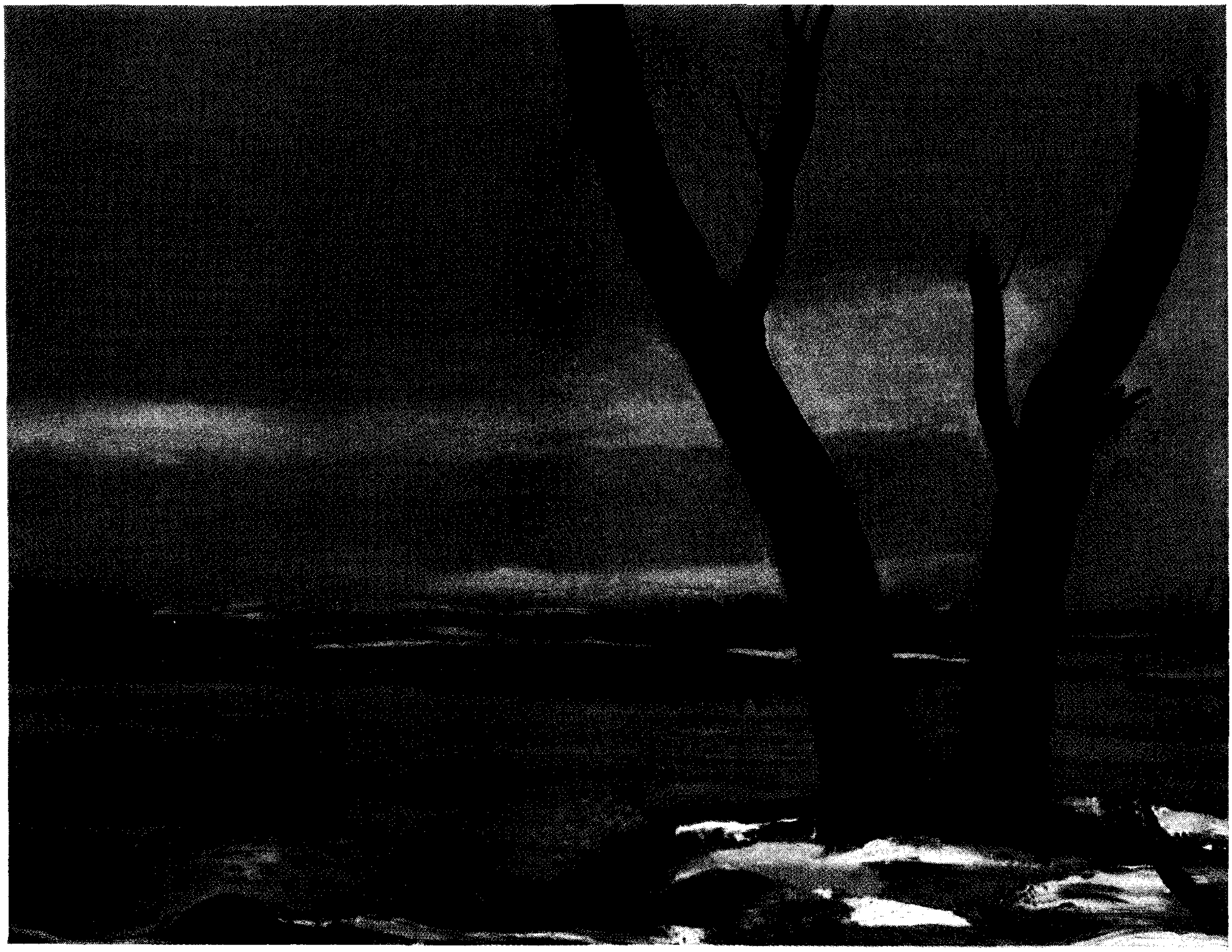
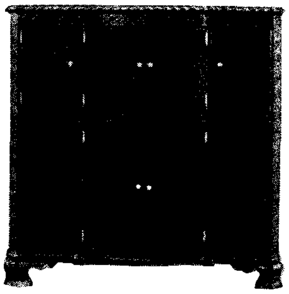


An interpretation of "Finlandia," by Jan Sibelius, painted for the Capehart Collection by Bernard La Motte.

AFTER THE STORM



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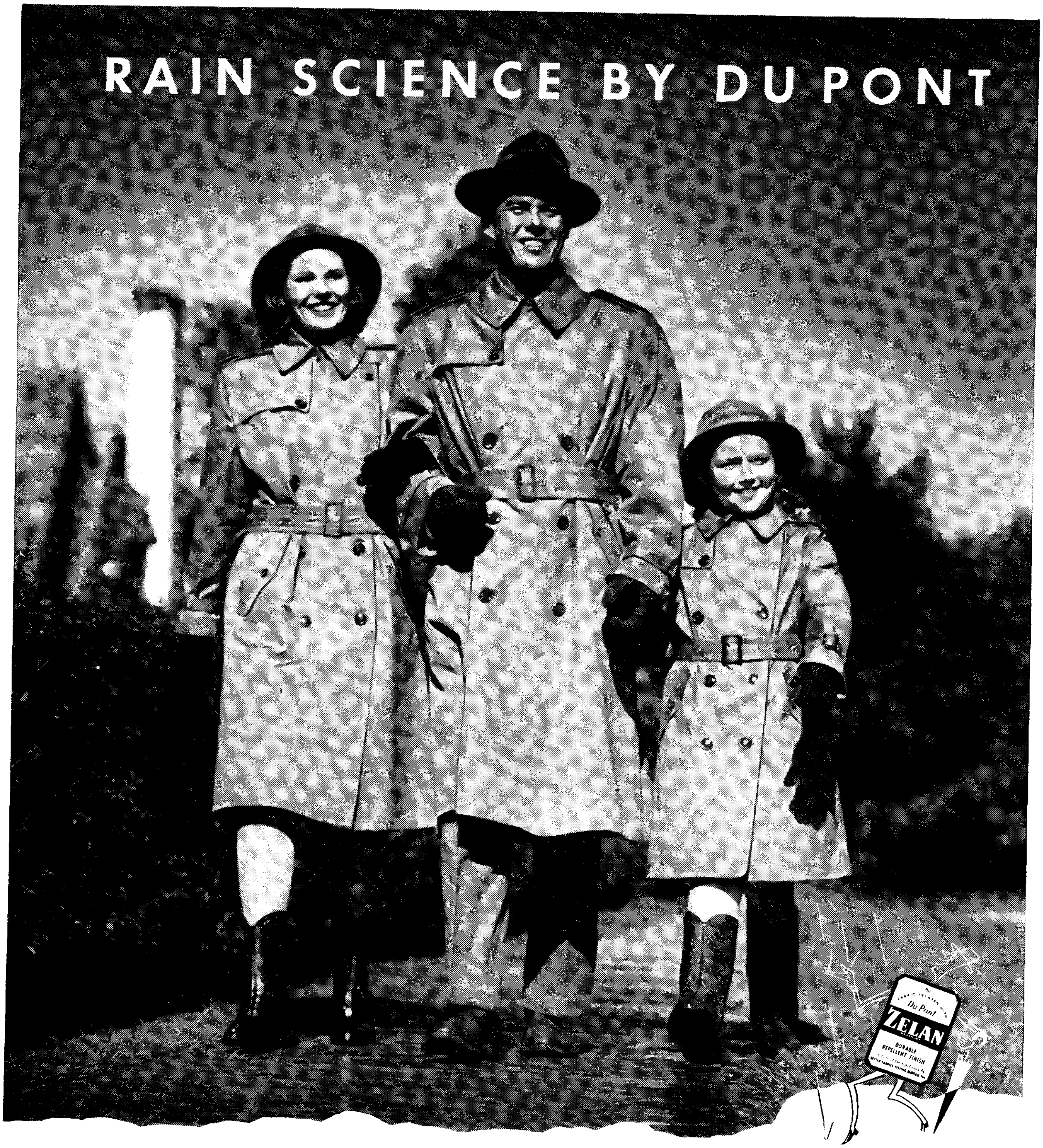

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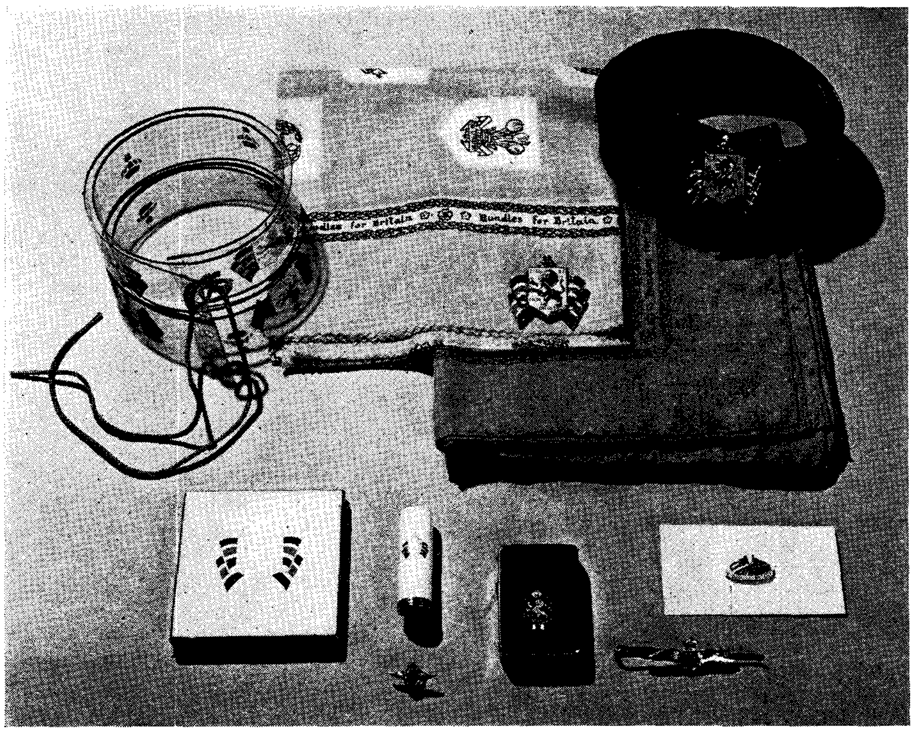

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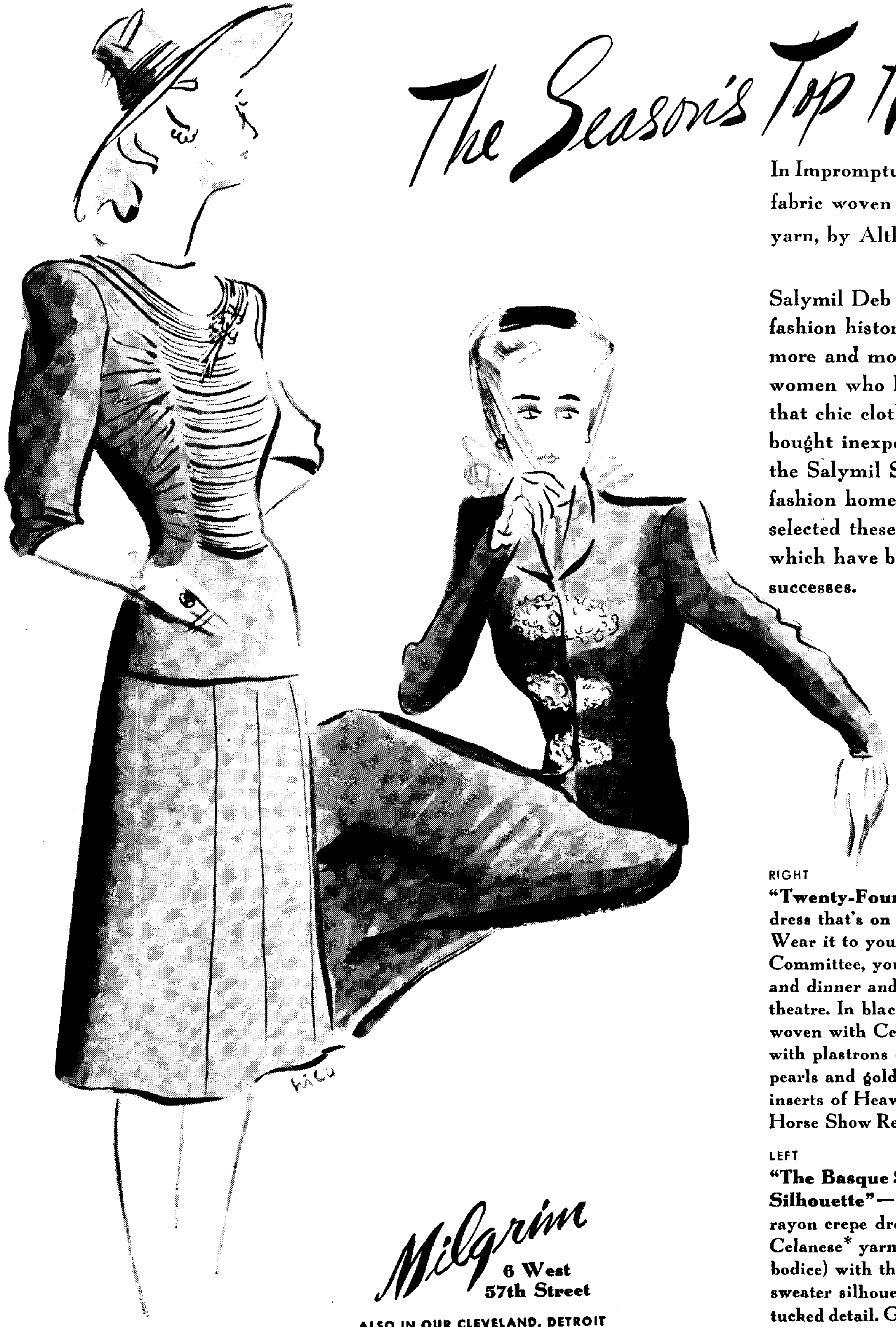

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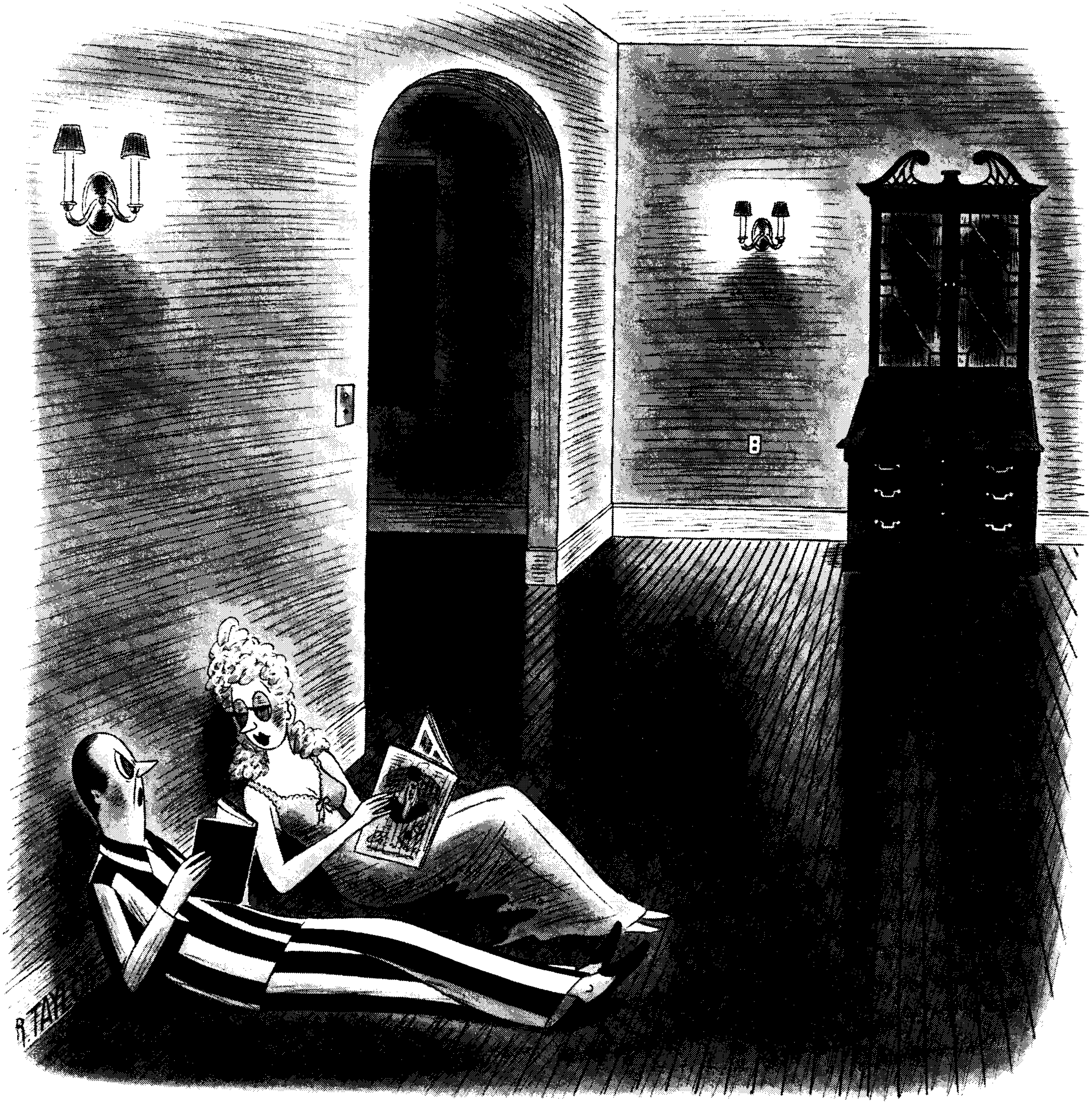

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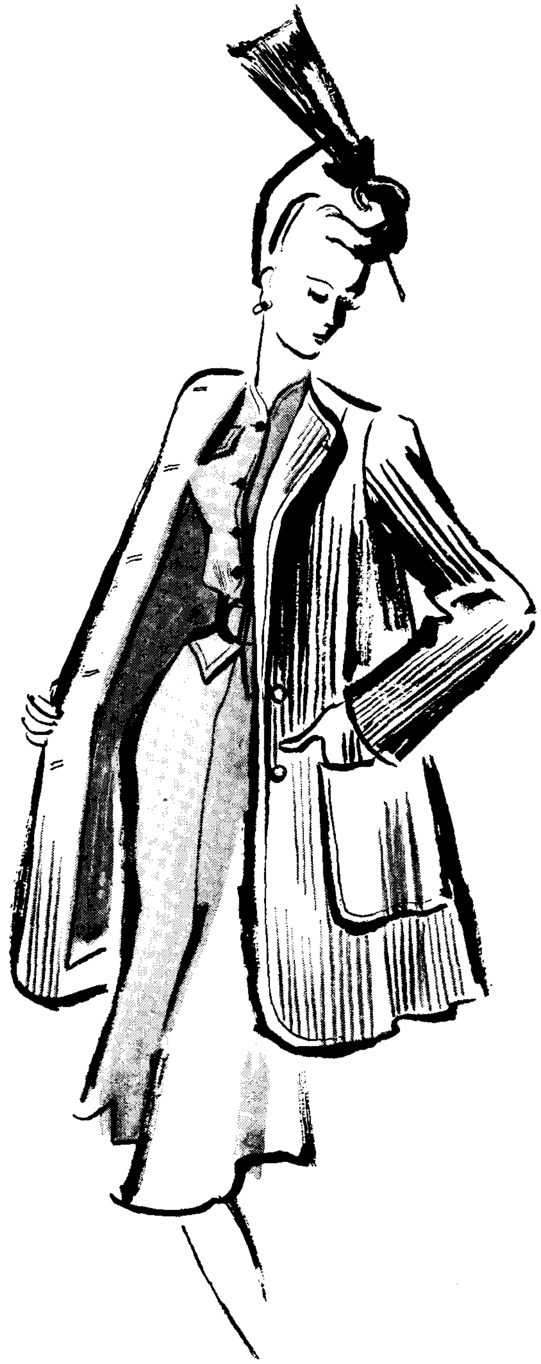

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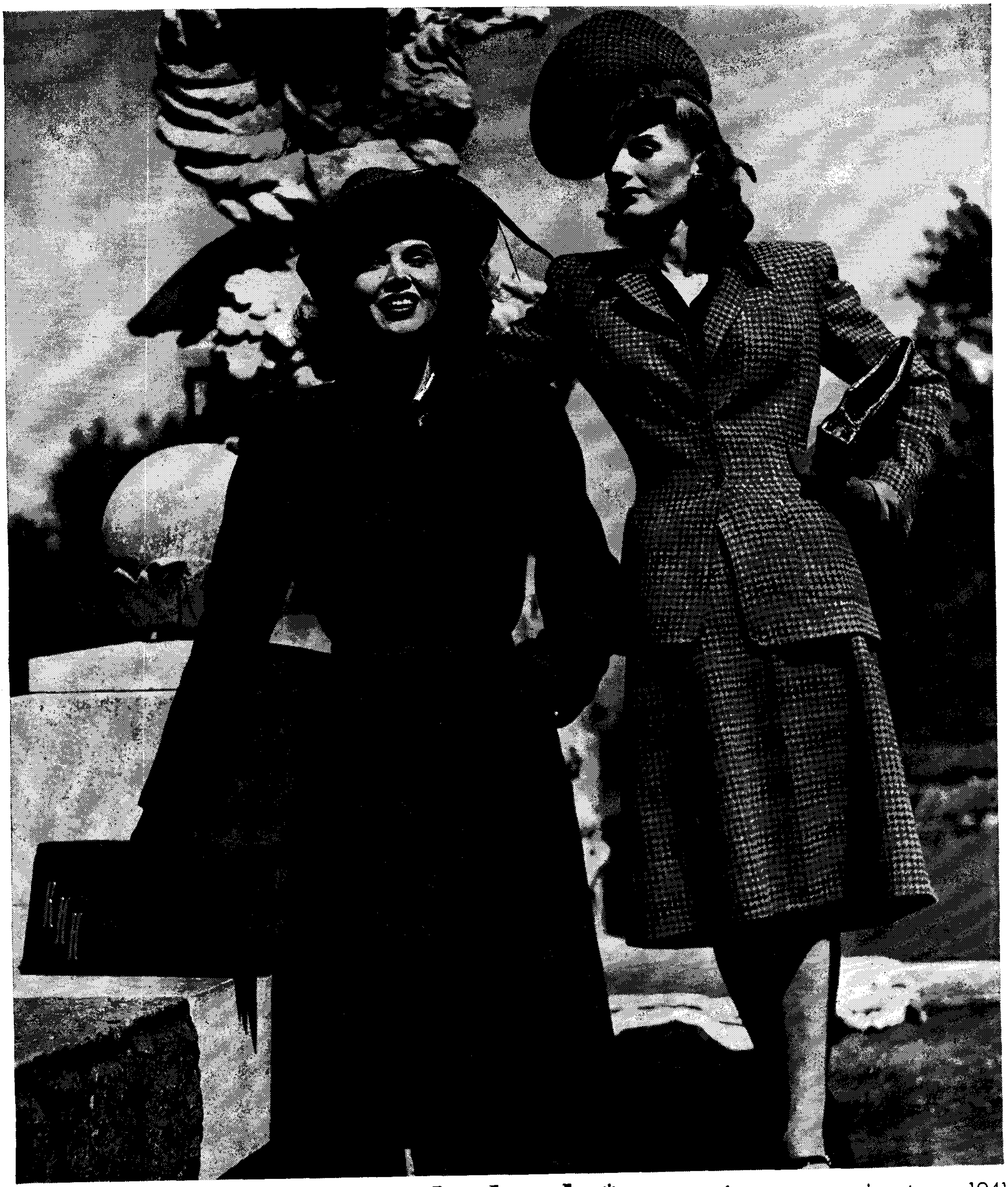

those famous Altman Meadowbrooks* . . . two from our proud autumn - 1941 collection of these great town and country classics. So distinguished in their simplicity, tailoring, fabric, that once worn they actually become a habit. In wonderful, lively matching or blending colors, so you can assemble a perfectionist's related wardrobe of them. Altman Meadowbrook* shop, third floor

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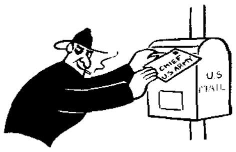
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

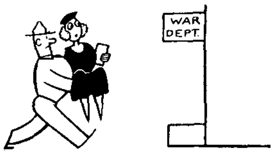
Notes and Comment

WE can't help admiring the German agent who tried to get secret information about American chemical warfare simply by writing a letter to the chief of the Chemical Warfare Section of the United States Army and asking him for it. We are particularly happy that he added as a postscript, "Don't worry if this information is confidential, because it is in the hands of a good citizen." In one beautiful and typically Teutonic stroke, it seems to us, he has robbed espionage of all the romantic nonsense that has grown up about it and revealed it for the childish game it really is. As he was the first to recognize, the only sensible way to learn a military secret is to find someone who knows it and ask him. The easiest way to learn about the disposition of American troops and armament is to visit the camps and look around. The simplest way to discover the number and variety of planes this country is manufacturing is to read the *Congressional Record* and any fairly comprehensive daily paper. All the elaborate mumbo jumbo that surrounds spying—the secret inks, the stolen blueprints, the hidden radios, the code messages—is no more than empty ritual to impress the spy's superiors with his cunning and incidentally justify his relatively generous pay. Now this iconoclastic man comes along and gives the whole silly business away, stripping poor, plain Mata Hari right down to her artificial eyebrows and false bosom.



WHILE we're on espionage, we'd like to report that the Army's program of having Indians use their tribal dialects as an undecipherable code for communicating military messages has run into the inevitable snag—finding enough Indians who know their tribal dialects. The new plan is to use soldier slang, and we suspect that the same trouble is going to turn up. The Army's sample passage, released to the press, included a translation of "That little guy just arrived but he is going to quit playing marbles and start playing mumble-de-peg" as "The Thirtieth Infantry has just arrived in motors and is preparing to attack the resistance from all sides." We agree that this is guaranteed to baffle any foreign agent, but we are afraid it is just as sure to baffle any soldier, too. Occupational groups never really know their own technical jargon, we're convinced, the only people that do being ardent neophytes, trade-paper reporters, and H. L. Mencken. A soldier who tries to get a military message across to another soldier in terms of "that little guy" and "playing marbles" is going to run into the same kind of thing we once saw happen to an eager young man who asked a prominent jazz clarinetist a technical question larded with terms like "blackstick," "gutbucket," and "ride." The musician turned to him, honestly puzzled and very sweet. "I don't know much about that stuff," he said. "I just blow."

THE materials of love are very similar to the materials of war, we realized the other day. Here, for instance, is a young man parked along a lonely road with a pretty, bright-eyed girl. All the ingredients of romance are present, and curiously enough they are also the ingredients of national defence. The peaceful machine, an amalgam of metal and rubber and gasoline, is, of course, almost instantly convertible into the instruments of destruction, but the process goes much further than that. The young woman herself is practically an arsenal, her natural blonde hair much in demand for bomb sights, the silk embracing her bosom and shins useful for parachutes and powder bags, her pocketbook a treasure house of aluminum and other rare substances, all prized by the military. If there is ethyl alcohol in the car, perhaps in the form of a bottle of Scotch, even that has its place on the battle front, since it is a necessary factor in the production of smokeless powder. Finally, the lover himself, being young and daring enough for love, has the qualities most valuable in a soldier, while his companion, so tender and beautiful, would be equally efficient as a hostess or a nurse. It is inspiring to think how promptly intelligent production methods might deal with love, how cleverly melt and refine it to the needs of war.



THE heading on a column of syndicated medical intelligence in the *News* one day last week was a sentence of mysterious beauty: "A Heavy Diet of Persimmons Brings on the Dread Bezoar." Many talented poets, it seems to us, have lived and died without leaving the world a line so haunting, so scrupulously balanced, or so strange. There is probably a ballad in it, something ironical and sad that might conceivably end:

Not for him the glorious battle, not for him the cannons' roar;
His diet was persimmons, and he died of dread bezoar.

Bezoar, for the information of any poet who may feel inclined to go on with this project, is a hard accumulation of persimmon rind in the stomach, not unlike a hair ball in a cat. We assume arbitrarily that the accent is on the second syllable.

Slow Pupil

RECENTLY a very jittery friend of ours, a fellow who, unfortunately, should be exposed to no unnecessary worries, had occasion to visit the office of his attorney, high up in one of our biggest commercial hives. His business done, he found himself going down in an elevator manned, it appeared, by a fledgling pilot, with an older operator standing alongside to see how he did. The car took on our friend at the thirty-sixth floor and whizzed earthward, making no other stop. Just before his ears closed under the increasing pressure, he heard the elder operator say to the novice, "Now, see here, Joe. If you've forgotten how to stop it again, you'll just have to figure it out for yourself. I'm tired of showing you."

Dinner Music

AN interesting, or possibly uninteresting, offshoot of the popular enthusiasm for juke-box music is the installation in some of the Whelan drugstores of an intricate penny-in-the-slot juke-box setup called a Phonette. Small, low-powered loudspeakers are placed along the counter of the soda fountain, in front of every third seat. Somewhere in back of the store, a regulation juke box is grinding away, going over and over its repertory without stopping and wearing out a set of records every three days. When you drop a penny into a Phonette attachment at the soda counter, you get whatever is playing and the next complete number. Of course, you can't choose the number, but what do you want for a penny? Only your particular Phonette gives out, though if enough people insert their pennies all the Phonettes will play at once. *Hut*-sut Rawlson on the rillerah . . .

A Whelan official, Mr. J. W. Martin, told us that he worried about Phonettes for three months before installing them. He feared that people might sit for hours, nursing a coke and feeding pennies into the Phonette. This fear, on the whole, proved groundless, though some school children in Jackson Heights got into the habit of coming in after school, ordering one soda for ten, and shagging to the music of the Phonette; vacation put a stop to that. Martin checks up on the public reaction to Phonettes by dropping into a Whelan's where they are installed, making as if to put in a penny, and then pausing to ask the neighboring customers, "Do you mind?" The only "Yes" Martin ever got to this question was from a young lady in a Greenwich Village Whelan's. "She had unquestionably been up dancing all night" is his explanation. The manager of any musical Whelan's will, on request, try to get the Phonette people to put in your favorite popular number the next time the records are changed. Through these requests, Martin has learned that Times Square is swing-crazy, while the outlying districts prefer sentimental numbers like "Intermezzo."

Returning from our interview with Martin, we dropped in at a Whelan's for a fudge sundae and a look at the Phonettes. Sure enough, there they were, bearing signs reading "Penny a Tune-Sweet-Swing-Melody-Just for Us." Just for us, of course, was "Daddy." We asked a soda jerker how he liked the innovation, and he said it made no difference to him; what with the clatter of dishes, he couldn't hear. "I thought my life was going to take a musical turn," he said, elfishly, "but it's just the same old tuna."

Cooled Off

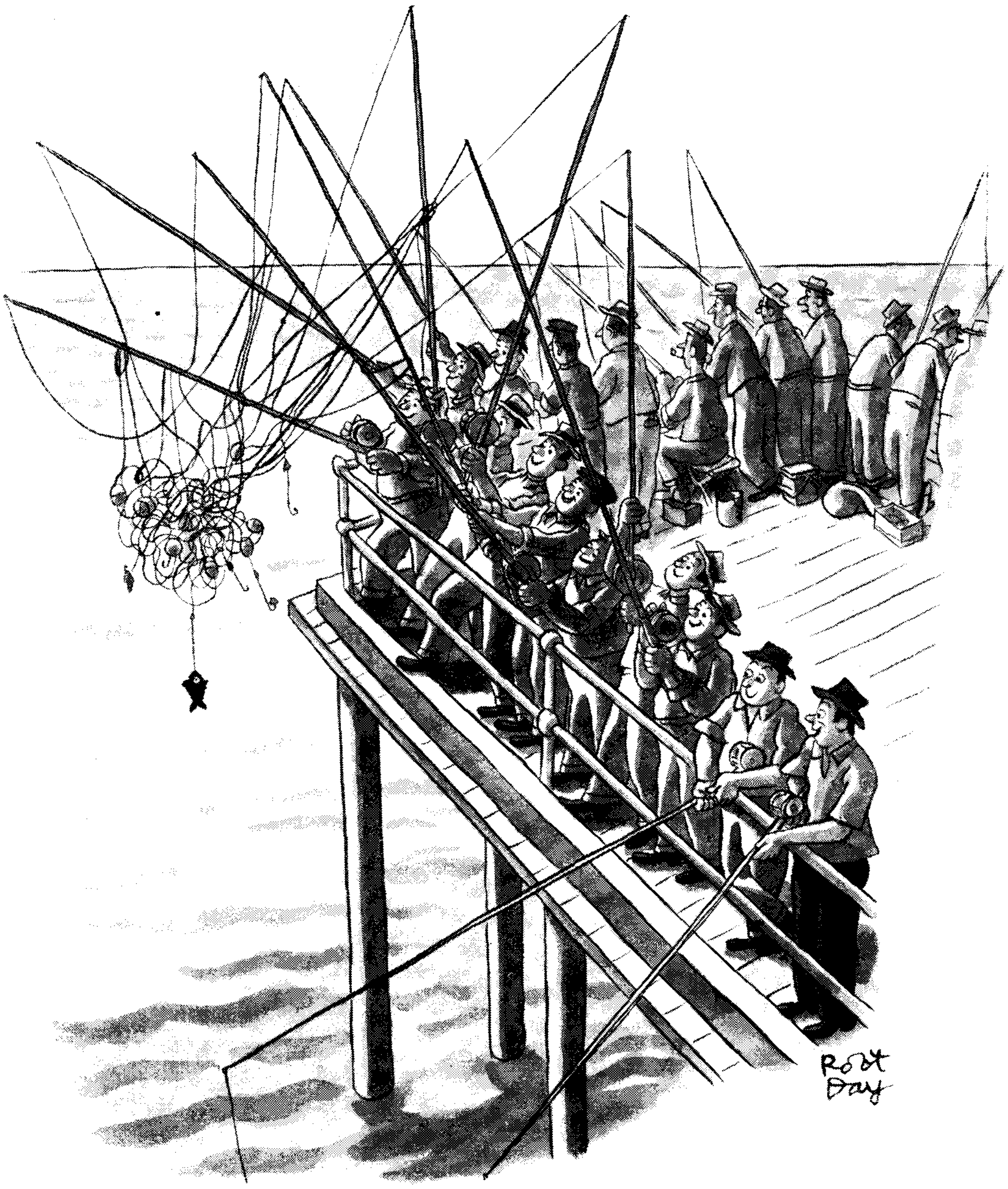
LAST week's sultry spell may have been the final one of the summer, but that didn't discourage a downtown banking gentleman from acting in an executive manner on an idea he got while facing the prospect of a long and weighty conference in a hot meeting room. He sent a secretary out to the nearest ice-cream shop for a small tub of "dry ice," had it set in front of an electric fan, and ordered the windows closed. It will surprise no one who knows the physiological effects of CO_2, of which dry ice is made, to learn that the conference soon slowed down to a practically complete standstill, with all present devoting their concentrated powers to the matter of just keeping their eyes open. Before any of the gentlemen keeled over with carbon-dioxide poisoning, the conference was broken up by the appearance of a minor employee who had taken chemistry at school.

Gaol

WHEN a new prison is opened, the first question asked by both the law-abiding public and the criminal classes is "How hard is it to escape from?" After inspecting the new twelve-story City Prison, which sometime this month will receive the population of the Tombs, our answer is "Very, very hard, if not impossible." Instead of windows, the cells have wall sections made of small glass bricks set in tool-proof steel, which is almost impossible to file. The glass can't be broken with a sledge hammer—they tried it—and it would take thirty-five thousand pounds' pressure to force a single brick out of its steel framework; even if a prisoner succeeded in dislodging a brick, he'd only be able to stick his arm out. All the clocks have unbreakable glass over their faces, thus depriving the prisoners of the classic weapon for suicide or mayhem, a splinter of glass. Prisoners talk with their family, friends, and attorneys through a number of tiny holes below a sheet of bullet-proof glass. As a precaution against even the smallest object's being smuggled in, the holes are covered with fine wire mesh. Automobiles driving into the prison yard have to pass through two gates, some distance apart, which are electrically hooked up so that one cannot be opened until thirty seconds after the other has been closed. During this half-minute the car is directly under the surveillance of a guard tower equipped with machine guns and ten thousand rounds of ammunition. Pretty hopeless, you see; better try to make a deal with the D.A.

The only convicted felons in the City Prison will be lesser offenders brought from such places as Riker's Island to work as cooks, porters, and handymen. The regular inmates will be offenders not yet brought to trial, and consequently presumed to be innocent. As such, they will have a good many privileges. Next to the big kitchen on the second floor, where coffee will be brewed in hundred-gallon lots, is a small diet kitchen, where special trays will be prepared for people whose stomachs are as weak as their morals are suspected of being; it was explained to us that if an inmate with diabetes, say, was forced to eat the regular fare and that led to complications, he would have a suit against the city. Juvenile offenders awaiting trial will be regaled with motion pictures in the chapel, which is on the eleventh floor. The films will be strictly educational, with such titles as "How to Build a Barn" and "The Life of the Muskrat." There is a revolving altar built like a rotating stage, so that it can serve at different times for Protestant, Jewish, and Catholic services.

Prisoners will be transferred from the old Tombs to the new prison this month, but the date is being kept secret because of the vague possibility of an attempted escape. This move will not mean the end of all tradition. For instance, one of the most picturesque features of the old Tombs was the Bridge of Sighs, leading to the courtrooms. The new prison has *two* Bridges of Sighs and, in addition, a Tunnel of Sighs connecting with the cellar of the Criminal Courts Building.



"Somebody's got one."

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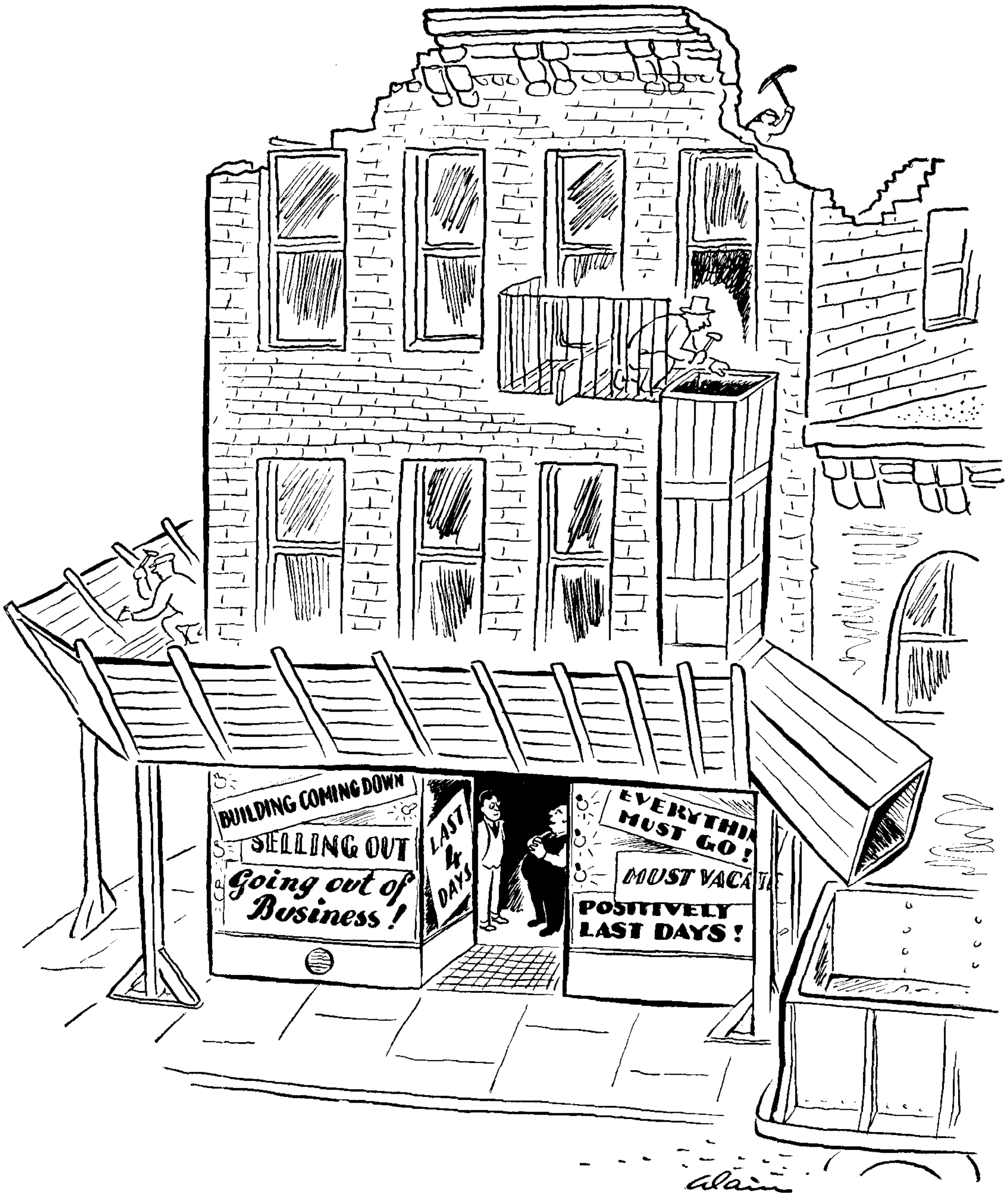
Soldier

A CONSCIENTIOUS citizen who does yeoman service on his district's draft board and, as well, feels concern about what becomes of the boys after they have gone off to camp tells us that he has wondered frequently about one draftee recently inducted. During his dealings with the draft board, this chap had been called upon to comply with a request in his questionnaire, "State any other name or names by which you have been known," and had written in, candidly, "Tootsie."

Inventor in the Bronx

LOUIS GOODMAN, a stocky, intense fellow of thirty-six, is probably the Bronx's foremost inventor. His field of invention is gadgets; he has invented hundreds of them, including a crutch with a shooting-stick seat; a mop that bends, for cleaning underneath furniture; a telescopic-handled fly-swatter, for swatting flies on the ceiling; a self-setting and self-releasing mousetrap; a combination bookmark and mirror; a combination pants clip and rear-view mirror, for cyclists; a combination pencil and check-protector; a skid-proof necktie clip; a dent-proof ashcan—you get the picture. Goodman has achieved a certain prominence. He exhibited some of his models at the World's Fair, and more recently at the Hotel Edison, in a show sponsored by an organization called the Inventors of America. Not long ago he appeared on the radio program "We, the People." Goodman was unhappy about this adventure, because he had to read a script written for him by somebody else. "It made me sound like a crackpot," he told us. "I felt like revolt, but I had to be a good sport and I read it."

Goodman was born in Russia in 1905 and emigrated here with his family in 1922. Since then he has followed his father's trade, that of furniture upholsterer, and is now working in a Manhattan furniture factory. He lives on Weeks Avenue, in a small, neat apartment, with his wife, Shirley, and a three-year-old daughter named Penny. The naming of Penny came about this way: Goodman is a member of the American Rocket Society and is a friend and admirer of the Society's founder, Mr. G. Edward Pendray. Before his child



“Herbert, you’ll be glad to know that I have decided to raise your salary.”

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was born, Goodman decided that if it was a boy, he would name it Pendray; when it turned out to be a girl, he and Mrs. Goodman settled on Penny. Goodman doesn’t work out his inventions in his own apartment; a friend of his has a home workshop, and Goodman goes over there whenever he has an idea, which is constantly. Although the workshop has a drill press, lathe, and other fancy equipment, Goodman prefers to work with just a few hand tools—hammer, file, and soldering iron. He’s a private in the Seventeenth Regiment of the New York State Guard and drills with it once a week. Naturally, the trend of the times has led him to consider the problem of defence, and he has contributed to his State Guard publication a number of ideas for military inventions. The editor thought they were too good to be kicked around and submitted them to Washington. These ideas are now military secrets. Goodman has since produced still others; for example, he wants to coördinate an anti-aircraft gun with a searchlight, so that both will aim at a single spot; provide bomb shelters with a small jack, so that the occupants can lift away debris and escape; and set up vending machines all over the city to dispense first-aid equipment.

Goodman has never patented any of his ideas, simply because, all told, getting a patent costs about two hundred and fifty dollars. Nor has he made any commercial tieups. He distrusts promoters, and anyway, he says, “Once a thing is invented, it’s no good to me any more.” He figures that all he could do if he had more money is buy more equipment and do more inventing. “I consider inventing gadgets a strictly American form of expression,” he says, summing it all up.

Never-Never Land

THIS week our Hollywood representative, who is saving up for a swimming pool, sends us three items, although none of them are of enduring significance, possibly. Here they are—one, two, three:

A lady who was quite obviously about to become a party to a blessed event was shopping for a bassinet in Bullock’s Wilshire and, after rejecting all the bassinets they had in stock, explained, “What we want is one like Irene Dunne and Cary Grant had in ‘Penny Serenade.’ ”

Brooks’, a men’s clothing shop on Hollywood Boulevard, recently displayed in the window a pair of shoes, size 9 or 9½, in gold. A sign explained that this particular pair had been finished in 24-carat gold, as “a permanent symbol of style leadership.” Also, the management, presumably after due consideration of the shop’s location and clientele, had deemed it necessary to add a note: “These shoes are not for sale.”

And it seems that the technicians who work in the laboratories of Hollywood’s hospitals and clinics—young girls, most of them, and as susceptible to Don Ameche as Judy O’Grady—collect microscope slides of their idols’ blood tests. It’s worked quite simply. If any of the girls gets a “name” patient for a test, she prepares three or four extra slides and trades them with her colleagues for other slides *they* may have collected.

Wretched Correspondents

OUR passion for reading literature put out by large institutions recently led us right through the Forty-fifth Annual Report of the New York Zoological Society and presented us with a peculiar problem. The Zoo's report lists eleven different types of members, not counting the animals, and we noticed a category called Corresponding Members, in which nineteen persons, mostly with names like Wl. Janta-Polczynski and G. Tyrwhitt-Drake, are listed. What, we asked ourself, is a Corresponding Member of the Zoo? Do you get to be a Corresponding Member just by corresponding? What do you correspond about?

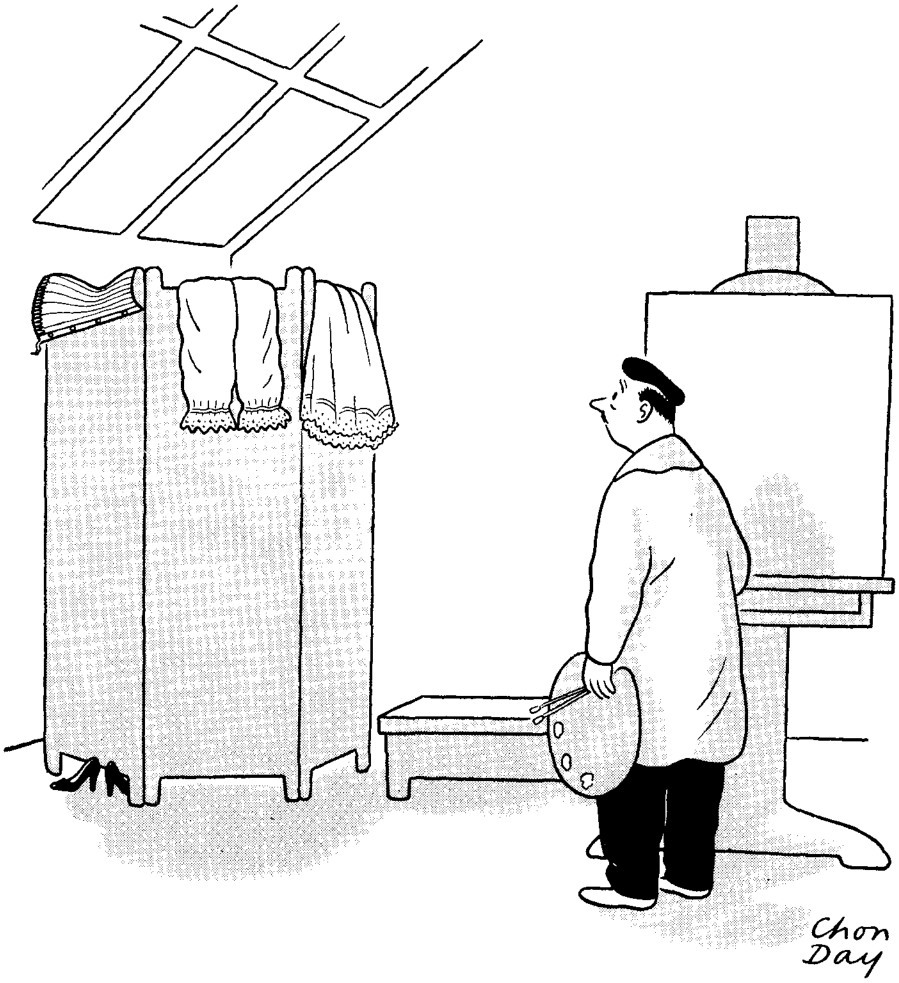
These questions on our lips, we called up the Zoo, and as a result were invited to that institution's Administration Building, where we were received, with uneasy cordiality, by a group consisting of Allyn Jennings, general director of the Zoo; Harry Sweeny, Jr., assistant general director; Captain Jean Delacour, consultant; and William Bridges, editor and curator of publications. "Our Corresponding Members are a sort of legacy," said Mr. Jennings, who has been director since May, 1940. "We haven't elected any since 1929." "Theoretically, they contribute to our technical journal, *Zoologica*," said Mr. Bridges. "Actually, they don't." Mr. Bridges ran through the list of Corresponding Members and identified most of them for us. Dr. A. K. Haagner is the proprietor of the Zoological Gardens in Beira, Portuguese East Africa; Victor Forbin is, or was, natural-history editor of *L'Illustration* in Paris; Major Frederick R. Burnham is a California explorer and conservationist; T. H. Gillespie is director of the Edinburgh Zoo; Dr. Lutz Heck is, or was, director of the Berlin Zoo; Tyrwhitt-Drake owns the largest private zoo in Great Britain, or did; and Miss Gloria Elaine Hollister, the only lady Corresponding Member, is a research associate of William Beebe. "We made Gloria a Corresponding Member when she was on an expedition in British Guiana," said Mr. Bridges. "Now that she's here, she ought properly to be made a Fellow." We inquired about Mr. Janta-Polczynski, and Mr. Bridges stated he was, or had been, a Warsaw zoologist, active in the preservation of the wisent, a rare type of European buffalo. "There probably aren't any wisents any more," remarked Captain Delacour, a French animal collector whose private zoo in Normandy is now in German hands. "Starving Poles have doubtless eaten them. Heaven knows where Polczynski is today." Mr. Bridges said that Janta-Polczynski had never corresponded with the Zoo, not even about the wisent. "The fact is, none of our Corresponding Members have ever corresponded with us," he said despondently.

We took another look at the list of Corresponding Members and asked about Dr. W. Reginald Wheeler and Mr. Russell Hastings Millward. "Wheeler is a missionary who once brought us a gorilla and a chimpanzee from Africa," said Bridges. "I haven't any idea who Millward and the others are. The last Corresponding Member we elected was Hugh Ross, but who he is and what he's done I don't know. We never hear from him." Well, we are a maniac for research, and we later found Mr. Millward right in *Who's Who:* ". . . holder of world's record in distance covered on foot, traveling over 20,000 miles in uncharted portions of Africa, S. and Central America and Mexico."

We like informality in zoos, and offer the above report in admiration rather than captiousness. As an additional indication of the Zoo's flexible outlook, you might like to know that a Life Membership, officially obtainable by the payment of $200, may also be secured by gifts of animals or by general services. Paul Whiteman became a Life Member by giving the Zoo a Texas longhorn steer named Amon Carter, and Lowell Thomas by acting as master of ceremonies at the opening of the African Plains a while back.

De Senectute

TWO mature but well-set-up businessmen lunched at the Crillon one day last week, talking briskly about their plans to cope with the war, the new income tax, and other challenges of these stirring times. On their way out they found that the checkroom girl had momentarily left her post, so they reclaimed their hats informally. Apparently because a single check was serving for their two hats, she had pencilled on it a little note: "Two old gentlemen." The two old gentlemen tottered back to their respective offices and cancelled all their appointments for the rest of the day.

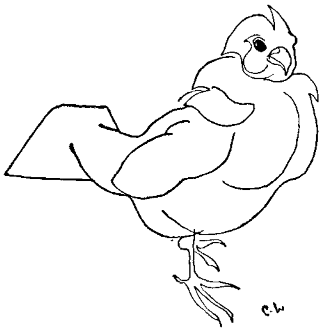


THE STANDARD OF LIVING

Annabel and Midge came out of the tearoom with the arrogant slow gait of the leisured, for their Saturday afternoon stretched ahead of them. They had lunched, as was their wont, on sugar, starches, oils, and butterfats. Usually they ate sandwiches of spongy new white bread greased with butter and mayonnaise; they ate thick wedges of cake lying wet beneath ice cream and whipped cream and melted chocolate gritty with nuts. As alternates, they ate patties, sweating beads of inferior oil, containing bits of bland meat bogged in pale, stiffening sauce; they ate pastries, limber under rigid icing, filled with an indeterminate yellow sweet stuff, not still solid, not yet liquid, like salve that has been left in the sun. They chose no other sort of food, nor did they consider it. And their skin was like the petals of wood anemones, and their bellies were as flat and their flanks as lean as those of young Indian braves.

Annabel and Midge had been best friends almost from the day that Midge had found a job as stenographer with the firm that employed Annabel. By now, Annabel, two years longer in the stenographic department, had worked up to the wages of eighteen dollars and fifty cents a week; Midge was still at sixteen dollars. Each girl lived at home with her family and paid half her salary to its support.

The girls sat side by side at their desks, they lunched together every noon, together they set out for home at the end of the day's work. Many of their evenings and most of their Sundays were passed in each other's company. Often they were joined by two young men, but there was no steadiness to any such quartet; the two young men would give place, unlamented, to two other young men, and lament would have been inappropriate, really, since the newcomers were scarcely distinguishable from their predecessors. Invariably the girls spent the fine idle hours of their hot-weather Saturday afternoons together. Constant use had not worn ragged the fabric of their friendship.



They looked alike, though the resemblance did not lie in their features. It was in the shape of their bodies, their movements, their style, and their adornments. Annabel and Midge did, and completely, all that young office workers are besought not to do. They painted their lips and their nails, they darkened their lashes and lightened their hair, and scent seemed to shimmer from them. They wore thin, bright dresses, tight over their breasts and high on their legs, and tilted slippers, fancifully strapped. They looked proud and cheap and charming.

Now, as they walked across to Fifth Avenue with their skirts swirled by the hot wind, they received audible admiration. Young men grouped lethargically about newsstands awarded them murmurs, exclamations, even—the ultimate tribute—whistles. Annabel and Midge passed without the condescension of hurrying their pace; they held their heads higher and set their feet with exquisite precision, as if they stepped over the necks of peasants.

Always the girls went to walk on Fifth Avenue on their free afternoons, for it was the ideal ground for their favorite game. The game could be played anywhere, and, indeed, was, but the great shop windows stimulated the two players to their best form.

Annabel had invented the game; or rather she had evolved it from an old one. Basically, it was no more than the ancient sport of what-would-you-do-if-you-had-a-million-dollars. But Annabel had drawn a new set of rules for it, had narrowed it, pointed it, made it stricter. Like all games, it was the more absorbing for being more difficult.

Annabel's version went like this: You must suppose that somebody dies and leaves you a million dollars, cool. But there is a condition to the bequest. It is stated in the will that you must spend every nickel of the money on yourself.

There lay the hazard of the game. If, when playing it, you forgot, and listed among your expenditures the rental of a new apartment for your family, for example, you lost your turn to the other player. It was astonishing how many—and some of them among the experts, too—would forfeit all their innings by such slips.

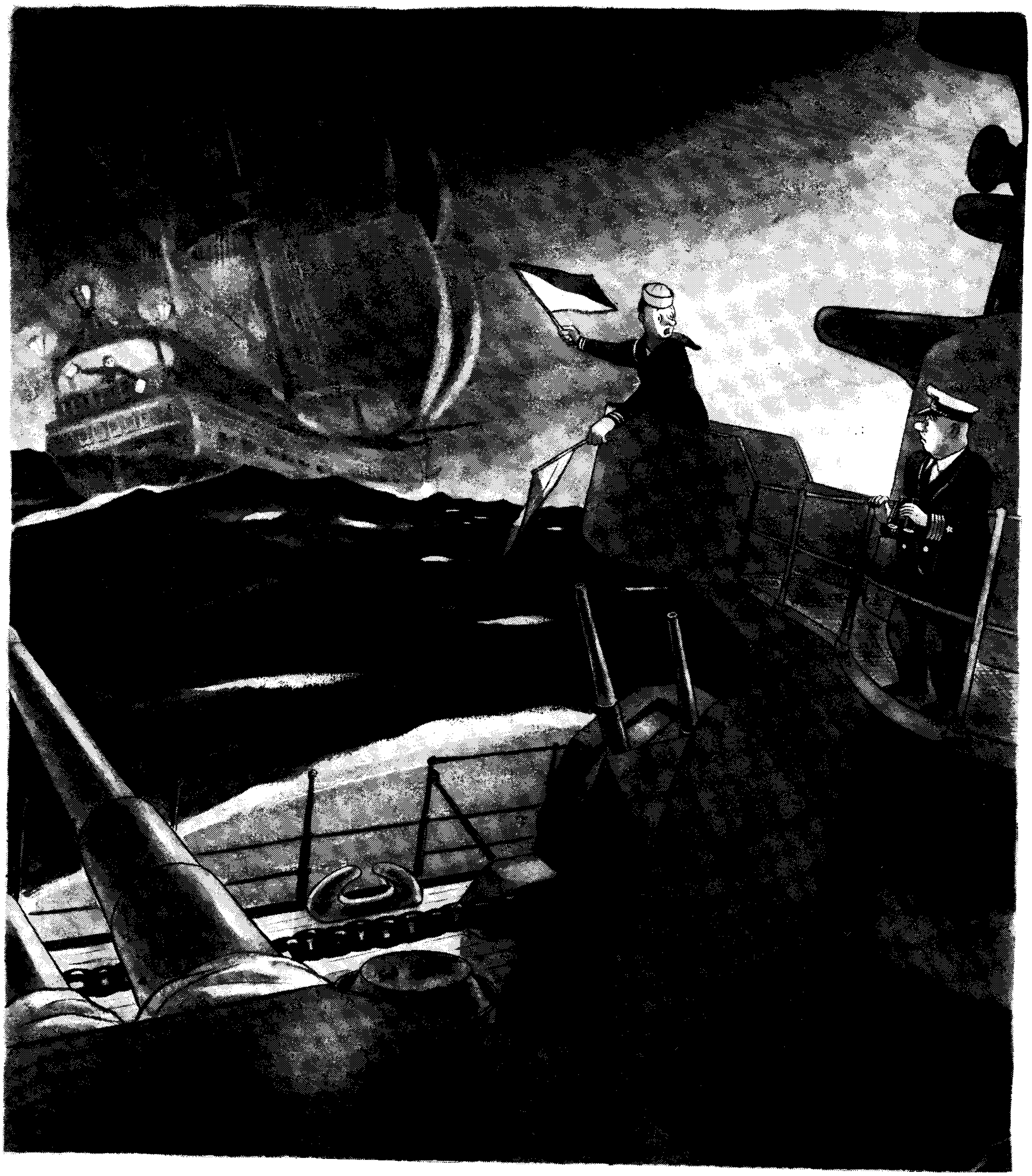
It was essential, of course, that it be played in passionate seriousness. Each purchase must be carefully considered and, if necessary, supported by argument. There was no zest to playing wildly. Once Annabel had introduced the game to Sylvia, another girl who worked in the office. She explained the rules to Sylvia and then offered her the gambit "What would be the first thing you'd do?" Sylvia had not shown the decency of even a second of hesitation. "Well," she had said, "the first thing I'd do, I'd go out and hire somebody to shoot Mrs. Gary Cooper, and then . . ." So it is to be seen that she was no fun.

But Annabel and Midge were surely born to be comrades, for Midge played the game like a master from the moment she learned it. It was she who added the touches that made the whole thing cozier. According to Midge's innovations, the eccentric who died and left you the money was not anybody you loved, or, for the matter of that, anybody you even knew. It was somebody who had seen you somewhere and had thought, "That girl ought to have lots of nice things. I'm going to leave her a million dollars when I die." And the death was to be neither untimely nor painful. Your benefactor, full of years and comfortably ready to depart, was to slip softly away during sleep and go right to heaven. These embroideries permitted Annabel and Midge to play their game in the luxury of peaceful consciences.

Midge played with a seriousness that was not only proper but extreme. The single strain on the girls' friendship had followed an announcement once made by Annabel that the first thing she would buy with her million dollars would be a silver-fox coat. It was as if she had struck Midge across the mouth. When Midge recovered her breath, she cried that she couldn't imagine how Annabel could do such a thing—silver-fox coats were common! Annabel defended her taste with the retort that they were not common, either. Midge then said that they were so. She added that everybody had a silver-fox coat. She went on, with perhaps a slight loss of head, to declare that she herself wouldn't be caught dead in silver fox.

For the next few days, though the girls saw each other as constantly, their conversation was careful and infrequent, and they did not once play their game. Then one morning, as soon as Annabel entered the office, she came to Midge and said that she had changed her mind. She would not buy a silver-fox coat with any part of her million dollars. Immediately on receiving the legacy, she would select a coat of mink.

Midge smiled and her eyes shone. "I



"Dutch registry, sir. Says he can't stop—sailing under a curse."

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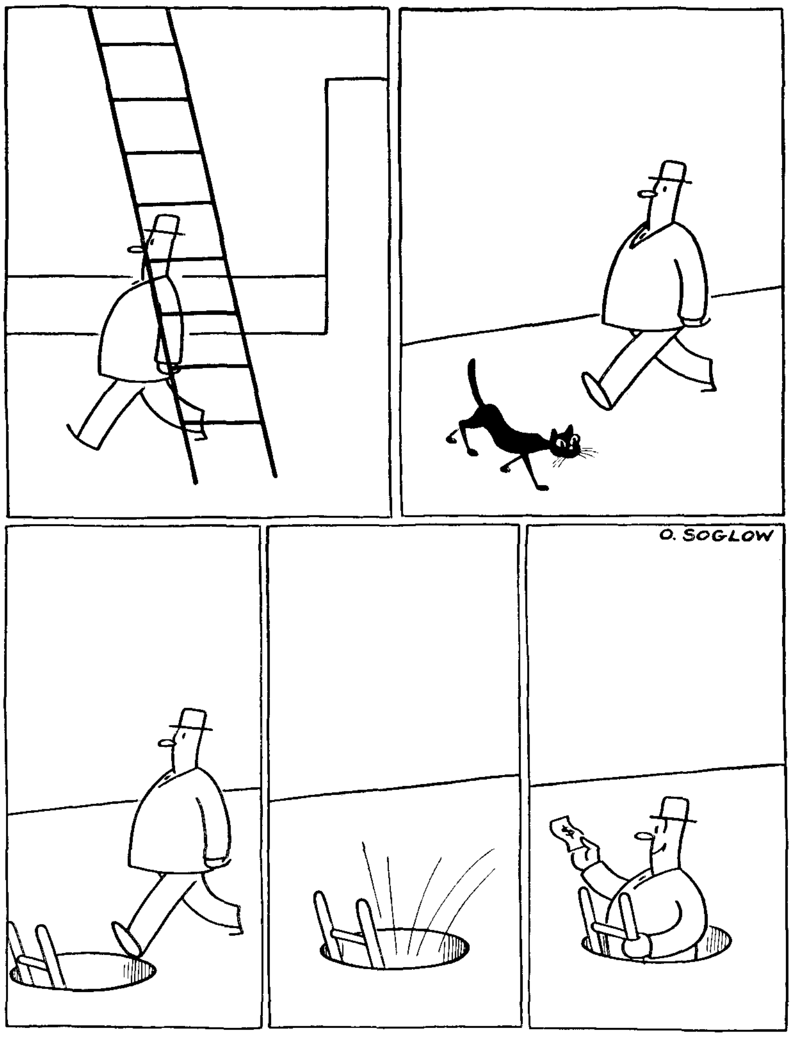
think," she said, "you're absolutely right."

NOW, as they walked along Fifth Avenue, they played the game anew. It was one of those days with which September is repeatedly cursed; hot and glaring, with slivers of dust in the wind. People drooped and shambled, but the girls carried themselves tall and walked a straight line, as befitted young heiresses on their afternoon promenade. There was no longer need for them to start the game at its formal opening. Annabel went direct to the heart of it.

"All right," she said. "So you've got this million dollars. So what would be the first thing you'd do?"

"Well, the first thing I'd do," Midge said, "I'd get a mink coat." But she said it mechanically, as if she were giving the memorized answer to an expected question.

"Yes," Annabel said, "I think you



ought to. The terribly dark kind of mink." But she, too, spoke as if by rote. It was too hot; fur, no matter how dark and sleek and supple, was horrid to the thoughts.

They stepped along in silence for a while. Then Midge's eye was caught by a shop window. Cool, lovely gleamings were there set off by chaste and elegant darkness.

"No," Midge said, "I take it back. I wouldn't get a mink coat the first thing. Know what I'd do? I'd get a string of pearls. Real pearls."

Annabel's eyes turned to follow Midge's.

"Yes," she said, slowly. "I think that's a kind of a good idea. And it would make sense, too. Because you can wear pearls with anything."

Together they went over to the shop window and stood pressed against it. It contained but one object—a double row of great, even pearls clasped by a deep emerald around a little pink velvet throat.

"What do you suppose they cost?" Annabel said.

"Gee, I don't know," Midge said. "Plenty, I guess."

"Like a thousand dollars?" Annabel said.

"Oh, I guess like more," Midge said. "On account of the emerald."

"Well, like ten thousand dollars?" Annabel said.

"Gee, I wouldn't even know," Midge said.

The devil nudged Annabel in the ribs. "Dare you to go in and price them," she said.

"Like fun!" Midge said.

"Dare you," Annabel said.

"Why, a store like this wouldn't even be open this afternoon," Midge said.

"Yes, it is so, too," Annabel said. "People just came out. And there's a doorman on. Dare you."

"Well," Midge said. "But you've got to come too."

They tendered thanks, icily, to the doorman for ushering them into the shop. It was cool and quiet, a broad, gracious room with panelled walls and soft carpet. But the girls wore expressions of bitter disdain, as if they stood in a sty.

A slim, immaculate clerk came to them and bowed. His neat face showed no astonishment at their appearance.

"Good afternoon," he said. He implied that he would never forget it if they would grant him the favor of accepting his soft-spoken greeting.

"Good afternoon," Annabel and Midge said together, and in like freezing accents.

"Is there something—" the clerk said.

"Oh, we're just looking," Annabel said. It was as if she flung the words down from a dais.

The clerk bowed.

"My friend and myself merely happened to be passing," Midge said, and stopped, seeming to listen to the phrase. "My friend here and myself," she went on, "merely happened to be wondering how much are those pearls you've got in your window."

"Ah, yes," the clerk said. "The double rope. That is two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, Madam."

"I see," Midge said.

The clerk bowed. "An exceptionally beautiful necklace," he said. "Would you care to look at it?"

"No, thank you," Annabel said.

"My friend and myself merely happened to be passing," Midge said.

They turned to go; to go, from their manner, where the tumbrel awaited them. The clerk sprang ahead and opened the door. He bowed as they swept by him.

The girls went on along the Avenue, and disdain was still on their faces.

"Honestly!" Annabel said. "Can you imagine a thing like that?"

"Two hundred and fifty thousand dollars!" Midge said. "Why, that's a quarter of a million dollars!"

"He's got his nerve!" Annabel said.

They walked on. Slowly the disdain went, slowly and completely as if drained from them, and with it went the regal carriage and tread. Their shoulders dropped and they dragged their feet; they bumped against each other, without notice or apology, and caromed away again. They were silent and their eyes were cloudy.

Suddenly Midge straightened her back, flung her head high, and spoke, clear and strong.

"Listen, Annabel," she said. "Look. Suppose there was this terribly rich person, see? You don't know this person, but this person has seen you somewhere and wants to do something for you. Well, it's a terribly old person, see? And so this person dies, just like going to sleep, and leaves you ten million dollars. Now, what would be the first thing you'd do?"

—Dorothy Parker

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NON SEQUITUR DEPARTMENT

[*From the Cleveland Plain Dealer*]

Because he is one of Cleveland's leading publicity men, Rodney C. Sutton's other activities are not so well known.

DAYS OF INNOCENCE

RECOLLECTIONS OF NOTABLE COPS

SOME time ago I read in a New York paper that half a dozen college graduates had been appointed to the metropolitan police force and were being well spoken of by their superiors. The news astonished me almost as much as if it had said that some right reverend bishop, driven *meshugeh* by drink, had opened a night club or challenged Joe Louis. In the days of my chief contact with the police, when I was a young newspaper reporter in Baltimore, circa 1900, there was simply no such thing as a book-learned cop, though I knew a good many who were very smart. The force was recruited, in that era, not from the groves of Academe but from the ranks of workingmen. The most talented police captain I ever knew was a meat-cutter by trade and had lost one of his thumbs by a slip of his cleaver, and the next best was a former bartender. All the mounted cops were ex-hostlers passing as ex-cavalrymen, and all the harbor police had come up through the tugboat branch of the merchant marine.

The cops of that era turned in reports that were couched in a special kind of English, with spelling peculiar to itself. If a member of what was then called "the finest" had spelled "larceny" in any way save "larsensy," or "arson" in any way save "arsony," or "fracture" in any way save "fraxr," there would have been a considerable lifting of eyebrows.

But, as I have said, this deficiency in *litterae humaniores* was not always accompanied by stupidity, and from that fact I learned the valuable lesson that sharp wits often lurk in unpolished skulls. I knew cops who were matches for the most learned and unscrupulous lawyers at the Baltimore bar and others who had made monkeys of judges on the bench, and were generally respected for it. Moreover, I knew cops who were really first-rate policemen and loved their trade as tenderly as so many artists or movie actors. They were badly paid and their graft was always a great deal less than reformers alleged and believed, but they carried on their dismal work with unflagging diligence and enjoyed a long, hard chase almost as much as they enjoyed a quick, brisk clubbing. Their one salient failing, taking them as a class, was their belief that any person who had been arrested, even on mere suspicion, was unquestionably and *ipso facto* guilty. But that theory, though it occasionally colored their sworn testimony in a garish manner, was grounded, after all, on nothing worse than professional pride and *esprit de corps*, and I am certainly not one to hoot at it, for I believe myself, for instance, though I am highly educated, that every politician on earth, with perhaps two exceptions, is a scoundrel.

IN those days the uplift was in its infancy, and all the multifarious duties that are now carried out by social workers, statisticians, truant officers, visiting nurses, psychologists, and the vast rabble of inspectors, smellers, spies, and bogus experts of a hundred different faculties either fell to the police or were not discharged at all. An ordinary flatfoot in a quiet residential section had his hands full, I am here to tell you. In a single day he might have to put out a couple of kitchen fires, arrange for the removal of a dead mule, guard a poor epileptic having a fit on the sidewalk, catch a runaway horse, settle a combat with table knives between husband and wife, shoot a cat for killing pigeons, rescue a dog or a baby from a sewer, bawl out a garbage man for spilling garbage, hold the sidewalk rubbernecks back at a funeral on his beat, and flog half a dozen bad boys for throwing horseapples at a blind man. The cops downtown, especially along the wharves and in the red-light districts, had even more curious and complicated jobs, and some of them attained to a high degree of virtuosity.

As my memory gropes backward, I think, for example, of a strange office that an old-time roundsman named Charlie had to undertake every spring. It was, in brief, to pick up enough skilled workmen to effect the annual redecoration and refurbishing of the Baltimore City Jail. Along about May 1st, the warden would telephone to police headquarters that he needed, say, ten head of painters, five plumbers, three blacksmiths, two tile-setters, two roofers, a bricklayer, a carpenter, and a locksmith, and it was Charlie's duty to go out and find them. So far as I can recall, he never failed, and usually he produced two or three times as many craftsmen of each category as were needed, so the warden had some chance to pick out really competent journeymen.

Charlie's method was simply to make a tour of the saloons in the Marsh Market section of Baltimore and look over the drunks in congress assembled. He had a trained eye and could detect a plumber or a painter through two weeks' accumulation of beard and dirt. As he gathered in his candidates, he searched them on the spot, rejecting those who lacked union cards, for he was a firm believer in organized labor. Those who passed were put into storage at a police station and there kept (less the unfortunates who developed delirium tremens and had to be handed over to the resurrection men) until the whole convoy was ready. The next morning, Gene Grannan, the police magistrate, gave them two weeks each for vagrancy, loitering, trespass, committing a nuisance, or some other plausible misdemeanor, and so the warden had his staff of master workmen and the jail presently bloomed out in all its vernal finery.

Some of these toilers returned year after year, and in the end Charlie recognized so many that he could accumulate the better part of his convoy in half an hour. Once, I remember, he was stumped by a call for two electricians. In those remote days there were fewer men of that craft in practice than today, and only one could be found. When the warden set up a holler, Charlie sent him a trolley-car motorman who had run away from his wife and was trying to be shanghaied for the Chesapeake oyster fleet. This poor man, being grateful for his security in jail, made such diligent use of his meagre electrical knowledge that the warden was eager to keep him and requested that his sentence be extended. Unhappily, Gene Grannan was a pretty good amateur lawyer and knew that such an extension would be illegal.

GENE had been, in his day, chief of the Baltimore & Ohio's railroad police, and thus had the professional respect of the cops. He had been made a magistrate in the course of a reform movement and was a man of the chastest integrity, but, like any other old bull, he greatly disliked reformers of all sorts and lost no chance to afflict them. When, in 1900 or thereabout, a gang of them began to tour the red-light districts, seeking to harass and alarm the poor working women there denizened, he sent word to the gals to empty slops on them, and acquitted all who were brought in for doing it, usually on the ground that the complaining witnesses were disreputable persons and could not be believed on oath.

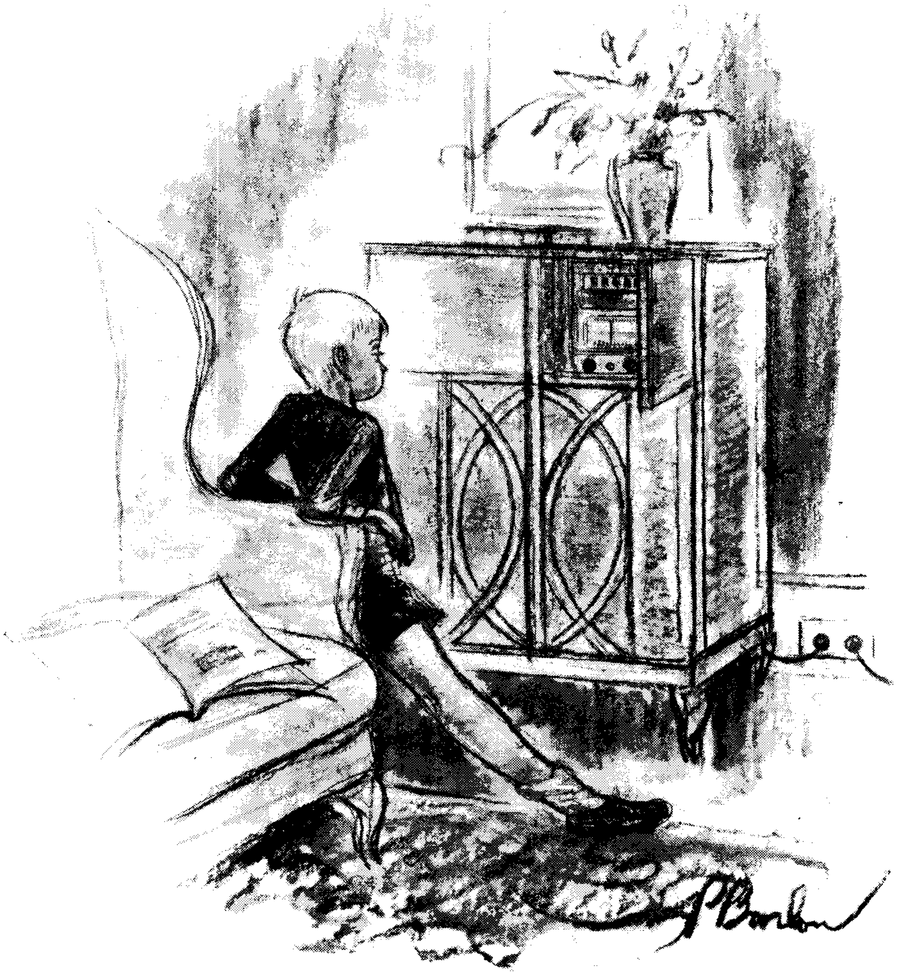
One day, sitting in his frowzy courtroom, I saw him gloat in a positively indecent manner when a Methodist clergyman was led out from the cells by Mike Hogan, the turnkey. This holy man, believing that the Jews, unless they consented to be baptized, would all go to hell, had opened a mission in what was then called the Ghetto, and sought to save them. The adults refused to have anything to do with him, but he managed after a while to lure a number of kosher small boys into his den, chiefly by showing them magic-lantern pictures of Palestine, the Indian country of the West, and heaven. When their fathers heard of this, there was naturally an uproar, for it was a serious offence in those days for an orthodox Jew to enter a *goy schul.* Indeed, the job of delousing the offenders ritually was an arduous one and cost both time and money. So the Jews came clamoring to Grannan, and he spent a couple of hours trying to figure out some charge to lay against the evangelist. Finally he ordered him brought in, and entered him on the books for "annoying persons passing by and along a public highway, disorderly conduct, making loud and unseemly noises, and disturbing religious worship." He had to be acquitted, of course, but Gene scared him so badly with talk of the penitentiary and the gallows that he shut down his mission forthwith and abandoned the Jews to their post-mortem brimstone.

Gene was a favorite among us young reporters, for he was always good for copy and did not hesitate to modify the course of justice in order to feed it to us. One day an ancient German, obviously a highly respectable man, was brought in on the incredible charge of beating his wife. The testimony showed that they had been placidly married for more than forty-five years and seldom exchanged so much as a bitter word. But the night before, when the old man came home from the saloon where he played skat of an evening, the old woman accused him of having drunk more than his usual ration of eight beers, and in the course of the ensuing debate he slapped her. Astounded, she gave a hysterical squawk, an officious neighbor rushed in, the cops came on his heels, and so the old man stood before the bar of justice, weeping copiously, with his wife weeping even more copiously beside him.

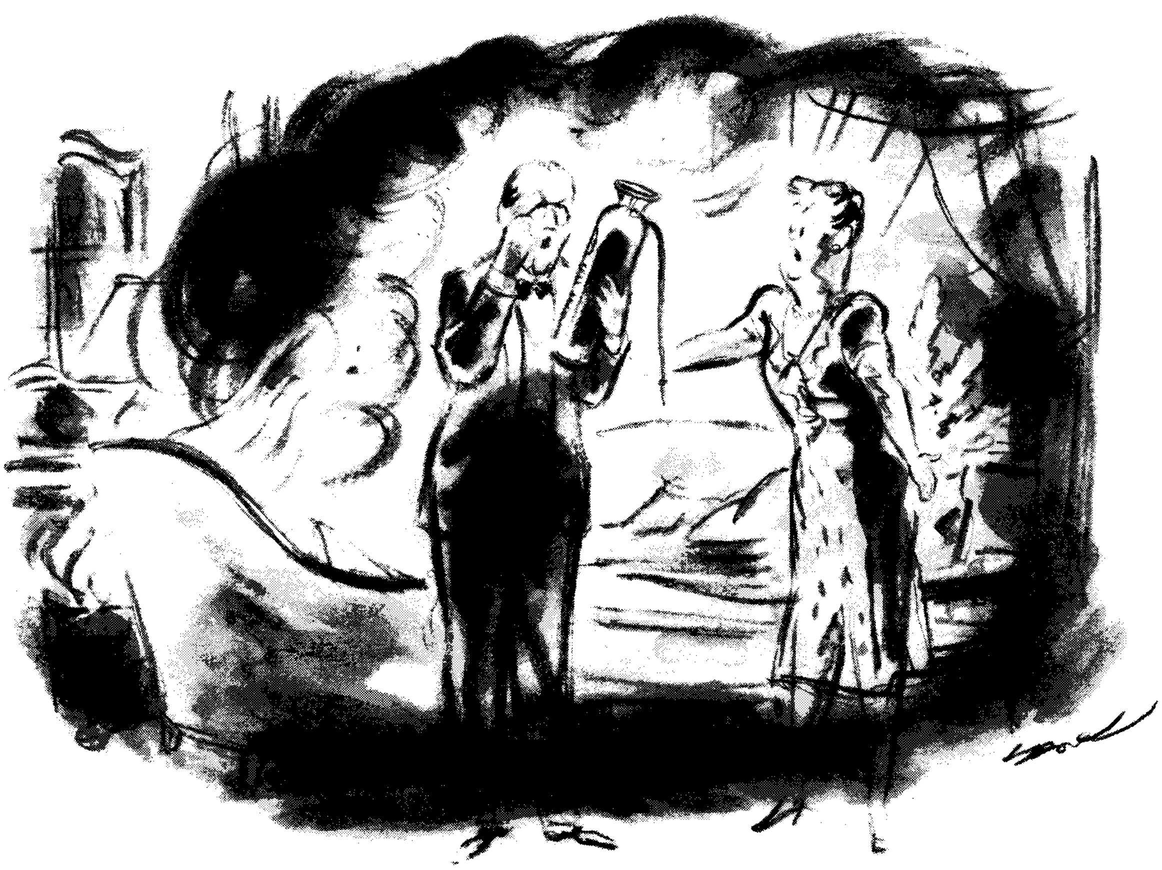
Gene pondered the evidence with a frown on his face, and then announced his judgment. "The crime you are accused of committing," he said, "is a foul and desperate one, and the laws of all civilized countries prohibit it under heavy penalties. I could send you to prison for life, I could order you to the whipping post [it still exists in Maryland, and for wife-beaters only], or I could sentence you to be hanged. [Here both parties shrieked.] But inasmuch as this is your first offence, I will be lenient. You will be taken hence to the house of correction and there confined for twenty years. In addition, you are fined ten thousand dollars."

The old couple missed the fine, for at mention of the house of correction both fainted. When the cops revived them, Gene told the prisoner that on reflection he had decided to strike out the sentence, and bade him go and sin no more. Husband and wife rushed out of the courtroom hand in hand, followed by a cop with an umbrella and a market basket that the old woman had forgotten. A week or two later news came in that she was ordering the old man about in a highly cavalier manner and had cut down his evenings of skat to four a week.

The cops liked and admired Gene, and when he was in good form he commonly had a gallery of them in his courtroom, guffawing at his whimsies. But despite his popularity among them, he did not pal with them, for he was basically a very dignified and even some-



"So, 'till we get together
I'll be like the weather, blue;
'All alone and lonely,'
Wond'ring if you're lonely, too."



"*In a minute, dear, as soon as I finish the small print.*"

• •

what stiff fellow and knew how to call them down sharply when their testimony before him went too far beyond the bounds of the probable. In those days, as in these, policemen led a social life almost as inbred as that of the justices of the Supreme Court of the United States, and outsiders were seldom admitted to their parties. But reporters were exceptions, and I attended a number of cop soirées of very high tone. At one of them a desk officer named John Wilson ate thirty fried hard crabs—no mean feat, I assure you, for though the claws are pulled off a crab before it is fried, all the body meat remains. John not only ate the thirty crabs but sucked the shells. On another occasion, on a bet, he ate a ham and a cabbage at one sitting, but I was not present at that performance. When, a little while later, he dropped dead in the station house, the police surgeons laid it to a pulmonary embolus.

MOST cops, in my judgment, were honest fellows, at least within the limits of reason. Those who patrolled the fish markets naturally had plenty of fish to eat, and those who manned the police boats in the harbor took a small but steady toll from the pungey captains who brought up Baltimore's supplies of watermelons, cantaloupes, vegetables, crabs, and oysters from the Eastern Shore of Maryland. This last impost, in fact, amounted to a kind of octroi, and at one time the harbor cops accumulated so much provender that they had to seize an empty warehouse on the waterfront to store it. But the pungey captains gave up uncomplainingly, for the toll-takers protected them against the thieves and highjackers who swarmed in the harbor, and also against the land police. Indeed, I never heard of a cop getting anything that the donor was not quite willing, and even eager, to give. Even the girls in the red-light districts liked to crochet pulse-warmers for them.

One dismal New Year's Day I saw a sergeant lose an excellent chance to pocket $138.66 in cash money; I remember it brilliantly, because I lost the same chance at the same moment. There had been the usual epidemic of suicides in the waterfront flophouses, for the dawn of a new year turns the thoughts of homeless men to peace beyond the dissecting room, and I accompanied the sergeant and a coroner on a tour of the fatal scenes. One of the dead men was lying on the fifth floor of a decaying warehouse that had been turned into ten-cent sleeping quarters, and we climbed up the long stairs to inspect him. All the other bums had cleared out and the dopey clerk did not offer to go with us. We found the deceased stretched out in a peaceful attitude, with the rope with which he had hanged himself still around his neck. He had been cut down but then deserted.

The sergeant loosed the rope and began a search of the dead man's pockets, looking for means to identify him. He found nothing whatever that would do so, but from a pants pocket he drew out a fat wad of bills, and a hasty count showed that it contained $416. A situation worthy of Scribe, or even Victor Hugo! Evidently the poor fellow was one of the misers that are occasionally found among bums. His money, I suppose, had been diminishing, and he had bumped himself off in fear that it would soon be all gone. The sergeant looked at the coroner, the coroner looked at me, and I looked at the sergeant. Then the sergeant wrapped up the money in a piece of newspaper lying nearby and handed it to the coroner. "It goes," he said sadly, "to the state. The son of a bitch died intestate and with no heirs."

The next day I met the coroner and found him in a low frame of mind. "It was a sin and a shame," he said, "to turn that money over to the State Treasury. What I could have done with $138.66! Well, it's gone now—damn the luck! I never *did* trust that flatfoot."

—H. L. MENCKEN

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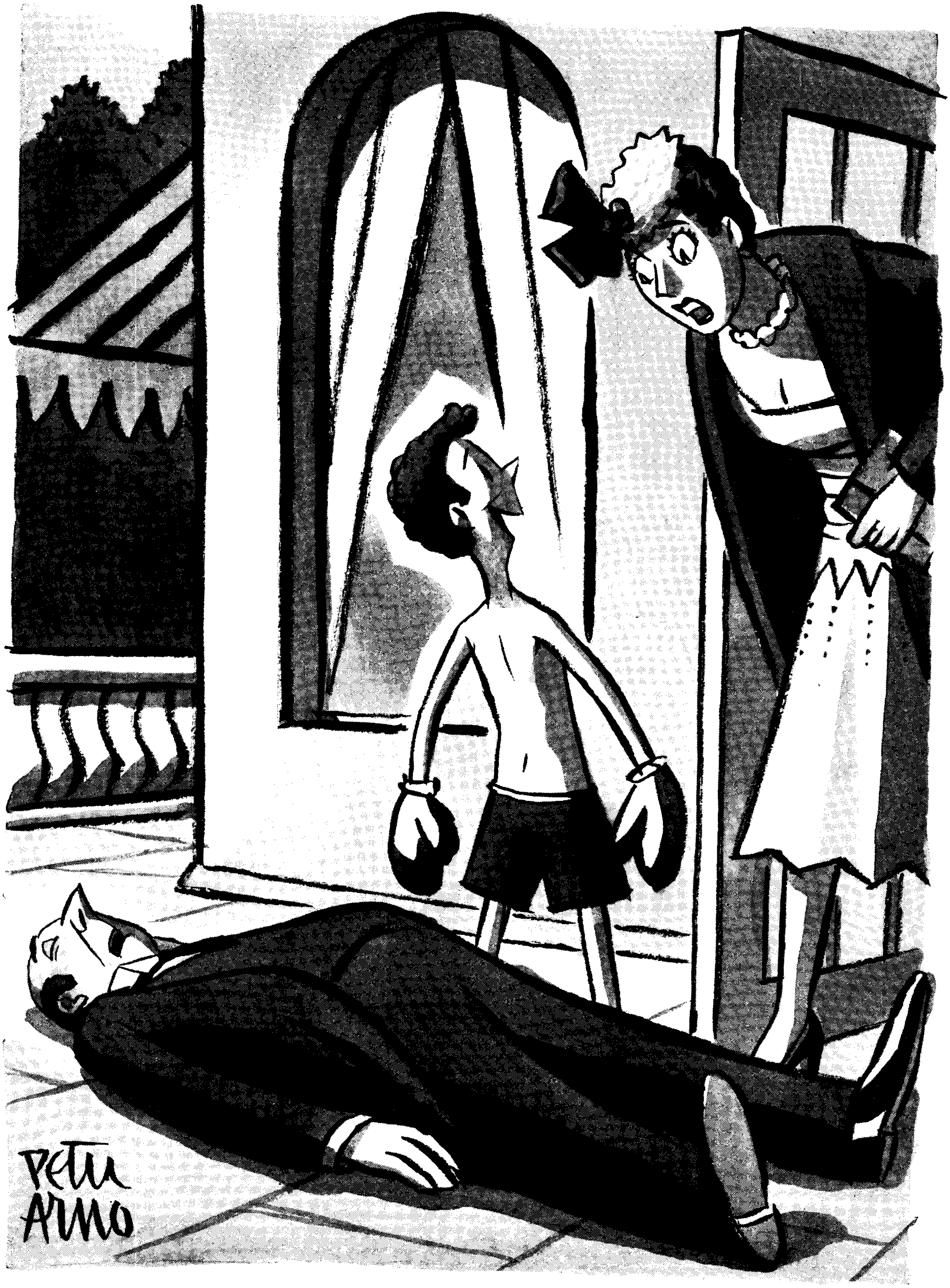
Opened recently by the Society for the Prevention of New England Antiquities, which received the property as a gift from Ben Perley Poore Moseley of Ipswich and Boston, the interesting old estate already has had its share of visitors.—*Boston Globe.*

The Society is probably just biding its time.



"Frisbee said I could go ahead and let him have the old one-two if it would give me any pleasure."

A LITTLE DOOR

"DO you know," Mrs. Herman said, "that we are probably looking directly at Lisbon?" Her daughter and her son-in-law were sitting on the beach beside her, but even when she spoke to them she did not take her melancholy eyes from the point where the pale-blue Atlantic joined the pale-blue sky. "Lisbon," she said, "a little door toward which half the population of a continent crowds, or yearns to." She spoke with a husky, forensic flourish.

Eve Abrams, sensing her mother's mood, gave a snort of impatience and called to her children. The children paid no attention. At the edge of the water, Dickie was pursuing little Evvie with a long streamer of kelp switching behind him. "Jellyfish!" he was crying. "Jellyfish!"

Harold Abrams stood up and said, "I'll get them, Eve," and trotted off.

It was late in September and the beach was as empty as the sea. There was an offshore breeze, but under the dune where Mrs. Herman now sat alone with her daughter the air was still and the sunlight mellow. The tide was in, and the sea between the two great rocky arms reaching out from either end of the long beach, was almost quiet. At the shore the water was motionless; only at the base of a great, black rock which jutted from the water a hundred yards out did it move tirelessly, in small, foamless, slapping waves. Iron-gray at the shore, it soon softened to amethyst, then to turquoise, and then, limitlessly, to the soft, burning blue which was almost identical with the color of the sky.

Mrs. Herman pushed her hands into the sand on either side of her and let it drain through her thin, white fingers. "Lisbon," she said. "Think of it! That one little outlet for the millions who long to pass through. The enormous *aching*."

Eve opened the picnic basket and said, "We're going to eat now. Try not to be gloomy, please, when the children are with us."

Mrs. Herman shifted her eyes. She glanced at her daughter, who looked very handsome kneeling there against the dune. Eve had on red sharkskin slacks and a yellow blouse. A yellow ribbon kept her black hair on top of her head in a casual and becoming pile. Mrs. Herman smiled bitterly and said, "Poor Eve. The sky could fall—"

"Nonsense. I'm as aware of things as you are," Eve said. "But there's no point, Mother, in *all the time*—"

"No, Eve. I know you too well. The sky could really fall and you'd try to save your china."

"That's ridiculous! I simply don't believe that there's any point in burdening children, or adults, for that matter, with perpetual gloom. I feel it as much as you. Everyone does."

Mrs. Herman's pale lips twitched. "It is not a matter of burdening or not burdening ourselves. We are burdened." She stood up and pointed with a thin arm. "Form a picture of Europe in your mind. Try to see it. That one open port. The few airplanes and the few ships, the money it costs, and the impossible number of people, and the terrible difficulties. See it as a picture, and you may feel it—all of Europe, and all the roads crowded, and all leading there. In spirit if not in body. All crowding down, or yearning to. That longing means nothing to you. It's only an idea, all of it, only something that you read about. But you're young."

Now that Mrs. Herman was standing, the wind blew the light silk material of her white dress and made it flutter.

"Sit down," Eve said. "You're getting sand on the cloth."

"There it is, exactly what I mean. Sand on the cloth!"

"Well, Mother, we've got to live, after all!" Eve cried impatiently.

The old woman raised her eyebrows, curiously heavy and dark for her delicate and bony face. Her white forehead wrinkled. "Yes," she said. "Yes, we must." Her voice had taken on the excessively rational tone of one who is explaining something to himself. "My great-grandfather lived until he was a hundred and eight."

"Oh *dear*, Mother!" Eve groaned, and once more shook out the blue-and-white checkered cloth. "Now sit down, for heaven's sake, or go and help Harold bring back the children."

But there was no need; Harold and the children were nearly back. The wind ballooned out the back of Harold's shirt and plastered his linen slacks against his legs. The children covered their eyes with their hands and bent their naked, brown bodies forward against a peppering of fine sand. For a moment the three of them stood still, and then, as the wind dropped, Harold picked up the little girl and said, "Come on, Dick," and joined the others under the dune.

"Wind's rising," he said, and looked up at the sky. On the northern horizon puffy white clouds were forming and the color of the ocean had undergone a subtle change.

"I got sand in my eyes," Evvie cried.

"Here, baby," Eve said, and put down the paper plates. She found her handkerchief and said, "Lie back and close your eyes." She rubbed the child's lids gently. "Now sniff."

Evvie sniffed and blinked her eyes tentatively.

"Better?" Eve asked.

"Yes," Evvie said.

Dickie said scornfully, "She's scared of those old jellyfish."

"They're not jellyfish," Evvie said.

"They are *so*!" he cried vehemently.

"Sit down, both of you," Eve said. "We're going to have lunch."

"Both my father and mother lived until they were ninety," Mrs. Herman said abruptly. "I'm only sixty-five. It's very depressing."

They all stared at her, and Eve said sharply, "What do you want, Mother? Chicken or ham sandwich?"

"Either, please," she said, and then, turning to Evvie with sudden tenderness, she said, "Come here, dear. Sit next to me." When the little girl had settled down beside her, Mrs. Herman, holding her sandwich up to her mouth, said, "You're right. They're not jellyfish but just some kind of seaweed. A plant. Don't let him tease you."

"I know it," Evvie said, and looked at Dickie calmly.

THE Abramses all had very black hair and brilliant black eyes. Mrs. Herman's hair, though gray, was still streaked with black. Her eyes were dull. Yet now, as they ate their lunch looking out at the ocean, it was her eyes which seemed to see most. She looked across the water with steady concentration, as if she were trying to draw the outlines of that city, the door to freedom, out of the vast Atlantic distance.

"Look, Dickie," Eve said. "That rock out there is shaped like an elephant, isn't it?"

"Without a trunk," Dickie said.

"Oh, but don't you see that line on this end, down the front of it? That's the trunk."

"Elephant Rock," Dickie said. "Let's call it Elephant Rock." Then, gulping down his milk, he tossed the paper cup in the air and scrambled up the side of the dune. Sand scattered through the air.

"Dick!" his father shouted. "Watch what you're doing!"

Dickie, perched above them on the crest of the dune, looked down at Evvie meaningfully and began to chant, "I'm the king of the cas-tle and you're the dir-ty ras-cal."

Evvie stared up at him, finished her milk precisely, put down her cup, said "Pooh!," and, turning her back, marched to the shore.

Dickie, trying his tune once more without effect, scrambled from the dune and followed her. "There's a lion!" he shouted, pointing at the empty beach, and they ran wildly down the shore, both screaming, "Lion! Lion!"

"Each generation dies off a little earlier," Mrs. Herman said. "There is *that* much, anyway. Their vitality seems to diminish. My great-grandfather—the one who had the bank in Prague—he was, as I said, one hundred and eight. My grandfather—the first of our family in this country—he was ninety-seven. My own father lived to be ninety and my mother eighty-nine."

"They were very chipper old people," Harold said. He had taken off a sneaker and was emptying the sand from it.

Eve lit a cigarette. "That's a magnificent heritage. What are you lamenting about, for heaven's sake?" She flipped the dead match away impatiently.

"They were a burden to us," Mrs. Herman said. "Old people always are. But that is nothing. Think what a burden they were to themselves! How *they* must have ached sometimes—"

"Look where the children have gone," Eve said.

They were far up the beach. "They're all right," Harold said. "Don't worry about them."

"It may storm, and it's getting chilly," Eve said, as she dug into a bathing kit, "and their swimming suits are damp." She found two sweaters and started up the beach.

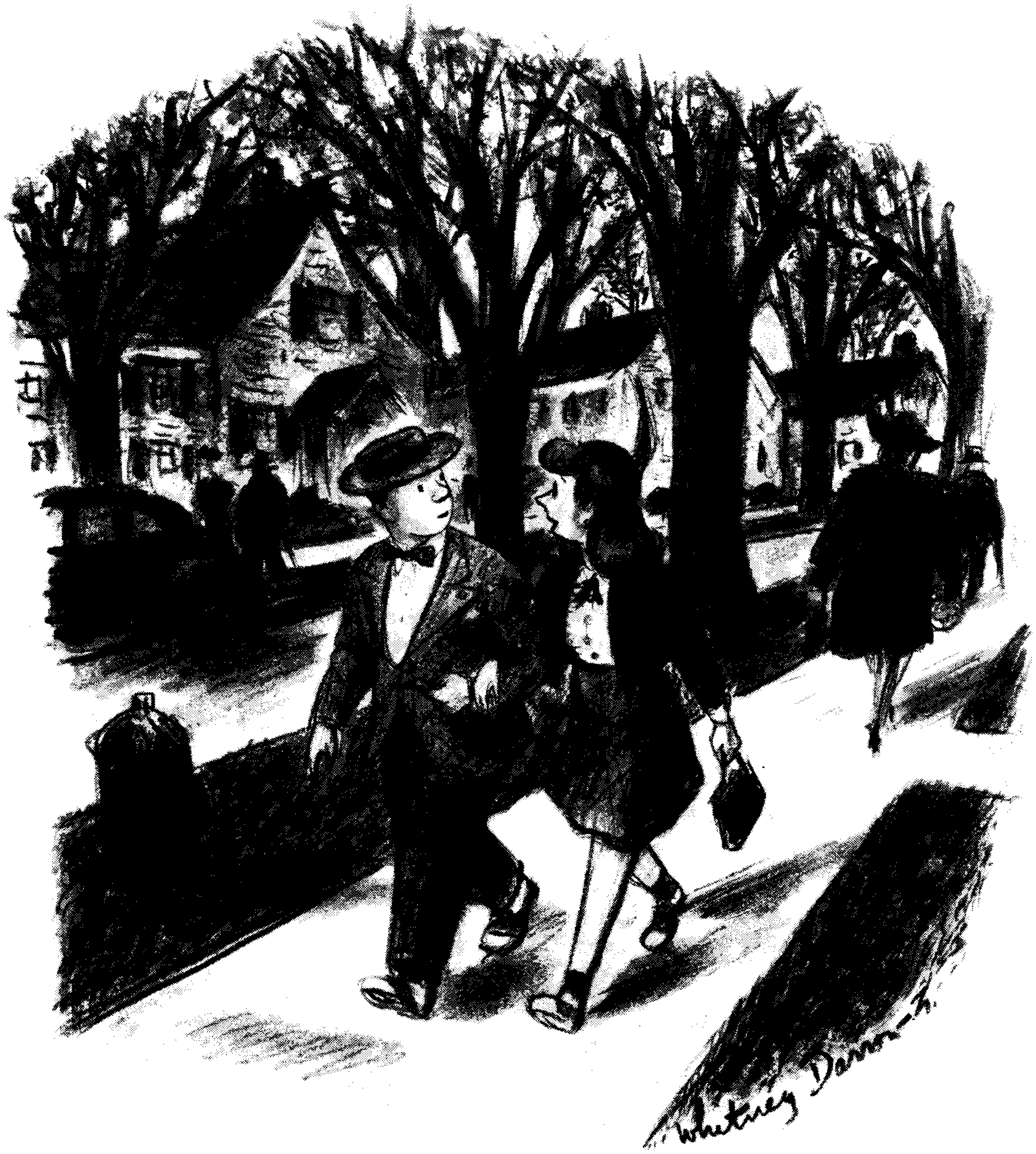
". . . yet they were spared these later horrors, at least," Mrs. Herman said.

"The tide's going out," Harold said.

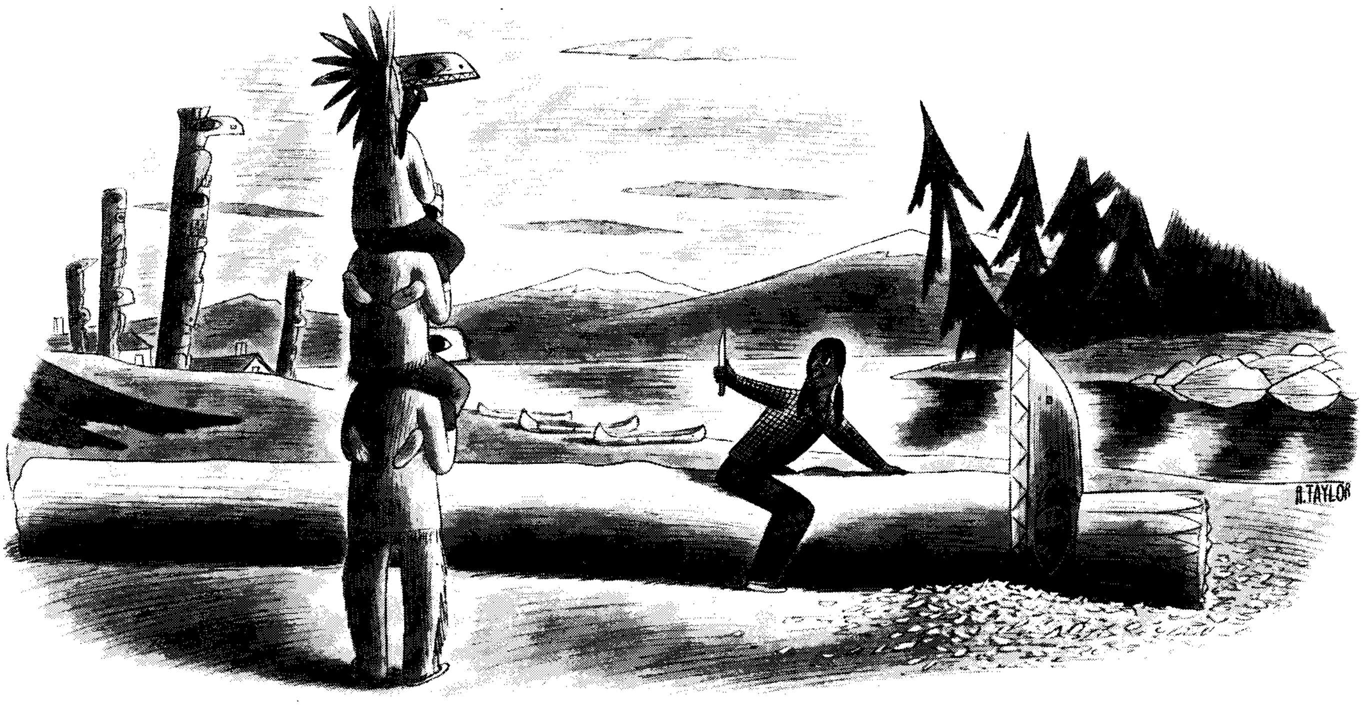
Along the shore, where the water had receded, was a strip of wet sand, and small, white-capped waves were beginning to roll in. At the rock the slapping sounds had changed to long, low thumpings. The clouds on the northern horizon had fanned up and turned gray, and the water was dark green and purple but still glinting with sunlight.

"It's going to storm," Harold said.

"My husband's family is very different," Mrs. Herman said.



"Why, Rodman Morley! Didn't you forget to shave this month?"



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"Most of them die comfortably in their sixties, the way he did."

"We'd better get packed up," Harold said. "Look at that water now."

"What a strange thing!" Mrs. Herman said. "Here the tide rolls out, and I suppose that means that on the other side it is rolling in. That brings us very close, doesn't it? I never saw Lisbon. I was never in Portugal. I have been abroad seven times and I've seen many countries. I counted them once. I've been in twenty-three countries."

"Portugal was never much of a place to go, was it?" Harold said, putting the picnic things into the basket and making a pile of the scraps on a piece of newspaper. He looked down the beach at the three figures coming back. Then he glanced at the sky. The sun had abruptly and altogether vanished.

"But now it's everything," Mrs. Herman said. "The only door. A little, narrow door, and behind it millions of lives that can't possibly squeeze through it, ache as they may."

"We're going to have to hurry," Harold said. Mrs. Herman sat still, her legs stretched out before her, the toes of her black oxfords pointing awkwardly toward the sky.

"We'll have to hurry, won't we?" Eve said as she came up with the children. They were wearing their sweaters.

"Yes," Harold said. "Everything's nearly ready."

"We'll put your shoes and socks on in the car, children," Eve said.

Dickie bit his lower lip. "You said we could dig clams when the tide went out," he complained to his father.

"I want a starfish," said Evvie.

"Some other day, babies," Eve said firmly. She folded the cloth and put it quickly into the basket. "Come on, Mother."

Mrs. Herman stood up slowly. "Listen to the sound from the rock," she said.

With the rising wind, the waves were much higher and the thumping on the rock had changed to a distant booming, like remote thunder, or cannon.

Harold said, "It sounds far away, doesn't it, as though it's from the horizon somewhere, not from that rock at all?"

"Yes," Mrs. Herman said.

"It's because the wind's from the shore," Harold said.

"Let's go," said Eve, nervously. "Look at that sky. We'll be caught."

She took both children by the hand and hurried them up a dim path in the sand between the dunes. Harold picked up the basket and the kit and followed her. Mrs. Herman looked down at the parcel of scraps, which he had ignored, and listened for a moment longer to the waves on the rock.

On the dunes, the colors, under the lowering green sky, were curiously intense. The fading gorse was blotched with orange and a poisonous green, and a clump of red bushes was as vivid as blood. Eve's clothes, although she was far ahead, were as bright and sharp as if she were only a few steps away. She was carrying one child now and dragging the other behind her, and she was running as if their very lives depended on reaching the car before the rain began. Harold paused to look back, but after signalling to Mrs. Herman, he hurried after his wife. Mrs. Herman did not hurry. She lowered her head a little against the flying sand and trudged along comfortably. Even when the first heavy raindrops splattered down from the dark sky, she continued to walk as though it did not matter in the least if she were caught in the full torrent which would break loose any moment now.

—Mark Schorer

WHERE

Monkeys in a forest,
Beggarmen in rags,
Marrow in a knucklebone,
Gold in leather bags;

Dumplings in the oven,
Fishes in a pool,
Flowers in a parlor,
Dunces in a school;

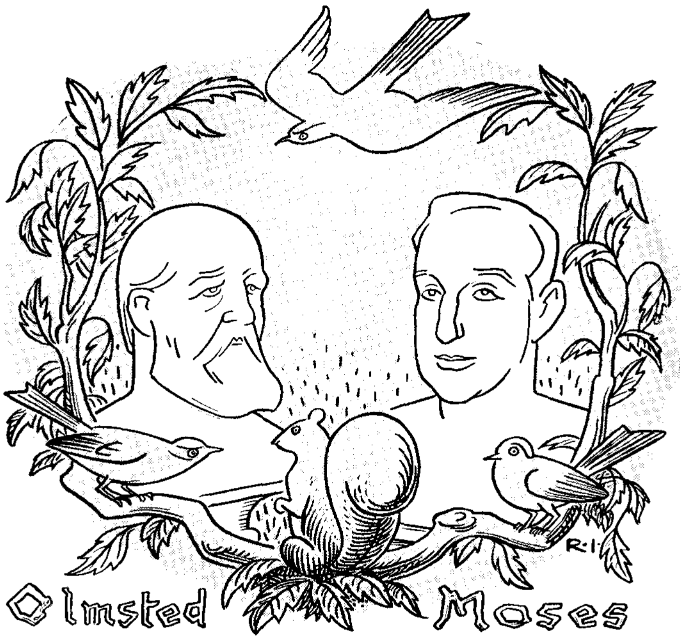
Feathers in a pillow,
Cattle in a shed,
Honey in a beehive,
And me in bed.

—Walter de la Mare

PROFILES

CENTRAL PARK

II—"A NASTY PLACE"



IT was in 1830 that the city of New York first showed signs of becoming a metropolis. The population of Manhattan Island was then only 202,589. The built-up part of the city extended from the Battery north to Canal Street, where there was then a canal. New York was a restful little place. Most of the houses had their own lawns, the streets were lined with trees, and there were many public squares. On the edge of town were a number of "public gardens," genteel amusement places where orchestras and bands played and ices were served at open-air tables. Beyond the canal, where people went skating in the winter, and all the way up to the village of Harlem, were large, well-cared-for farms. People went up as far as Twenty-third or Thirty-fourth Street to pick flowers and gather nuts or apples. To go to Staten Island or Jersey was an adventure.

Between 1830 and 1850, the population of New York more than doubled. The new population was almost entirely composed of desperately poor European immigrants. The only architectural planning for their reception consisted of figuring out a type of building that would hold the most tenants in the smallest space. Light, ventilation, even the fundamentals of sanitation were sacrificed in these early tenement buildings, which changed the face of the city within two decades. Certainly there was no pandering to the universal urge to walk occasionally on grass or stand in the shade of a tree. The cemeteries, the only grassy places open to the public within the city, soon became crowded on Sundays and holidays.

William Cullen Bryant, then editor of the *Evening Post*, was one of the first to discuss in print the need of a public park. His opinion was backed by Andrew J. Downing, a landscape architect and editor of a magazine called *Horticulture*, who contributed to the discussion an article entitled "A Talk About Public Parks and Gardens." Travellers returned from England full of enthusiasm for Hyde Park. In the mayoral election of 1850, both candidates pledged themselves to do something about a park for New York.

Fernando Wood, the defeated candidate, made a louder noise than his successful rival, Ambrose C. Kingsland, but the latter fulfilled his election promise of a park. At his suggestion, the Common Council appointed a committee, which in 1851 submitted a report recommending the acquisition of a tract of land called Jones's Woods, which was bounded by East Sixty-sixth and Seventy-fifth Streets, Third Avenue, and the East River. The Common Council accepted the report and voted to establish a park on the suggested site. Almost at once, however, opposition to this site developed. It was criticized as being too small and inaccessible. In the end, these considerations outweighed the site's advantages—a good growth of trees, an attractively irregular surface, and a view of the East River. The Common Council delayed condemnation of Jones's Woods pending a report by a second committee appointed to investigate other possible sites. On January 2, 1852, this second committee submitted a report recommending another tract of land, bounded by Fifth and Eighth Avenues, Fifty-ninth Street, and the projection of 106th Street. In this report, the two sites under consideration were referred to as Jones's Park and the Central Park. Councilmen Dodge and Britton, who were the active members of this committee, urged the selection of the Central Park's site for a number of cogent reasons: it was larger, more conveniently reached, and, because of the outcropping of rock, of little value in those days as building ground. The Common Council and the public were both divided over the choice of Jones's Woods and Central Park. For more than a year the matter was a subject of a good deal of informal debate until, on July 21, 1853, the legislature surprised everybody by passing bills authorizing the city to take over both sites.

The Corporation Counsel immediately started condemnation proceedings to acquire the land for Central Park. From the first, Central Park was the favorite, and nothing was done about Jones's Woods until, the next year, the legislature repealed the law authorizing its acquisition. In 1853, the Supreme Court appointed five Commissioners of Estimate and Assessment, who after two years of hard work set the value of some 7,500 separately owned plots of land so satisfactorily that only one in forty of their valuations was formally protested. Their names, which you will not find in any memorial except the city records, were William Kent, Michael Ulshoeffer, Luther Bradish, Warren Brady, and Jeremiah Towle. All in all, they authorized the payment of $5,169,369.90 for the land between Fifty-ninth and 106th Streets. Of this sum, $1,657,590 was recovered in the form of assessments on owners of property adjoining the Park, which had naturally gone up in value. Later, it was pointed out that, because of the topography of the land, the northern end of Central Park should include the land between 106th and 110th Streets, where the hilly ground finally sloped to the level of the street. The extra land cost $1,179,590.

Altogether, the Park originally cost the city, for land and expenses, $7,389,727.96. This included a payment of $275,000 for the Arsenal and its drill ground, which the city bought from the state. While the acquisition of land was going on, the Park was technically under the control of a governing board of distinguished citizens, headed by Fernando Wood, then Mayor, and Joseph S. Taylor, his Street Commissioner. One Egbert L. Viele was employed as Chief Park Engineer. Viele submitted a plan for landscaping the Park, but it was necessarily tabled by the governing board, which had no funds for an expenditure of that sort.

In April, 1857, the legislature tackled in earnest the problem of financing the Park. A new eleven-man commission was appointed, to hold office five years, with the power to spend on the improvement of the Park a sum of money the interest on which at prevailing rates should not be more than $100,000 a year. The money was raised by a stock issue, which was immediately snapped up by investors. The first act of the new commission was formally to reject the Park plan submitted by Mr. Viele, their Park Engineer, and to advertise an open $2,000-prize competition for a new design.

THIS Viele was, by all accounts, a stiff-necked and thoroughly unimaginative man. He had learned engineering at West Point, and his rejected design had something of the aspect of a geometrically laid-out drill ground. Working under Viele in the relatively humble job of superintendent of the chaotic Park land was the young genius who was to give the Park its character and impart to it the vitality that later enabled it to live through sixty years of the driest, most withering political weather, until it was taken over by another man of equal scope and ability, Robert Moses. In the competition arranged by the Park commission, thirty-odd designs for the Park were submitted, all under pseudonyms; the commissioners agreed on one signed "Greensward." It turned out that this was the work of two young residents of New York, Calvert Vaux and Frederick Law Olmsted. Vaux, an Englishman, had contributed principally to the technical and architectural details of buildings, fountains, and roads. The creative part of the design was by Olmsted, who had then been Viele's superintendent for the previous six months.

Olmsted was then thirty-five. He had been a practical farmer on Staten Island and had later turned journalist, touring the South on horseback and writing for the New York *Times* a widely quoted series of dispatches about slavery. Olmsted was, in fact, a humanitarian, and the laying out of Central Park gave him a more concrete opportunity to further his cause than is granted most humanitarians. He was also a genuine aesthete. While he and Vaux were working on the designs, Olmsted used to go into the Park at night to see, in his mind's eye, how certain effects would look by moonlight. This must have required a very powerful imagination. Olmsted himself described the Park as being, in those days, "a nasty place." "The low ground was steeped in an overflow and mush of pigsties, slaughterhouses, and bone-boiling works, and the stench was sickening," he once told a reporter.

The bone-boiling works and the pigsties were, it should be explained, enterprises operated by homeless people who had for years squatted on the land. They slept in caves or sheds, and searched the city's garbage cans for bones and pig fodder. The less respectable of the Central Park squatters were coiners, poachers, sneak thieves, trollops, and moonshiners. Altogether, it is probable that no less than five thousand wretched people were squatting on the land the city took possession of in 1853.

In Olmsted's day, conditions in the Park were so bad that churches sent missionaries up there. The particular object of their attention was a settlement of caves, lean-tos, and tin-can shacks called Seneca Village, where a mixture of Negroes, whites, and Indians lived in hopelessness. Some charitably inclined ladies, in an attempt to help the derelicts, financed the building of a church, All Angels Church, on the east side of Eighth Avenue near Eighty-fifth Street. Here, in the churchyard, the Park squatters buried their dead until 1851, when a city ordinance aimed directly at them prohibited burials south of Eighty-sixth Street.

The ejection of these people from their unlovely homes was as sordid as such things always are. First of all, after taking title to the land and before starting work on the improvements, the city attempted to collect rent on the buildings it now owned, three of stone, two of brick, eighty-five frame houses, one ropewalk, two hundred shanties, and a number of barns, stables, piggeries, and bone yards. Somebody figured out that there were some hundred thousand goats, chickens, horses, cows, cats, dogs, and geese roaming the Park land. Violence broke out when work began and the squatters had to be ejected. The battle raged for months, the squatters falling back before the superior force of policemen but taking advantage of their greater familiarity with the terrain by waging guerrilla warfare with

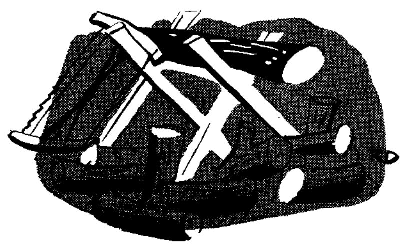
"Dick! Don't take it that way!"

bricks. In the end, the squatters withdrew to Harlem and Yorkville. It is extremely probable, however, that there always have been and always will be vagrants living in the Park.

OLMSTED and Vaux shared equally in the prize of $2,000, and Olmsted was appointed Architect-in-Chief of the Park at a salary of $2,500 a year. Vaux was retained at a somewhat lower figure as Consulting Architect. The Park had already been prepared for landscaping: 3,800 men had toiled over its hills and valleys, draining swamps, removing rock, cutting, filling, and fertilizing. The work involved was equivalent to turning over the entire surface of the Park to a depth of almost four feet. The workmen used up 20,800 barrels of gunpowder blasting rock. The site of the Park was mostly arid and rocky, and few of the trees and bushes that grew there were judged worth saving. Some pines west of what is now the Mall, some willows near the Arsenal, and a few oaks by the site of the Casino were allowed to stand, but they have died long since. Every bush and tree that now grows in the Park has been set out by the city's foresters.

Faced with a job of staggering proportions—the execution of his and Vaux's plan—Olmsted tackled it methodically. On the theory that the part of the Park nearest the city should be done first, he concentrated on the area between Fifty-ninth and Seventy-ninth Streets, working from east to west. The largest single architectural problem south of Seventy-ninth Street was the design of the Terrace and the Bethesda Fountain. The execution of this unit was the responsibility of another English architect who worked for the Park commission, Jacob Wrey Mould, who had won considerable fame as the designer of Holford House, a great London mansion. The magnificence of Holford House may be judged from the fact that the staircase alone set Mr. Holford back £56,000. The vista from the Seventy-ninth Street bridge—of the Lake, fountain, tiled terrace, and the twin stone staircases ascending to the drive—is exactly as Mould left it.

By 1859, concerts were being held in a bandstand on the Mall, and there were boating and ice-skating on the Lake; by 1860, the general appearance of the Park below Seventy-ninth Street was as we now know it. The outbreak of the Civil War did not cause any interruption of work on the Park. True, the Board of Supervisors of New York County, who held the municipal purse strings, adopted a resolution calling for suspension of work on the Park "so that all unnecessary expenditure of the county funds be avoided." Cooler heads pointed out, however, that if the work in progress were not completed, what had been done would deteriorate beyond repair. Throughout the war, then, the work proceeded at full speed. An account printed in 1868 gives a picture of the Park not very different from what it is now. Thousands of trees had been set out, the new turf was firm and healthy, and freshly painted benches lined the raked dirt footpaths. Mr. Mould had designed a gilded Victorian bandstand and nearby was a gravelled plaza where birds sang in gilded cages and the people of New York might sit on benches under an awning and listen to the "first-rate band" which performed two evenings a week in the summer. The passage under the Seventy-second Street drive from the Mall to the Terrace was described by the 1868 observer as a "large and delightfully cool hall." The Terrace was judged by architects of the period as the equal of any architecture in the world, not excluding the recently constructed Houses of Parliament in London.



DOWN THE MOUSEHOLE, AND WHAT SCIENCE MISSED THERE

This is a baffling and forbidding world of disreputable international shakedowns
And reputable scientists spending their lives trying to give mice nervous breakdowns.
Let us treat these scientists to a constructive suggestion on the house:
Have they thought to try their experiments on a married, or at least an engaged, mouse?
This suggestion is not frivolous or yeasty.
I want to tell them about a mouse I know—his name is Roger—who loses his mind at a twist of the wrist from his fiancée, later his wife, who first caught his eye because in a baffling and forbidding world she seemed to him naught but, as he puts it, a wee sleekit, cow'rin', tim'rous beastie.
Now, it is Roger's contention that to err is mouselike, and being only mouse, though indeed his paternal grandmother was a mountain, he is all too often conscious of having erred not only as a mouse
But as a mouse's spouse,
As a result of which, when he is justly chastised,
He is, as a reasonable mouse, neither upset nor surprised.
It's a perfectly natural sequence, Roger says resignedly, that began with Adam and Eve in the garden:
Crime, punishment, apology, theatre tickets, and eventual pardon.
What gets him down, he tells me, is when he has erred and doesn't know that he has erred,
When his conscience is clear as to thought, deed, misdeed, diet, and word.
It is then, says Roger, that he is ready to pay the psychiatrist a lengthy visit,
Because he can't apologize without knowing what to apologize for, whereupon the coolness which chills him for whatever he has done that he doesn't know he has done grows all the cooler for the very reason that he has no idea what is it.
Worst of all, he adds in despair, is that while racking his brains to alight on what it can be that he erred about,
Why, he often loops an extra loop about his neck by apologizing for an error that, if he hadn't apologized for it, she would never have heard about.
So there you are, reputable scientists; it is in trying to recollect and expiate sins that it never knew were sins
That is why a mouse is when it spins.

—OGDEN NASH

• •

THE nearer the Park came to completion, the more evident became the soundness of Olmsted's and Vaux's plan. For instance, they had, by putting the roadways well in from the boundary streets, hidden as much as possible all glimpses of the city outside the Park walls. Carrying the four transverse roads straight through the Park on a lower level now seems to us the only possible solution of the traffic problem, but the Greensward plan was the only one of the many plans submitted that specified sunken crosscuts. It could be wished that Olmsted had had a hand in laying out the highways of New York as well as its park, because he was one of the early enemies of the grade crossing. The Park as originally planned included no grade crossings at all; the Park roads passed over the transverses, the footpaths passed under the roads, and the bridle paths passed under the footpaths. There are many grade crossings in the Park today, of course, but they are the work of later and less idealistic Park administrators.

Olmsted had a different idea of the functions of a park from that now held by Moses. To Moses, the Park is primarily a playground, and he is willing to admit into it any sort of enterprise that will give pleasure to a sufficient number of people. The "Picture-Book Zoo" is a typical Moses improvement, and so is his plan, still in the formative stage, for a skating rink of artificial ice, which he would like to see operated as a low-priced concession during the fall and winter. To Olmsted, the Park was plastic material with which he was trying to produce attractive and soothing effects—bowers, mazes, lawns, and vistas. The two men have been alike in their feeling that the Park should not be monopolized by any one class at the expense of others. Olmsted put bridle paths in the Park in a day when hardly anybody in New York owned a saddle horse, because he thought that riding would eventually become a fashion, as it had in London. With equal foresight, Moses nipped the Central Park Casino in its five-dollar-cover-charge phase before it became an invulnerable tradition.

When, some distant day, the ghosts of Moses and Olmsted meet in some heavenly park, it is certain that their topic of conversation will be politicians. It is, of course, impossible to say which of the two men has had a worse time with the ward heelers, but it is a fact that first Olmsted's health and finally his mind gave way under the strain. By 1859, there were some twenty-three hundred laborers at work in the Park; this was the year that Olmsted had his first nervous breakdown. "I once received in six days more than seven thousand letters of advice as to appointments, nearly all from men in office," Olmsted wrote one time. Olmsted then travelled abroad for his health and, after a study of foreign park administration, recommended the organization of a Park police force, to prevent vandalism and enforce decency. The "Park keepers," a force of fifty uniformed men "in the prime of life," was in action by 1860, chasing away peddlers and keeping commercial traffic off the Park roadways.

INFORMATION
LORIDA
MEXICO
TRAIL

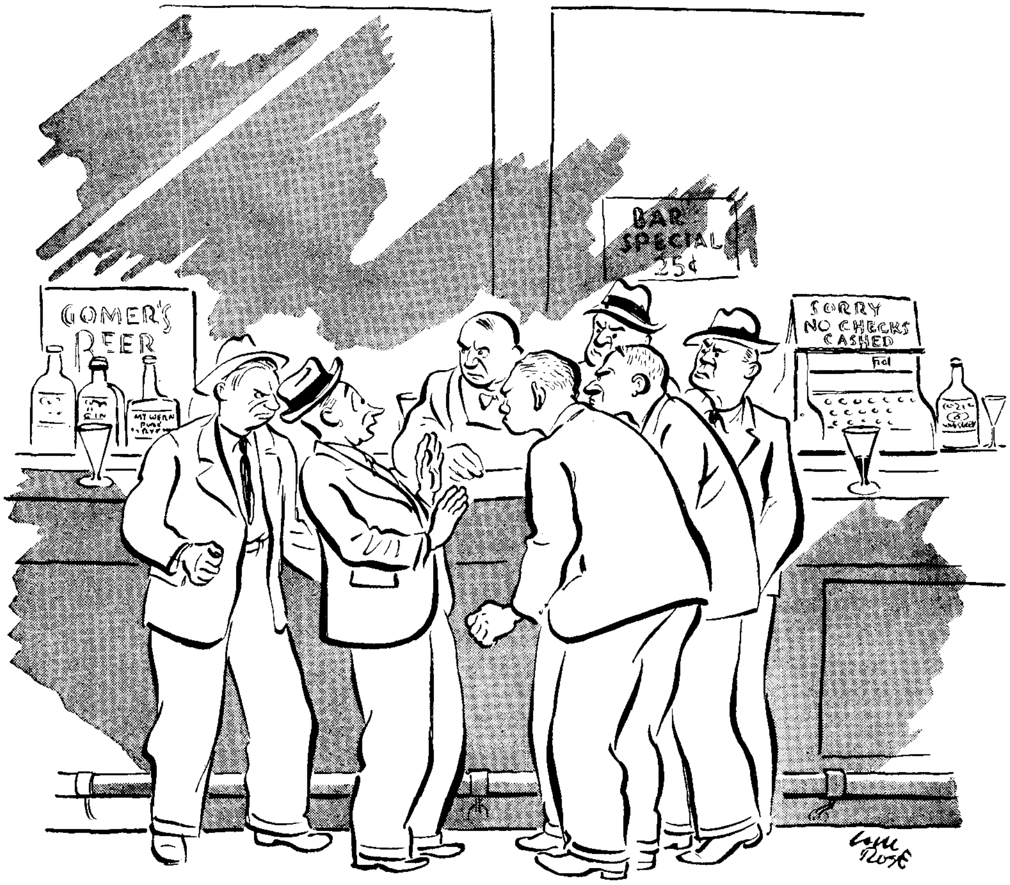
"Do you happen to know whether people generally dress for dinner in Germantown?"

From this time on, Olmsted's relations with Central Park were fretful and, considering his contributions to it, rather sad. Though he was usually on the Park payroll, he made his living principally by acting as a private landscaping consultant, in partnership with Vaux, but his joys and sorrows fluctuated with the ups and downs of the Park. During this period he planned and laid out Prospect Park in Brooklyn, an enterprise which was never so close to his heart as Central Park, about which he felt like a mother toward her first-born. The three years following 1868, when William Marcy Tweed came into power, must have been the blackest. Central Park then came under the jurisdiction of a set of rascals officially designated as the Department of Public Parks. Olmsted and Vaux were now both given the title of Chief Landscape Architect and were thenceforth firmly ignored at all meetings of the Department of Public Parks. Thousands of new laborers appeared in Central Park, most of them Tammany pensioners. The work that was found for them was enough to drive any trained horticulturist to the verge of madness. They cut out flourishing shrubbery, transplanted trees from the Park to other parks of the city, pulled the ivy from the Arsenal walls, "cleaned up" Olmsted's beloved "wildernesses," swept moss and ferns out of all the rocky crevices with house brooms, cut all the lower branches off the trees, widened driveways at the sacrifice of valuable plants, and in general did their best to make the Park look, as Olmsted sadly remarked, "like a cottage garden." One of the most fantastic depredations was the removal of many border trees and shrubs, in order that Park strollers might get an uninterrupted view of the new houses being built along Fifth Avenue. (It was a later Park administration which, in an outburst of pride at the completion of the Ninth Avenue Elevated, proposed to cut away all the foliage in the northwest corner of the Park, to permit a clear view of that part of the Elevated structure later known as Dead Man's Curve.) The Tweed Ring blew up in 1871, while the Park boondogglers were preparing to move the Zoo over to the North Meadow, and the Park administration was left with overdue bills, overdrawn accounts, and other liabilities totalling $1,620,000.

The decline of the Park dated from this period, though it did not become apparent to the public until some decades later. From this time on, Olmsted and Vaux never had a completely free hand in the administration of the Park. The work specified in their design was not completed until 1876, when the northern end was somewhat superficially rounded off. At this time the total cost of improving the Park, including the larcenies of the Tweed Ring, was put at about $9,000,000. But at the very time that the *Herald* felt justified in calling Central Park "the most noble, the most praiseworthy, the most philanthropic of our public works," the germs of decay were at work; long-range planning for fertilization and reforestation was being neglected, and the Park keepers, the private police force, were being appointed by patronage and consequently were insubordinate. In 1873, Olmsted, then serving as Landscape Architect and Superintendent, formulated a set of rules which would improve any police force; for instance, "A keeper finding a visitor sick, swooning, sun-stricken, deranged, paralyzed, in stupor, or apparently drugged or intoxicated, may suspend all other duties either to help him find relief or leave the Park" and "He is not to try to surprise visitors, or to play the detective; is not to move furtively, or to use slyness, in any way, for any purpose." For trying to enforce such rules, Olmsted was deprived of jurisdiction over the Park police.

From then on until 1883, when Olmsted, finally broken in health and spirit, moved to Brookline, Massachusetts, his influence in Park affairs grew less and less. There was a nerve-racking succession of angry resignations and reappointments, ending finally in the city's refusal to pay Olmsted's salary on the ground that he had done nothing to earn it. Both Mould and Vaux, however, remained active in Park affairs for some time after this, and Vaux was able to get a young associate of his, Samuel Parsons, an appointment as Superintendent of Planting. Parsons was the last of the incorruptibles of that era; singlehanded for the next three decades, he did what he could to carry on the work of Olmsted and Vaux, serving, at one time or another, as Superintendent of Parks, Landscape Architect, and Parks Commissioner.

THE next great date in the history of Central Park is 1934, when Fusion succeeded Tammany and Moses became Commissioner of Parks. What he found in the Park tells, graphically enough, what had happened to it in the preceding fifty years. The Zoo was a shambles overrun with rats, so filthy that few people ever went there voluntarily and so dangerous that the lion-keepers carried guns to dispose of their charges in case of fire. The appointment of custodians, male and female, of the Park's comfort stations had been a matter of Tammany patronage. One lady, who presided over the granite outhouse north of the Belvedere, had arranged to remove much of the plumbing and had built herself a cozy sitting room, in which she kept a grand piano. The unexpected sound of a Chopin nocturne, they say, used to startle women who entered the place in good faith. The lower floor of the Arsenal was a garage, reached by a ramp leading in from Fifth Avenue, where twenty-two cars belonging to Parks Department employees were kept free of charge. The sheep, apparently as ignorant as the Tammany Parks Commissioners of the evil effects of inbreeding, had been marrying among themselves for years, with the result that in the spring of 1934 all the lambs were malformed. The pruning of trees was rigidly governed by the height of the



"Now take it easy, fellows. I was talking about Germany—not the Dodgers."

Fine food deserves good wine

. . . good wine, a Safedge glass

Feel it . . . The Genuine Libbey Safedge is rounded and velvety smooth, kind to your lips, resists chipping. Restaurateurs . . . hotelmen . . . barmen . . . club managers . . . all hail it as the most significant development in glassware for more than a century.

More and more, people are coming to appreciate how wine adds to the enjoyment of fine food. And so, too, Libbey Safedge glasses heighten your pleasure in fine wines. Their sparkling clarity, gracious balance and thin-blown beauty contribute to the mellow satisfaction of a good wine. When you're dining out you can recognize the genuine Safedge—a tiny bead of glass on the rim—a hallmark of thoughtful hospitality you will find at better places everywhere. Libbey Glass Company, Toledo. *Subsidiary, Owens-Illinois Glass Company.*

Libbey GLASSWARE with the Genuine Safedge

IDENTIFIED WITH GRACIOUS LIVING FOR 121 YEARS pruning ladders issued the Park foresters. The ladders were about two stories high. If a tree was shorter than this, it was left unpruned; if it was taller, it was cut down to the height of the ladder—a Procrustean procedure which would eventually have killed every tree in the Park.

In the Parks Commissioner's office, the incoming Moses staff found an old lady entrenched in a cubicle where she did nothing but sit in a rocking chair, knit, and brew tea, for which she drew a clerk's salary of $3,500 a year. She looked to be past the retirement age of seventy, but the records giving her date of birth and term of employment had been lost, and she defied Moses to move her out of her little nest. Moses solved the problem by appointing her secretary to one of his assistants; the assistant kept her busy her first day from nine in the morning until 2:30 the following morning, when she finally professed her willingness to accept a pension. Moses also found the Park overrun with venders who were selling substandard food and confections, mostly to children. This violation of the health ordinances had been regarded as strictly a police problem, and in those terms was insoluble because the venders outnumbered the cops. Moreover, the magistrates wouldn't convict the venders who were picked up. Moses arranged for responsible parties such as the Union News Company to undertake the food and candy concessions, under proper supervision, and the lawless venders were driven out of the Park by economic pressure.

The administrative problems confronting Moses when he took office ranged from the picayune to the earth-shaking. In the former class was the question of efficient designs for fences, wastebaskets, and benches. The present wire wastebaskets represent a good deal of serious thought by the reform administration; they are, by intention, light enough for Park employees to handle, too unwieldy to steal, and too openly constructed to retain swill. The benches, with their concrete supports and wooden seats, are a happy blend of comfort and immovability. The twelve-inch overlapping loops of wire now used to fence off lawns are psychologically gauged to offer an obstacle to absent-minded adults without challenging adventurous small boys.

Moses' toughest job was uprooting the fashionable, expensive, and fantastic Central Park Casino. Designed by Calvert Vaux, the original Casino building was erected early in 1864, on the East Drive in the Seventies, and was opened as a "Ladies' Refreshment Salon." The place puttered along under various managements for half a century, serving principally as a rendezvous for equestrians and cyclists. Under the management of two brothers named Dorval, who were operating the Casino at the time of the first World War, it was known for a decent French cuisine and a good cellar, but was not especially a resort of the rich. From 1921 to 1928, a man named Zittel operated it, to use the words of *Variety*, "in a somewhat dumpy nite-club style."

The Casino became a legend during the regime of its last lessee, Sidney Solomon, who took the place over from Zittel. Solomon, a close friend of Mayor Jimmy Walker, was the front man for the Dieppe Corporation, an organization of rich men who felt the need of an exclusive night club. Taking over the Casino was the idea of Anthony J. Drexel Biddle, Jr., who was an inveterate Park walker and familiar with the building. Over the violent protests of Zittel, the dumpy nite-club operator, who claimed he had a legal right to renew his lease, the Dieppe Corporation moved in. Joseph Urban, the fashionable decorator and stage designer, lavishly redecorated Calvert Vaux's building, striving, he told his friends, for "a feeling of wind among young leaves." In June, 1929, there was a gala opening with six hundred guests at ten dollars a place; among them were Mrs. S. Stanwood Menken, Mrs. William Randolph Hearst, William K. Vanderbilt, Princess Rospigliosi, and Sheriff and Mrs. Charles W. Culkin. Zittel screamed, in the press, that the Casino was now "a private playground for an exclusive set," and said that he would sue to regain his lease. Solomon loftily denounced Zittel as a Bolshevik (nostalgic word!) and later Zittel lost the suit.

Other champions of the people arose, however. The lease, which was for ten years, called for a rental of $8,500 annually, and it was not long before LaGuardia, then campaigning for mayor, was pointing out that the Casino's daily receipts came to almost that amount. The events of the depression, however, took care of LaGuardia's complaint; after the stock-market crash, receipts fell off alarmingly. Soon Solomon was behind in his water bills and his rent. Prohibition agents were constantly raiding him. Dodges like fashion shows sponsored by the big stores failed to draw patronage. When Moses got in, Solomon was as good as done for.

The issue reached the courts in the form of a suit by the Dieppe Corporation to block Moses' order to vacate the Casino for violating the terms of the lease. One violation was permitting advertising on Park property, through showcase displays in the Casino's lobby and fashion shows. It was brought out that over a five-year period the Casino had taken in almost a million dollars in five-dollar cover charges, for which nothing was provided in the way of food or drink. Furthermore, it was suspect, as a favorite haunt of Jimmy Walker, who had lately fallen victim to the crusading Samuel Seabury. In support of the charge that the place had been operated principally for the benefit of a clique, it was shown that Solomon had thrown birthday parties there for Eddy Duchin, the Casino's orchestra leader, who was apparently just one of the family. The objection was made that these affairs were of necessarily limited interest. The cheapest item on the menu was a cup of coffee, which cost forty cents. Moreover, it was pointed out that in summer, when the Park was most crowded, the Casino did its smallest business.

All during the trial, Charles H. Tuttle, the attorney for the plaintiff, kept approaching Moses with menus on which the prices had been revised downward, hoping he could still somehow settle the case out of court. "Will this satisfy you, Bob?" he would ask, pointing to a pencilled-in reduction of ten per cent on a three-dollar charge for *pâté de foie gras*. "God damn it!" Moses would say. "We'll never get together on *this*." They never did, either. The Casino went.

Moses celebrated his victory by having the Casino torn down, plank by plank, to make way for a children's playground. This grieved a number of sentimentalists, among them Grover Whalen. While the destruction of the Casino was in progress, Moses and Whalen walked up there one evening after dining at the Plaza. Moses, as he looked at the debris, was filled with exalted thoughts about the mighty getting their comeuppance, but Whalen became sentimental. He pointed out, with his stick, the locations of various parts of that glamorous building: here had been the entrance, here the bar, and here the dining room. "And right up here," he said, pointing to a nonexistent second story, "was the ladies' room."

—EUGENE KINKEAD
and RUSSELL MALONEY

(This is the second of three articles on Central Park. The third will appear next week.)

•

LETTER FROM A BANK

Neatly types my faithful bank,
Putting in an order blank,

"Dear Depositor: You know
How we yearn to serve you, so

"May we venture to suggest,
Should your prudence deem it best,

"That a safe-deposit box
Would protect your bonds and stocks,

"Likewise treasures rare and splendid
Such as on the list appended:

"Legal papers, bankbooks, wills,
Records, bills (receipted bills),

"Drawings, blueprints, court decrees,
Keys (not safe-deposit keys),

"Trophies, heirlooms, keepsake pieces,
Abstracts, letters, laces, leases,

"Antique books (that no one reads),
Trust agreements, title deeds,

"Photographs of fond relations,
Inventories, decorations,

"Cancelled checks for large amounts,
Patterns, passports, old accounts,

"Warrants, patents of inventions,
Gems, certificates of pensions.

"These we guard for little charge,
And, if things are extra-large,

"You will find our porters gracious
And our storage vaults capacious."

Well, one has to throw a bluff.
"Bank," I'll write, "we've things
enough,

"But we feel more democratic
When we keep them in the attic."

—ARTHUR GUITERMAN

DOBBS

RICH, RUDDY

Burma Brown*

The Style News for Fall!

Dobbs leadership was never more pronounced—or more important to you—than it is today! In Burma Brown you have all the originality, smartness and exclusiveness you've come to expect from Dobbs.

$10

OTHERS $6.50 AND UP

DOBBS *Fifth Avenue* HATS
NEW YORK'S LEADING HATTERS
Park Avenue at 53rd Street
AVAILABLE IN FINE STORES EVERYWHERE

BUT SERIOUSLY

NATALIE FISHER waited a week after Howie Prentice went back to college before she wrote him. She decided to put off writing until the country-club tennis matches were over, so that she would have something to write him about. Howie was crazy for tennis and he had felt terribly because he had to be in New Haven for two weeks, tutoring, before college started.

Natalie knew exactly the sort of letter she would write Howie: a friendly, straight-from-the-shoulder letter, all about the tennis and, maybe, a little something about herself. She would make it clear that she was not the silly kind of girl who was so boy-crazy that she went around writing to young men before they wrote to her.

She went to the finals with her best friend, Evelyn Gates. It was a hot September day, and she and Evelyn sat under the big maple tree at the side of the court and drank four Coca-Colas each. It was fun watching the matches, especially when Natalie thought of writing to Howie about them. She remembered how he had looked when he played last year and how he lost his temper. After the last set she and Evelyn walked down the driveway of the club to the main road and turned toward Natalie's house. "I think," Natalie said, "I'll drop Howie a line and tell him how the matches came out. The poor kid! He was so burned up about having to go away."

"Was he?" Evelyn asked.

"Oh, *awfully*," Natalie said. "*I* think he would have won, too."

"He didn't last year."

"He was the youngest one who played last year," Natalie said. Her voice was reproachful. "And he's improved loads since then. He's *really* good now."

Evelyn pulled a leaf from the privet hedge that grew in front of the Fishers' house and made small punctures in it with her fingernail. "He thinks he is," she said.

"I don't see what you've got against Howie," Natalie said.

Evelyn let her eyelids fall until her eyes were almost closed. "*Against* him?" she asked. "I haven't got anything *against* him. I just don't think about him one way or another. Not that he has anything particularly in his favor that I can see. He never goes to the dances and he never takes anybody anywhere."

"He doesn't like girls," Natalie said. "That is, he doesn't like most girls. I think they just bore him."

"Well, *he* bores me." Evelyn threw the leaf away.

"The trouble with you is you never like any boy that doesn't fall for you," Natalie said.

Evelyn smiled and smoothed her dress over her hips. "Why should I?" she asked. "Why should I? Well, look, I'm going along home and get dressed. And I'll stop by for you later, about half past seven, and we can make the first show."

"O.K.," Natalie said. "See you later."

IN the house, Natalie went upstairs to her room and sat down at her maple kneehole desk. She took out her notepaper, which was pale blue with a darker blue stripe around the edges, and had her name printed in neat block letters at the top. Her handwriting was round and compact.

"Dear Howie," she wrote. "Just a scrawl to say hiyah and did you have a good trip to New Haven. Everybody here keeps asking me how you are, and Ken tells me that he is going to see you sometime this winter if you ever get to the 'wicked city.' He is going to be interning at Lenox Hill Hospital this winter. Come to think of it, he has probably imparted all this to you, but repetition makes perfect, to coin a phrase.

"But to get to the tennis, which, as you've probably guessed, is why I'm writing you. The tournament is over at the club. I was there every day. Wild horses couldn't have kept me away, and I dragged Evelyn along for 'company.' Naturally, people 'wish you were here.' Really, I have never seen such lousy tennis. Nobody, even your pal Ken, who is awfully nice, has the vaguest idea beyond socking the ball each time to hell and gone. Surprisingly, Bob Hubbard from Manchester, who must be at least thirty, is the only boy who looked good at all. He at least made some pretence at setting up an attack, not whamming the ball for a kill until he was sure he could make it come off, and he can pivot on a dime and pick them off the tapes. When he serves you can hear him grunt for a mile, but, by God, he's fun to watch. The other contestants had another fine technique and I got myself in very bad by remarking on it to the effect that I guessed they had lately developed a new one—to serve as many double faults as possible. I got myself in worse by telling Patty that her brother looked weak, didn't they feed him enough at home.

"I've been telling all and sundry that you didn't mind too much missing the matches. I really hope you didn't. In our ménage we are working toward a return to civilization and expect to be in New York by the first of October. We will be at the same old place—82 East 90th—in case you never knew.

"Evelyn and I watched the finals today. That is, I watched and Evelyn fooled around the way she does. Let's see, where to begin? Well, come the finals. In the first set, which Bob won, Ken turned his ankle in that god-damn red granite dust with which they have been surfacing the courts. The second set went off without any fireworks, Bob blasting his way through that one, too. Then there was a grand consultation at the net, and then they changed courts for the third set. Ken was limping visibly by this time, but he won the third set in a breeze. He was acting mad too—and I for one didn't blame him for being mad. Mr. Parrish, the referee, was handing him the rawest deal I ever saw—he was calling Ken's shots out and Bob's in when they hit literally the same spot (after they'd changed courts, naturally) and he would wait until Ken had returned the ball before calling faults on service, and when Ken would ask him whether a ball was in or out, Parrish would say I don't know, take two, or play it over. So you can see Mr. Parrish was trying to throw Ken, although a lot of people were crying that Ken hadn't really turned his ankle but was grandstand-playing. Well, the fourth started with everybody pretty tense, and it climbed from 5–2 and Ken limping so he could hardly stand and trying toward the end to throw two games to Bob and end the match. At 10–all, Ken finally defaulted and it was all over. I don't know all the facts yet, but maybe you can get them out of Ken, and I certainly am from now on on his side.

"Well, this is one of those notes you start and think you'll just dash off and then they take a week to finish. But seriously, I would like to know what you think of all the excitement. The enclosed clipping is from the Manchester *Journal* and should give you all the tennis news until today's match in a nutshell.

"So bye now and have fun. I must dash as I have to eat dinner and go to the movies (first show) with Evelyn!"

When she had finished, she carefully reread what she had written and signed her name. It would be three days at

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least before she would get an answer, she thought. She carried the letter downstairs and laid it on the hall table.

She had almost finished dinner when Evelyn came into the dining room. She carried the letter in her hand. "I saw this on the hall table," she said. "I wrote something on the envelope, just for a joke."

Natalie took the letter from her and saw that Evelyn had written "Hello, Howie. How are you? Love and stuff; Evelyn," on the back in pencil.

"I think you're mean," Natalie said. "He'll hate it. It's downright embarrassing. I don't think I ought to mail it this way."

Evelyn laughed. "Oh, come on, Nat," she said. "What difference does it make?"

Against her better judgment, Natalie dropped the letter into the box at the post office on her way to the movies.

THREE days later, Natalie started to the post office to get the mail. There was a chance that Howie had answered the letter the day he got it. She wondered what he would say, and wondered whether he would suggest seeing her in New York some weekend later in the fall. She remembered that she had written him her New York address. When she got to the post office, Evelyn was coming down the steps. She had a letter in her hand and she waved it at Natalie. "From Howie!" she called.

Natalie's heart gave a quick beat, and then she saw that the letter had been opened. "He's furious with me," Evelyn said happily. "He says he got kidded to death about what I wrote on the envelope. And he says to thank you a lot for the clipping."

Natalie forgot about getting her own mail and turned and walked down the stairs with Evelyn. "I'm going to let him cool off a few days," Evelyn said. "And then I'm going to write and tell him just what I think of him. That ought to burn him up, don't you think?"

"No," Natalie said bleakly, "I don't."

—ESTHER EVARTS

•

WHAT PAPER D'YA READ?

Harry Mozly Stevens . . . will be remembered by historians as an important contributor to Americana. He invented the hot dog.—*From an article by Bob Considine in Cosmopolitan for July.*

You may read about Charles Feltman, inventor of the hot dog, who left $1,000,000 to his sons.—*From PM's review of "Sodom by the Sea," July 13th.*

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A REPORTER AT LARGE

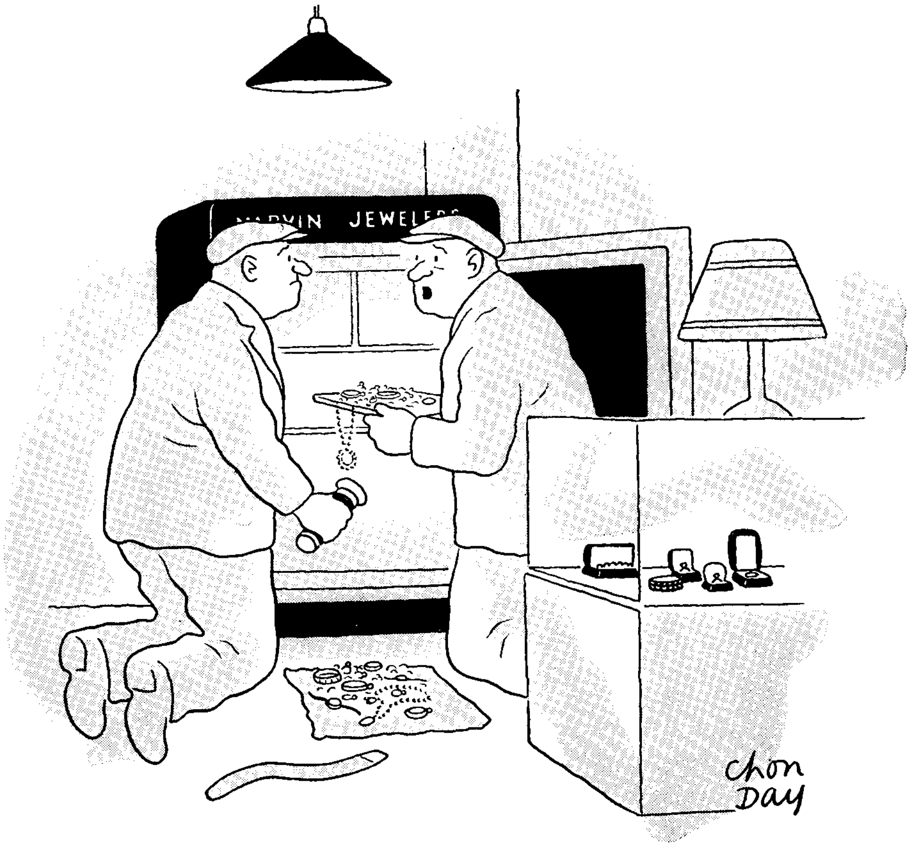
BUT THERE IS NO SOUND

THE Union League of the Deaf, Inc., is a social club exclusively for deaf-mutes. It was founded in 1886 and has four hundred members. A man I know, a linotype operator for a morning newspaper, is a member. A couple of weeks ago he sent me a letter of introduction to Mr. Samuel Frankenheim, the club's historian. "Mr. Frankenheim is a retired Wall Street man and he kills a lot of time around the Union League," the linotype operator wrote in a note accompanying the letter. "If you'd be interested in writing an article about the club, he would be glad to see you. Drop in most any afternoon and he will be on hand. Take along a note pad, as you will have to write out your questions to him. He will reply the same way. In conversing with him, avoid the term 'deaf-mute' as much as possible. I don't mind it, and he probably doesn't, but many do. The club used to be called the Deaf-Mutes' Union League, but five years ago the name was changed because of this. Nearly all so-called deaf-mutes have normal vocal organs and can speak at least a few words if given a chance, and it provokes them to be considered 'mute' or 'dumb.' As a class, they prefer to be known as 'the deaf.' The people generally referred to as 'deaf' (the people you see with hearing aids attached to their heads) now insist on being called 'hard of hearing.' The two classes pretty much keep to themselves. As a rule, the hard of hearing do not belong to deaf organizations, and vice versa. The address of the Union League is 711 Eighth Avenue, just below Forty-fifth. Go to the top floor. You will see a door with two upraised hands painted on it. The hands represent 'U' and 'L' in the manual alphabet. Don't knock, as naturally no one will hear. Go right in, find Mr. Frankenheim, and hand him my letter."

I visited the Union League on a Saturday afternoon. Its address turned out to be a three-floor, walkup taxpayer. Near the landing on the third floor I found the door with the hands on it. Before opening it, I got out my note pad and wrote, "I am looking for Mr. Frankenheim." Then I went inside. The room was spacious and sunny. In one corner stood a big, soft-drink slot machine. On the walls were a number of framed group photographs, a bulletin board, an American flag, and a cloth banner on which was printed in red, white, and blue letters, "GOD BLESS AMERICA. WE ARE PROUD TO BE AMERICANS." Along one wall was a row of straight-backed chairs. In one of them sat a small, thin, grizzled man in a brown tweed suit. His hands were limp in his lap, his chin was on his chest, and he appeared to be sound asleep. In disarray at his feet lay a *Wall Street Journal.* There were three billiard tables in the room. A man with a derby on the back of his head was hunched over the middle table, deliberating on a shot. After he made it, I went over and handed him my pad. He read what I had written on it and a look of annoyance came on his face. He took a pencil out of his vest pocket and swiftly wrote on the pad, "What do you want to see Mr. F. in reference to? No salesmen allowed in here." I wrote, "I am not selling anything. I have a letter for him." The billiard player read this, shrugged his shoulders, and pointed at the sleeping man. Then he took the pad again and wrote, "That is Mr. F. asleep. O.K. to wake him up."

I went over and touched Mr. Frankenheim on the shoulder, and he opened his eyes and yawned. I gave him the letter. After reading it, he motioned to me to sit down. Then he got out a loose-leaf notebook, rested it on a knee, and began writing. When he reached the bottom of the leaf, he tore it out and gave it to me. His handwriting was small and meticulous. "Glad to meet you," he had written. "Nice day, isn't it? Paper said rain! Always glad to tell hearing people about the U.L. Great club. Best of its kind in the entire U.S. I am one of the founders. Our rooms have been located here eight years. Had rooms in a building on West 125th Street for 31 years. Burnt out there. A fire. Loss to club $7,000. Severe loss. Accommodations here are real nice, if I do say so. This is the billiard room. Equipped with the best tables money can buy. Many good players in the U.L. Adjoining this room is the cardroom and the officers' room. Will show them to you later."

While I was reading this, Mr. Frankenheim paid no attention to me but continued to write in his notebook. Presently he tore out another leaf and gave it to me. "Down the hall," this note read, "we have an assembly room. Seating capacity 500. Only use it for membership meetings and Lit. Nights. Name dates back to days when we began having debates in sign language. Debates were considered refined and literary in those days. On Lit. Nights we have lectures, silent movies, and sometimes a debate, and then push the chairs back, switch on the radio, and have



"If I owned a jewelry store I wouldn't be able to sleep nights."

dancing. The deaf are A-1 dancers. None better. We don't hear, but when we dance on a wooden floor most of us feel the vibrations of the music. To watch us dancing, you'd never guess we didn't hear anything at all. Even have a few jitterbug dancers. Can't say I think much of jitterbugs myself. A nuisance to one and all. The U.L. is exclusively for men, but we always invite the ladies to our affairs. We have many lectures on worthy topics, sometimes by hearing people. A hearing lecturer gets up on the platform and talks same as he would anywhere else. A hearing man who knows sign language stands beside him and interprets for us. We open all meetings by 'singing' the 'Star-Spangled Banner' in sign language. All stand erect and go through the entire song with our hands. Do you find these facts interesting?"

After reading this, I started to write a reply, but Mr. Frankenheim motioned to me to wait. He took back one of the leaves he had given me and wrote a sentence on the back of it: "I am 72 years old." I knew what was expected of me. On my pad I wrote, "You certainly don't look it, Mr. Frankenheim." I held this up, and he read it, smiled proudly, and began writing again. "Never worry!" he wrote this time. "That's the secret. Been a busy man all my life, but did not worry. Spent 23 years with Lee Higginson Corp. selling stocks and bonds to the deaf throughout U.S. and Canada. Travelled extensively. Retired three years ago. Taking it easy now. It's great fun! We will take a look at the cardroom. The U.L. has some of the sharpest pinochle players you ever saw. I myself prefer whist."

Mr. Frankenheim got up and I followed him to the door of an adjoining room. The door had been pegged open, and we stood at the threshold and looked in. In the room, sitting around big, circular, old-fashioned card tables, were about two dozen men, most of whom were middle-aged. A few were reading, one was writing a letter, one was working out a crossword puzzle, and one was repairing a cigarette lighter with a nail file, but the majority were intent on card games. It was not quiet in the room—pinochle players grunted angrily at each other, decks of cards were noisily riffled and cut, chairs were occasionally scraped back, and a couple of kibitzers were wandering around. At the table nearest us, two men were studying racing papers. One had a *Daily Racing Form* and the other had a past-performances page out of a *Morning Telegraph*. Suddenly they looked up and began talking to each

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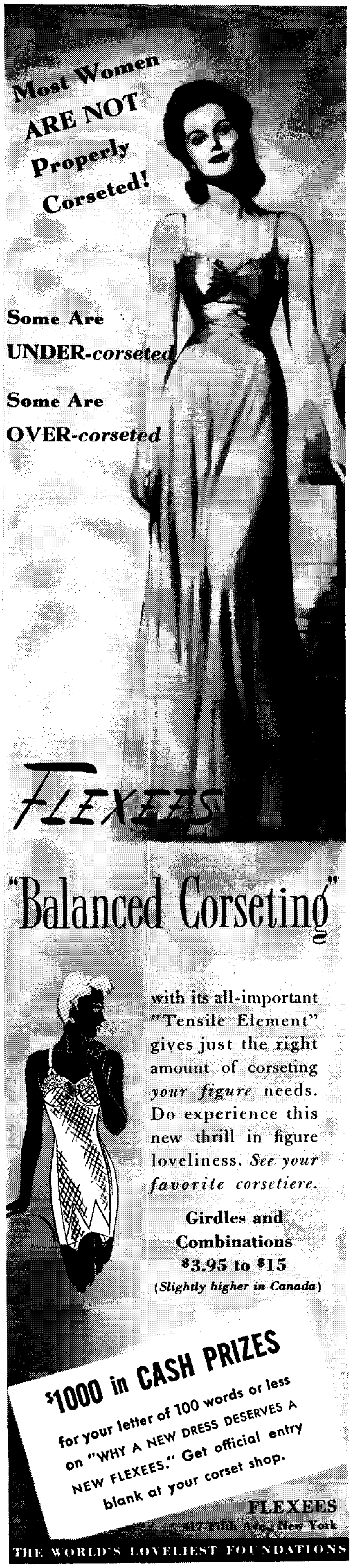

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other in sign language. They were obviously at odds about something; they closed and unclosed their hands in the air, wriggled their fingers, and made complicated gestures. I wrote on my pad, "What are they arguing about?" Mr. Frankenheim watched them for a few moments and wrote, "Their conversation is in reference to a horse."

A man came up behind us and we stood aside to let him in. He was a shoeshine man. He slid his shine box under a table, pulled off his cap, and sat down. Then he took out a handful of change and began counting it. Mr. Frankenheim sensed that I was curious about the man and he wrote, "Gentleman who just came in is a member. Shines shoes along Eighth Avenue. Well known in the neighborhood and has made many hearing friends. The pursuits of U.L. members are varied from common laborer right on up to one member who owns a big printing business and sells insurance to the deaf as a sideline. In the club all members are equal, no matter what line they are in, or race, or religion, etc. This is not a Park Avenue club. No man blackballed because of race or class. Political and religious matters taboo at our meetings. Most of the members now in the cardroom are night workers who take their leisure in the afternoon. Now let us step into the officers' room, and I will write you out a brief history of the club."

THE officers' room was unpretentious. It was furnished with a roll-top desk, an iron safe, a long table, and half a dozen chairs. On the walls were framed souvenir programs of Union League balls, a bathing-girl calendar, a faded tintype of a brownstone house, and a row of photographs of the club's past presidents. Mr. Frankenheim's photograph was among them. Two men were sitting at one end of the table. One was a prematurely bald young man who wore spectacles with lenses so thick they made his eyes look protuberant. A Leica camera, slung from his neck, rested on his chest. The other man was middle-aged; he was stout and red-haired and had an unmistakably Irish face. They were examining some negatives. When we came in both men looked up, and Mr. Frankenheim conversed with them for several minutes in sign language. Then he and I sat down at the other end of the table. He sharpened his pencil with a pearl-handled knife and began scribbling in his notebook. After a while, I got out a cigarette. The prematurely bald young man looked up and watched me light it. Presently he said, "Could I bum a cigarette? I have a pipe, but I forgot my pouch this morning." I had not expected him to speak, of course, and I was startled. His voice was without inflection and not much louder than a whisper. He spoke haltingly and with obvious difficulty.

"Certainly," I said, sliding the pack down the table. He took one and slid the pack back. I offered the pack to the red-haired man, but he shook his head.

"Much obliged," he said, "but I don't smoke." His voice was normal. The bald young man lit the cigarette and then said, "You were surprised to hear me talk, weren't you?" I said that I had been, and asked him if he was a member of the Union League.

"I'm a member," he said, "but my friend here isn't. He's a hearing man, but he knows sign language. He drops in occasionally to shoot pool. I'm totally deaf myself, but I can talk a little and I'm a lip reader. I went deaf when I was around twelve. I had the measles and lost my hearing, but I retained the ability to talk."

"That's very interesting," I said. He frowned and looked at me fixedly for a few moments.

"It may be very interesting to you," he said finally, "but it isn't to me."

I was embarrassed and changed the subject. "Are you a photographer?" I asked.

He shook his head. "Just an amateur," he said. "I'm a bookbinder by trade."

I wanted to ask more questions, but at this moment Mr. Frankenheim tore a leaf out of his notebook and handed it to me. He had covered both sides of it with his precise handwriting.

"Will now tell you how the good old U.L. was founded," this message began. "It was founded in the parlor of my boyhood home at 531 Lexington Avenue. The old brownstone in the tintype picture on the wall is the house. It was later torn down to make way for the Hotel Shelton. I and three other young men met in the parlor one Saturday afternoon in January, 1886. All were grads of the Institution for the Improved Instruction of Deaf-Mutes, now known as the Lexington School for the Deaf, and all were great chums. Decided to form a social club exclusively for deaf-mutes. Each became an officer—I was the first president—and each chipped in to establish a treasury. Then we passed two resolutions. One required every member to learn how to dance and the other authorized a draft on the treasury for the purpose of having our photograph made. Went to Mrs. C. A. N. Smith's Tintype

Gallery at Broadway and Thirteenth, which was famous in its day. Remember it as well as yesterday. How time flies! By the fall of 1888, the year of the blizzard, the club had grown to such an extent we decided to hold a ball. Hired old Lyric Hall on Sixth Avenue and every member was required to wear a full dress suit or pay a fine of $2. Ball was a gratifying success and won a name for the U. L. in deaf-mute circles all over. So we made it an annual affair. Now hold our balls in big hotels, such as the Astor.

"Club gradually got to be of great importance in the lives of the members. Like when the Grim Reaper stalked into the ranks and claimed a member, the club took full charge of the funeral arrangements. Still do that quite often. Always send a wreath to the funeral of a prominent deaf person, even when not a member. U. L. members have always been men of sterling character. Did have to expel one back in 1893 for deserting his young wife. Can't have that sort of thing. In the early days of the club we didn't have any regular headquarters, but we grew in strength like the green bay tree of yore and got tired of meeting here today and there tomorrow. So we began to rent clubrooms. First we had rooms in an Elks' lodge hall, then in Jacob Ruppert's old Central Opera House, then in a Broadway office building, then for years on West 125th Street, then here. Improved ourselves with each jump. At present we are in A-1 financial condition, despite the woes of the great depression, etc. Let us knock wood. We have 400 members. Have around three dozen out-of-town members, mostly from Jersey. They make the U. L. their headquarters when in town. A few who live in distant points go to great trouble and expense to come to Lit. Nights, just for the companionship, etc. Members good about helping each other find employment. Club gives freely to charities for the needy deaf. Has equipped many deaf athletic teams. I could sit here and write until far in the night, but have given you the main facts, and my fingers are tired, and you will have to excuse me. Pleased to have met you."

After I had finished reading this, I wrote a note to Mr. Frankenheim, thanking him, and then we shook hands. I got my hat and started to leave, but he grabbed my elbow and escorted me to the soft-drink machine in the billiard room. We had Coca-Colas and shook hands all over again. Then I left. The red-haired man followed me out of the room. In the hall he asked me, "Was

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City.......... State..........

Mr. Frankenheim telling you about the Union League?”

I said, “That's right.”

“Are you interested in the deaf?” he asked.

I told him that I planned to write an article about the club.

“Well,” he said, “the Union League is a wonderful organization, but it isn't the only deaf club in the city by any means. It's the biggest, but there are dozens of others. If you're interested, I could tell you about some of them.” I suggested that we go somewhere and have a drink, and he said, “Downstairs in this building there's a place called Larry's Café. We could go there.”

WE went downstairs to Larry's, which was a typical Eighth Avenue saloon, stood at the bar, and ordered Tom Collinses.

“My name is Jack Fitzsimmons,” said the red-haired man. “I'm a proofreader. I work in a big job-printing plant in Brooklyn. I have a lot of deaf friends and I'm a sign-language interpreter. That's my hobby. My parents were deaf and I learned the signs from them. Practically all deaf clubs have honorary hearing members who know the signs and act as interpreters. I hold honorary membership in a small deaf club in Brooklyn, but I'll tell you about that later. If a deaf person has to go to court, or is called to the income-tax bureau, or wants to take out citizenship papers or a marriage licence, or the like of that, he usually asks his organization's interpreter to go along and help him out. Like myself, most of these interpreters picked up the signs from their parents. The children of deaf parents are an interesting group in themselves. Helen Menken, the actress, is one. I don't know if she can sign, but I do know she does a lot of good propaganda work for the National Association of the Deaf, which has a chapter in the city. It isn't a social organization. It fights laws which interfere with the rights of the deaf to drive automobiles, and it has an impostor bureau, which investigates beggars who claim to be deaf and often aren't, and it has a nomenclature committee, which writes to newspapers when they use unpleasant phrases like ‘deaf and dumb,’ and it acquaints employers with the special capabilities of deaf workers, and it does a lot of things like that. By the way, how do you like this saloon?”

I said that I liked it all right.

“Nothing unusual about it,” he said, “except that it's a hangout for the deaf. Gets more deaf trade than any other saloon in the city. On Union League meeting nights it's crowded. The owner is a fellow named Laurence Blau. He takes an interest in the deaf. He has a son named Sheldon, who tends bar at night. Sheldon knows finger spelling. I guess he's the only bartender in town who does. When you were upstairs in the club, did you happen to notice a shoeshine man?”

“Yes, I saw him,” I said.

“Well, his name is Hughie Schmidt. To amuse himself, Hughie teaches hearing people how to converse with the deaf. He taught Sheldon. He also taught one of the cops on the beat, Henry O'Connor of the West Fifty-fourth Street station. When the Union League runs a big affair, the arrangements committee always gets in touch with the station house and asks that O'Connor be detailed to keep order. Not that they really need a cop. The deaf are very orderly and there aren't many drunks among them. It's just a custom. O'Connor is a patient man, and Hughie was able to teach him quite a little sign language, as well as finger spelling.”

“What is the difference?” I asked.

“In the manual alphabet,” Fitzsimmons said, “the letters are represented by the positions of the fingers of the hand, and talking with it is called finger spelling. It's tedious. The sign language is a great body of gestures which has been passed down from one generation to the next, each adding to it. If I put my right hand to my chin and pretend to pull an imaginary beard, which is a sign for ‘old,’ and then point my index finger at a deaf person a couple of times, he will understand that I'm asking ‘How old are you?’ Many deaf signs are used by the general public, and thousands of them are exactly like the signs used by the Plains Indians. An example is the sign for ‘crazy.’ You touch the forehead with the index finger and then move the finger in a circle over the forehead two or three times. In many conversations both signs and finger spelling are used. Unfamiliar names, for example, are al-

ways finger-spelled. Some signs require great skill in pantomime. No one person knows all the signs. Some are expert, others know just enough for simple conversations."

"How many deaf persons are there in the city?" I asked.

"In the five boroughs," Fitzsimmons said, "there are between five and six thousand so-called deaf-mutes. By and large, they live in a restricted world, a world of their own. They prefer their own company because most hearing people have a tendency to look upon them as peculiar, or mysterious, or unnatural. When they converse with each other in sign language out in public, they are stared at as if they had escaped from the zoo. On the street or in subways, no one takes them for granted; they are always stared at. Because of this, they like to go about in groups. Even the phrases used to describe them, particularly 'deaf and dumb,' show a lack of understanding. There is nothing wrong with the vocal organs or the intelligence of the average deaf person. One learns to speak by imitation, and the deaf child can't speak, simply because he can't hear. He doesn't know what speech is. It's like expecting a blind child to visualize a color.

"Only about thirty-five per cent of the deaf were born that way, and they are called the congenitally deaf. The bulk of the others lost their hearing during babyhood or childhood after having the measles, influenza, diphtheria, scarlet fever, meningitis, or some such disease, and they are called the adventitiously deaf. The vocal organs of practically all the people in both groups are normal, and it is possible to teach many of them to speak intelligibly, but it takes almost superhuman patience. This effort is made in most of the deaf schools in New York State. Finger spelling and the signs aren't permitted in classrooms in these schools. Instead, the pupils are taught to speak and lip-read. Some become proficient, particularly those who had talking experience before they went deaf, but others manage to learn only a few phrases. However, the speech of just about all deaf persons sounds queer to those unaccustomed to it. Hearing people complain that it is too guttural, or that it lacks modulations, or that it sounds animal-like. In any case, for one reason or another, it seems to make most of them ill at ease. If they don't understand a deaf person right off the bat, they motion to him to write out what he has to say. And they always stare. You see how it is. If the deaf use signs, they are stared at. If they speak, they

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are stared at. Upstairs a while ago you jumped when my friend asked you for a cigarette. Was his speech that unpleasant?"

"I'm very sorry. It wasn't that his speech was unpleasant," I said. "Mr. Frankenheim spoke to both of you in sign language when we came into the room, and I took it for granted all of you were deaf. When your friend suddenly spoke, I was startled."

Fitzsimmons shrugged his shoulders. "The chief characteristic of the deaf is their clannishness," he said, abruptly changing the subject. "I don't mean to imply that they are embittered. Most of them are happy enough as humans go, but for understanding and companionship they have to depend almost entirely on each other. For this reason there is a slew of clubs, societies, leagues, lodges, federations, and associations exclusively for them. The majority are little informal groups or cliques. The club in which I hold honorary membership is one of these. It has fourteen members. They all come from Brooklyn. Our members are above the average in intelligence. They are great readers. One has an A.B. from Gallaudet College, the old National Deaf-Mute College, which is the only one of its kind in the world. It's in Washington. During the winter we meet above a cafeteria near Borough Hall. The cafeteria is owned by a relative of a member and he lets us use a vacant room on the second floor. We sit around and talk and smoke and drink beer until late at night. The deaf prefer cafeterias, by the way, particularly Automats. I know a deaf woman who has eaten in an Automat regularly for twelve years without ever uttering a single word. Every Sunday during the summer our club goes down to Coney. We always meet at the Brighton Beach Baths, which for some reason is popular with the deaf. Several clubs go there. On winter Sundays the club often goes in a body to the Metropolitan Museum, which has free lectures for lip readers. The deaf are great for museums. We have a couple of members who damned near live in the Metropolitan. We had a wedding in the club not long ago—a girl from our club and a fellow who belongs to the Union League. The deaf almost always marry the deaf. Look here, I'm tired of standing. Let's get a seat somewhere."

WE ordered another round of drinks and sat down in a booth in the back room.

"Our group is quite informal," Fitzsimmons continued. "We have officers and dues and we call ourselves the Borough Hall Ephphatha Society. 'Ephphatha' is a word that Jesus spoke when he healed a deaf man. You'll find it in St. Mark. It means 'Be opened.' It has been picked for a name by many Protestant and Catholic deaf clubs. We seldom use it. Usually we just say 'the crowd' or 'the gang.' Once in a while we have a regular meeting with parliamentary order and everything, but mostly we just sit around and talk. That's the way it is with most of the small clubs. Then there are larger, better-organized groups who have religious affiliations and hold their meetings in churches. Four or five of these groups meet in the parish house of St. Ann's Church for Deaf-Mutes at 511 West 148th Street. This little church was the first of its kind in the world. The pastor is deaf, of course, and all services—sermons, weddings, funerals, christenings, everything—are conducted in sign language. During services the front of the chapel is flooded with light so the congregation won't have any trouble seeing the pastor's hands. It has a choir and the people in it sing hymns with their hands. St. Ann's is old. It was founded in 1852, and the building they're in now was put up in 1898.

"St. Ann's is Episcopal, but people of all religions go to it. The Catholics have many deaf organizations. The principal ones are the Knights and Ladies of De L'Epee Sick and Disability Association and the Ephphatha Society for the Catholic Deaf. Both are combined social and insurance organizations. They pay sick benefits, hold card parties and socials, and sponsor athletic teams. The De L'Epee Association meets in an office building in Brooklyn. It was named after an eighteenth-century French priest who founded what was probably the first deaf school. The Ephphatha Society meets at St. Francis Xavier's on West Sixteenth Street. Deaf athletic teams use the gym at this church for tournaments. Services in the sign language are held there the first Sunday of every month by an old Jesuit named Father Michael A. Purtell. He is a hearing man, now in his seventies, who has been working for the deaf since he was a young priest. He puts out a paper full of social notes about the deaf from all over the country, and it is widely read. It used to be called the *Catholic Deaf-Mute*, but not long ago he changed the name to *Ephphatha*. As a matter of fact, in the last ten or fifteen years almost every title with 'deaf and dumb' or 'deaf-mute' in it has been changed. Used to be that every school for the deaf had 'deaf and dumb' in its title."

"How do deaf Catholics confess?" I asked.

"There are a number of priests who know the signs, and they hear confession in sign language," Fitzsimmons said. "In Brooklyn, for example, you'll find them at St. Brigid's, St. Michael's, Transfiguration, St. Monica's, and Fourteen Holy Martyrs. Some of these priests had deaf parents. In membership, the Jewish organizations are next in size to the Catholic ones. The largest of these is the Society for the Welfare of Jewish Deaf, which rents space in a hall on West Eighty-fifth Street in Manhattan. It's a lively outfit. I have a girl friend who is a member and she told me the other day that since Hitler took power the society has helped settle nineteen deaf refugees in this country. It gives classes in sign language. It has a dramatics group, which puts on plays and vaudeville in signs, a gym group, and several athletic teams. It has Friday-night religious services, in which an interpreter stands beside the rabbi and translates, and it has teas, lectures, movies, and Bingo parties. It even has a plot of its own in New Mount Carmel Cemetery in Brooklyn. Every so often, a delegation goes out and puts flowers on the graves of departed members. Also, this society has an employment service."

"I wanted to ask about that," I said. "How do the deaf go about finding jobs?"

"They have the devil of a time," Fitzsimmons said. "It is the thorniest problem they have to meet. There is one employment agency specifically for them. It is operated by an energetic young woman named Margarette Helmle, who used to be a personnel manager for General Motors, and it has office space in the New York State Employment Service building down on East Twenty-eighth Street. Miss Helmle is an expert signer. Her salary is paid by the three schools in which most of the deaf in the city are educated—the Lexington in Manhattan, St. Joseph's in the Bronx, and the New York School in White Plains. She tries to find jobs for all applicants, whether they come from these schools or not. She goes out and calls on the personnel managers of big corporations and talks up the deaf, and she averages twenty-two placements a month. The deaf are strongest in the printing trades. There are four in the job plant where I work, and you'll find two or three in most big newspaper plants. They can do any kind of work

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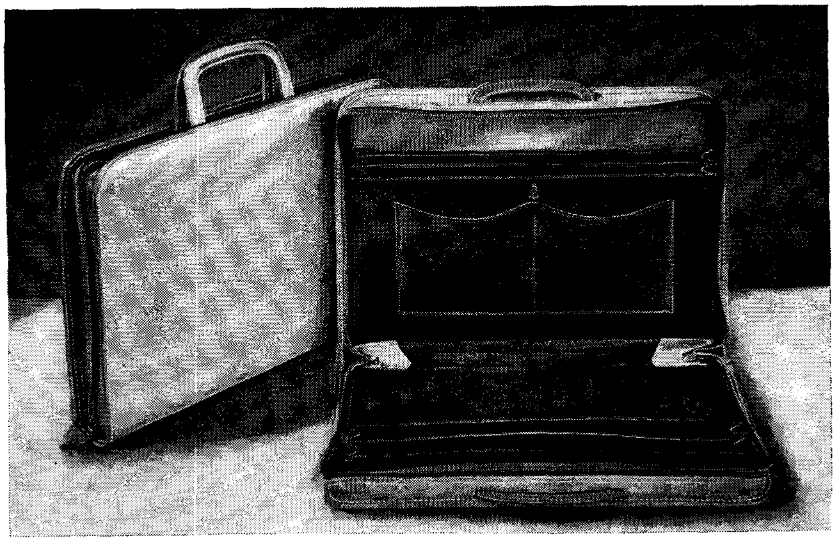
After all, a man in *your* position . . . ! Now *this* briefcase, in handsome leathers with coloured leather lining, not only looks like a cool million . . . but with its six compartments and two pockets, it's just about the most efficient you ever saw. $27.50 in black grained hide . . . $38.50 in pigskin . . . $72.50 in crocodile.



MARK CROSS • Fifth Avenue at 52nd

that doesn't absolutely require hearing. Employers usually write out orders to them. They make particularly good welders, power-machine operators, carpenters, and electricians, and lately a lot of them have been picking up jobs in defence industries."

WE had long since finished our drinks. Fitzsimmons appeared to be tired of talking and I suggested another round, but he refused. He said he thought he would go back upstairs to the Union League and play some pinochle. I left Larry's Café with him.

"This may interest you," he said, just before he started up the stairs. "The deaf, particularly lip readers, are suspicious of hearing people who begin sympathizing with them. They've learned that sooner or later these people will ask questions that are rather embarrassing. There is the type who right away wants to know exactly how it feels to live in a soundless world. One of the members of my club, the graduate of Gallaudet I told you about, has an answer. He got it out of some book or other, and all of our members have memorized it. It goes, 'The deaf live in a world of deadly silence. The singing of the birds, the inflections of the human voice, beautiful music, and the confusion of noises that proclaim life are lacking. Many things are in motion, but there is no sound.'

"Then there is a type of woman who has caused many a lip reader to think of murder. She will sigh and say, 'Sometimes I get so tired of the noise in this city, I think deafness would be a blessing.' All lip readers have had to put up with this remark scores of times. My friend upstairs, the fellow who asked you for a cigarette, is very meek and mild, but it always infuriates him. The last time a woman handed him this line, he gritted his teeth and said, 'Lady, please forgive me, but you sure are a god-damn fool.'"—JOSEPH MITCHELL

•

DON'T GIVE IT A SECOND THOUGHT DEPARTMENT

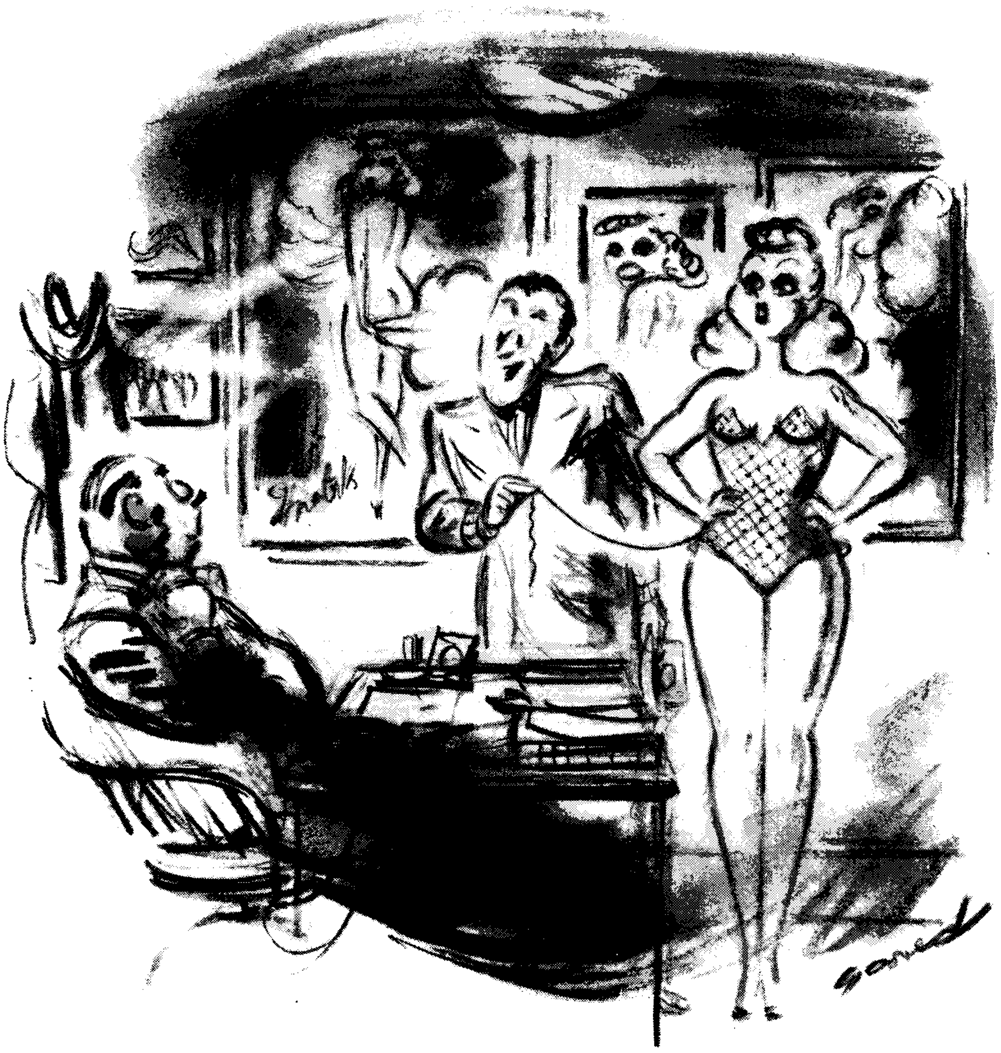
[*From Advertising Age*]

CHICAGO, July 7—Among those groups which are feeling the pinch of priorities in the defense program is the Trade Association of Advertising distribution by cutting off the its 11th annual convention here Saturday after much curricular and extracurricular talk about how the rubber shortage is affecting advertising distribution by restricting the supply of rubber bands with which to fasten advertising materials to door knobs.

THE THEATRE

A DREAM OF ENGLAND

OBVIOUSLY a play that says what ninety per cent of its audience passionately wishes to hear has certain advantages at the box office, and this, I think, is the case with "The Wookey," by Frederick Hazlitt Brennan, which turned up, not without loud preliminary hallelujahs, last week at the Plymouth. Mr. Brennan, who is among other things a distinguished contributor to the *Saturday Evening Post*, has presumably written the first success of the season, and the only question left for debate is whether or not he has also written a very good play. Reluctantly, I am obliged to say that I doubt it. Like the whimsical officers in "Journey's End," that other tribute to British imperturbability under fire, Mr. Wookey and his circle seemed to me less a group of living people in terrible danger than part of that semi-humorous, carefully non-heroic, essentially literary tradition invented by Mr. Rudyard Kipling, diligently fostered by the editors of *Punch*, and now generally accepted by many Britons and practically all Americans as the only accurate portrait of the race. They run as true to type as Belcher cartoons, and they lie, I should say, approximately as flat on the page. I don't know anything about Mr. Brennan's background, but it is hard not to suspect that his acquaintance with the cockney Londoner is largely limited to the library and the cinema.



"But this is a strictly new angle, Manny. She don't strip, she unravels."

The play itself isn't easy to evaluate dispassionately, since the magnificent sound effects actually recorded in London, the scenes of appalling destruction brilliantly executed by Jo Mielziner, and the special emotions evoked by words like "Dunkirk" have a way of distracting the customer's attention from even the most serious flaws in construction and the most blatantly manipulated pathos. In quiet retrospect, however, and safely removed from the singular charm of Edmund Gwenn's performance, I have an idea that a good deal of Mr. Wookey's crusty independence made fairly monotonous talk, that the spiritual regeneration of a sporty young woman as a result of being bombed had certain symptoms of being a cliché, that the third act appeared to be suffering from malnutrition, and that in general Mr. Brennan has availed himself so much of popular-magazine technique and idiom that many things which should have been genuinely moving were actually much too slick and contrived. None of this should be taken to mean that you are likely to be bored for very long at "The Wookey," since nothing written about London's terrible ordeal can really be dull, and, as noted previously, you are almost certain to agree wholeheartedly with what Mr. Brennan is trying to say, even though occasionally discouraged by his way of saying it. It is only a pity that a play dealing with so heroic a theme should have been diminished by an apparent lack of sincerity or a surplus of what is known as "good theatre" or conceivably both.

Having said all these disagreeable things, I am now pleased to report that Mr. Gwenn and his associates often succeeded in convincing me against my better judgment that they were precisely what they were supposed to be, that their speech and behavior were indeed those of average men and women under intolerable strain. Mr. Gwenn, of course, has a quality of shining honesty about everything he does that makes even the most outrageous hokum seem moving and true, and the others, though dealt with less generously by the playwright, were also very fine as far as I could see, especially the ladies of the household, played by Heather Angel, Norah Howard, and Carol Goodner. Altogether, I guess you'd better go and see "The Wookey." It certainly isn't life, but the chances are you won't care.

"BROTHER CAIN," a social document of staggering incompetence, also blew in last week and drew a handsome

The blonde beauty—
Himilaya Marten

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The 30″ jacket is the newest length . . . the casual deep arm-hole coat be it precious mink or a sport fur . . . it's only rival the intricately worked and fitted slender silhouette.

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shellacking from the critics, who have been resting up all summer and consequently feel tough. It had to do with some noisy but incomprehensible violence around a Pennsylvania coal mine, and interested me solely because of an oddity of casting which made it appear that a virtuous Polish widow had four sons of clearly different nationalities—one Irishman, one Swede, one Italian, and one American. Beyond this tiny fascination, however, everything was as black as the pit in which poor Paul Kowalski got hit on the head with a hunk of property coal and was, for all I know, eaten by the property rats. "Brother Cain" was produced at the John Golden, by this time presumably aired and swept and happily available for something else.

—WOLCOTT GIBBS

●

INFATUATION WITH SOUND OF OWN WORDS DEPARTMENT

[*From "The Octopus," by Frank Norris*]

. . . with her hair of gold hanging in two straight plaits on either side of her face, making three-cornered her round white forehead; her wonderful eyes with their astonishing upward slant toward the temples, the slant that gave a strange oriental cast to her face. . . . He remembered the Egyptian fulness of the lips.
—*Part I, page 36.*

. . . he looked long into the face framed in its plaits of gold hair, the hair that made three-cornered the round, white forehead; looked again at the closed eyes, with their perplexing upward slant toward the temples, oriental, bizarre; at the lips with their Egyptian fulness. —*Page 39.*

. . . the Egyptian fulness of her lips, the perplexing upward slant of her eyes, bizarre, oriental, her white forehead made three-cornered by her plaits of gold hair.
—*Page 48.*

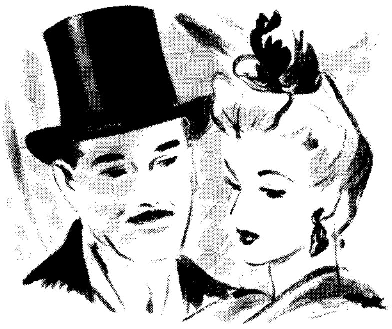
. . . her hair of gold, that hung in two straight plaits on either side of her face . . . her eyes, perplexing, heavy-lidded, almond-shaped, oriental. . . . Her lips with their almost Egyptian fulness.
—*Page 136.*

. . . that face with its hair of gold making three-cornered the round, white forehead, the violet-blue eyes, heavy-lidded with their strange oriental slant upward toward the temples; the sweet full lips, almost Egyptian in their fulness—all that strange, perplexing, wonderful beauty.
—*Page 146.*

On either side of her face, making three-cornered her round, white forehead, hung the soft masses of her hair of gold. . . . But from between her parted lips—lips of almost an Egyptian fulness . . . and her eyes, heavy-lidded, slanting upwards toward the temples, perplexing, oriental.
—*Part II, page 104.*

. . . her hair hanging in two straight plaits on either side of her face . . . the fulness of her lips . . . the wonderful eyes, heavy-lidded, with their perplexing oriental slant towards the temples. —*Page 347.*

"But It Didn't
Cost a Fortune, Darling."



She is quite right. Young people have found to their surprise and satisfaction that furniture and decorations by Hofstatter are well within their budget.

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SAYS WILLIE THE WHALER, "This is straight from the scuttlebutt. The Whaler Bar Cooler is a whale of a drink, as cooling as a blue water breeze."

Whaler Bar
MIDSTON HOUSE
MADISON AVE., AT 38th ST.

OF ALL THINGS

HITLER always said that the Kaiser's two-front war was a blunder. Our President now offers the Führer a chance to commit another of Wilhelm's costly errors.

•

The outbreak of anti-Semitism among isolationists is causing deep concern. Fears are expressed that they are suffering from rattlesnake poison.

•

The German progress on the Eastern Front has been hampered by heavy rains. The Russians believe that they have enough mud to last until the snow comes.

•

Germans in Iran are being shipped by the Allies to concentration camps in India and Siberia. No doubt these places will have signs saying "Tourists accommodated."

•

In the Clark investigation, we have a government agency accusing the film people of loyally supporting their country's policy. Hollywood never made as good a comedy as that.

•

The budget for 1942 adds up to more than twenty-nine billions. Uncle Sam spends a billion before you can say "Supply, Priorities, and Allocations Board."

•

At this writing, it seems likely that LaGuardia will win the G.O.P. nomination. Some voters are discouraged to find that so bad a Republican can be so good a Mayor.

•

It is feared that no steel can be spared for the proposed oil pipe line. Fortunately, the railroads have 20,000 idle tank cars, if they can only remember where they put them.

•

Mr. Willkie has laid down a simple rule for G.O.P. candidates in 1942: They must hate the New Order as much as the New Deal.

•

Low characters in Brooklyn are mongering a civil war between the Dodgers and the Yankees. In this crisis, Home Defender LaGuardia only twiddles his thumbs.

—HOWARD BRUBAKER

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Early American
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Old Spice Face Powder

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THE WEE BARN ON THE HILL

V—PECULIAR MR. PEABODY

TWO of the Wee Barn on the Hill's apprentice actors, Brenda and Coe, were rehearsing a scene on the spacious lawn that stretched between the Wee Barn and the house of Mrs. Oliver, the theatre's patroness. Coe was clad in sneakers, shorts, a shirt proclaiming that he had rowed on the hundred-and-fifty-pound crew at Yale, and a black Homburg hat. Brenda, who was wearing a white bathing suit, preceded Coe through an imaginary doorway, curtsied, and said, "Zis way, Monsieur." Coe handed her the hat, strode three steps away from her, and addressed a nonexistent actor: "This letter came in the pouch from Washington, Your Excellency. I thought it best to bring it to you right away." Then he turned, reclaimed his hat from Brenda, and went out again through the imaginary doorway.

It was a hot Sunday noon, with the freshness of early autumn in the air. Brisk sounds of carpentry came from the Wee Barn, where the crew was putting up the new set. They had until six o'clock to complete their job. After dinner, dress rehearsal would start. Old Collyer Harrison, the character man, lay in the shade of a tree, somnolently thumbing through his part. Bee Grahame, the company's leading lady, and Norman Candler, the director, were sunning themselves. Bee was telling Norman a long, indignant story: ". . . so Kaufman said, 'I won't tell you not to go out of town just on account of this part, but I *will* say that if she doesn't get it, you will.' So, next morning bright and early, I went around, and . . ." Norman, his eyes closed, now and then said, "Fantastic. Fantastic," in a tone of sympathy.

After the tenth repetition of their scene, Coe and Brenda sat down in the shade near Collyer Harrison. "I'm rather glad I'm only on this once," Coe said. "I mean, naturally I felt bad when Norman decided that the news of Gerda's suicide should be telephoned instead of having me come in, but the more I think about it, the better it seems to me. This way, it's a clean-cut problem. I mean, I can't leave any loose ends of characterization."

Brenda was frowning thoughtfully. "I wonder if you've established just the right relationship with *me*," she said. "Perhaps if you looked at me just a fraction of a second longer when you hand me your hat. You know, just enough to suggest a little flirtatious something. Sort of light, you know, and it would be a nice contrast to when the Ambassador opens the letter and finds that the war has started."

Coe gave this a full minute's consideration. "Yes," he said. "That's good. Fundamentally, I'm a healthy young man seeing you, a pretty girl, for the first time. That's the foundation, all right. *But*—"

"And then," Brenda said, "I thought I might point it up by looking at *you* instead of the Ambassador while the Ambassador is taking the letter from you."

"That would be the way to do it, all right. *But* here's the objection. I'm there on official business. I'm in the presence of my superior. I'm in a strange house. Those are all factors that would keep me from looking at you, don't you see? The way I see it, our scene strikes a kind of equilibrium. It's full of potentialities, but nothing happens."

"Just the same, I think the author's idea was to inject a little contrast with your entrance. You have this terrific news in the letter, but you don't know about it. See, you're full of life and *joie de vivre*, and at the same time you're the bearer of news about death and destruction. If you could get that over somehow—"

Harrison rolled over to face the two, like a whale basking. "I ever tell you the rule I've followed ever since I went on the stage? Old guy that directed stock in Boston told me, 'Talk loud and fast, and they won't get onto you.' " He shook with subterranean chuckles while the two young people looked at him gravely.

THE quiet scene was interrupted by the arrival of an apprentice named Lorna, who was driving an elderly station wagon lent by Mrs. Oliver to the Wee Barn. The station wagon pulled up with a dramatic squeal of brakes and Lorna jumped out, wide-eyed. "Have you *heard*?" she squealed. "Did anybody phone from Mrs. Carrick's?"

"Who is the Carrick person?" Norman inquired.

"Why, she's next door to the Peabodys in the village. Frederica Michaelson's there now, with spirits of ammonia. Honestly, Mr. Candler, I don't think she'll be able to go on tomorrow."

Bee Grahame sat up at the mention of the Wee Barn's most beautiful apprentice actress. "What's she done *now*?" she asked.

"It wasn't Freddy, it was that Mr. Peabody."

"Mr. Peabody?" Norman asked.

"*You* know—where Freddy's been boarding, because it's cheaper than the Inn. Honestly, Mr. Candler, I *really* don't believe she's in any shape to go on tomorrow." Lorna paused, then added delicately, "I've been cuing her so much that I practically know her part."

"You can't mean that this Mr. Peabody has done the obvious thing to La Flamme," Norman cried, with wan enthusiasm. Lorna looked at him blankly. "Never mind me," he added. "What happened? Do tell, dear."

"Well, he seems to have got mad at her, goodness knows why. This morning she was in bed, and he threw a rock through her window, and then he came rushing upstairs and tried to break down her door."

A babble of voices followed this announcement, and Lorna looked helplessly from one member of the group to another.

"There *must* be more to it than that," Bee Grahame said when the noise had died down.

"Well, there just isn't," Lorna said. "That's the funny thing. I asked Freddy if she'd done anything they could object to, and she said positively not. She went to bed early right after each performance. I know that myself, because I'd take her down to the village to have a hamburger at the diner and drop her at the Peabodys', and it was always before two o'clock. And of course she had to be up and bathed before noon if she wanted to eat before rehearsal."

"That's right," Brenda said. "And when that crazy Mott boy from Cos Cob climbed up the rainspout one night to ask her to get up and go swimming, she said she'd send for the police if he didn't go 'way. She's been very quiet all summer."

"Well, exactly what happened?" Norman Candler asked Lorna. "Didn't this Mr. Peabody say anything?"

"Freddy was asleep when the rock

came through her window, but she did hear him sort of shouting while he came running upstairs. He was yelling, '*I'll* get her up, by God, for once in her life!' Of course, Freddy screamed, and Mrs. Peabody came and persuaded Mr. Peabody to stop pounding on Freddy's door and go over to his brother's house for a nap. He was just cutting the grass, and all of a sudden he broke loose like that. They *had* been going on a picnic, but Mrs. Peabody doesn't like to leave the house until all the beds are done, and, of course, she had to wait until Freddy was ready for her breakfast tray. So he was cutting the grass instead."

Quietly they reflected on this strange happening—Brenda and Coe, old Harrison, Norman, Bee, and Lorna. At last Bee spoke, briskly. "Has Freddy got somewhere to sleep tonight?"

"Oh, yes," Lorna said. "Mrs. Carrick has a room."

There was another long silence, punctuated only by the sound of stage carpentry and the buzzing of cicadas in the warm, early-autumn air. "Screwy people," Norman Candler said finally. Then he turned to Bee. "That Kaufman's a genius, but strictly a wack. Did I ever tell you about the time . . ."

Brenda and Coe wandered back toward their imaginary doorway. "Norman told me this morning that I should just frankly throw this scene away," Coe was saying. "He said the implications had to be *discovered*, and that on the surface I was just a messenger with a letter for the Ambassador. So maybe . . ."

"I've been cuing Freddy so *much*," Lorna murmured, rather hopelessly. Nobody heard her. They had all forgotten the peculiar behavior of Mr. Peabody.

—BARBARA ANNE FULLER

•

WELLINGTON (N.Z.), Saturday—The earnest young women of the Christchurch Auxiliary Ambulance Service were summoned to the aid of a "casualty." They bandaged him, lifted him gently, then they fumbled and dropped him.

The fall broke his leg.

Calmly equal to the emergency, the young women called the St. John Ambulance Brigade, placed the casualty on a stretcher, and slid him carefully into the ambulance—but not quite far enough.

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ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS

FASHION can be as highhanded as any tyrant when it comes to denying the expressed wishes of the public. For over a decade fashion has proclaimed that nothing between day clothes and full evening regalia would be considered smart. In vain, women have pleaded that they like to feel romantic after dark, whether their escorts are in formal attire or not; in vain, they have yammered timidly that they would like to indulge an innocent desire to shuck their matter-of-fact street clothes for something more glamorous when dusk fell. Well, this season their pardonable desire is at last beautifully realized. Everywhere, you'll find all kinds of simple dresses and suits made in luxurious combinations of velvet and wool.

Bonwit Teller show the sanest of street-length affairs made of heavy failles (they rustle and swish and everything), or of velveteen dolled up with frilly froufrous at the neck; satin and wool make rich alliance at Bendel; Bergdorf Goodman show brilliant lamés cut like sports suits. Hattie Carnegie, expert in the grand manner, has produced hundreds of black sequins and bugles and jet beads that look like licorice to give an opulent shimmer to simple costumes with a daytime cut. She shows several black wool street dresses in this vein, like one with a sharp peplum and brilliant black beads massed on its breast pockets, or another that is all horizontal stripes of black sequins; she shows a suit, too, with a jacket that is banded with beads and has edges outlined with a wide band of black bugles. All these contribute a worldly, *femme-fatale* note to informal dining or theatregoing, and even sports fabrics, such as brown or gray wool jersey, manage to get into the "important" class by virtue of sequins dotted here and there all over them.

In return for this cocktail-hour and informal-dining concession, however, fashion demands that we give up the comfortable habit of buying hostess gowns, usually zipped up the front, that can double as out-to-dinner dresses. Them days are over for the nonce; long skirts and high-toned dramatics go hand in hand this season. There is the much discussed tubular silhouette, for instance, in dresses that are as narrow as pencils to the ankle, with a slit to the knee for dash and, incidentally, to make walking possible. Bergdorf displays the most spectacular of these. Here, the dresses are likely to have long sleeves and a modestly covered back, and then surprise the onlooker with a décolletage cut literally to the waistline in a narrow V in front and a skirt slit to above the knee. There are many versions, the most breathtaking being in black; one notable model has sprawled bead embroidery forming bunches of pink carnations with shimmering green tendrils down each side of the front. Some of these slender things are accompanied by tailored day jackets, such as a waist-length one with leopard lapels, and have backs that descend in a hint of a bustle. Some show the back and shoulders and arms; witness a black velvet tube with sheer lace shoulder straps and pink-and-green floral bits nestling in a froth of black tulle across the breasts. Occasionally, harem drapery around the ankles is substituted for the starker slash in a skirt, and it looks good.

Hattie Carnegie's mannequins teeter along in black sheaths caught behind, just below the knees, with pink roses and swirling out in a godet below, to show a pleated pink petticoat whipping around the back of the ankles. Carnegie is also fond of straight, skinny sheaths with full peplums, between knee- and ankle-length, which suggest the Irene Castle fashion of long ago. A black satin affair with stringlike shoulder straps, as skimpy as possible, has a vast peplum of black net in layers that can be removed and used as a shoulder cape. Another with this same frothy peplum has pink-and-green sequin flowers up one side; still another has ruby sequins on purplish tulle, purplish and ruby tones being favorites with Carnegie this season. We will draw a necessary veil over the fact that she shows bright turquoise slippers and gloves with the sequin-and-tulle costume.

Then there is the perfectly simple, form-fitting dress, often with short sleeves, that appears in fabrics more luxurious than any we have seen in some time. Bergdorf and Carnegie both show this in solid sequins—Bergdorf's best being in brilliant-blue-and-emerald massed colorings with a green tulle scarf, Carnegie's in a mixture of ruby and purple which gives a fuchsia effect. Carnegie also has a heavenly siren dress of the same kind that is all dull, shimmering jet beads and has a bright-pink full-backed wool jacket to go over it. She is noted for her devotion to the sweater-topped evening dress; one of these, in black, has horizontal bands of black sequins circling its top, which clings as far as the hips, where the sequins change their course to make up-and-down stripes on the skirt. Sequins in every color of the rainbow appear in a triangular scarf over a black-crêpe evening gypsy dress and in the flowing panels on each side.

Wool for formal evening wear started as an exotic idea but may turn out to be practical as well. Bergdorf has beautiful evening clothes which conceal their warm qualities, such as an emerald-green tweed cape, below-hip length and lined with fuzzy gray fur, that seems logical enough over a dinner dress of Kelly-green wool jersey. A fuzzy wool jacket matches a Parma-violet jersey evening dress with a harem hem; a purple wool knee-length swagger coat that could double for sports is shown over a bright-yellow dinner dress which is wrapped around the neck and is endowed with the deep side drapery that is popping up here and there around town. Then there is a chartreuse crêpe dress that has a matching nipped-in jacket of Angora wool, with gold lamé making horizontal stripes across it; and a swashbuckling full-length cape of black broadcloth that is the incongruous covering for a demure pink satin picture

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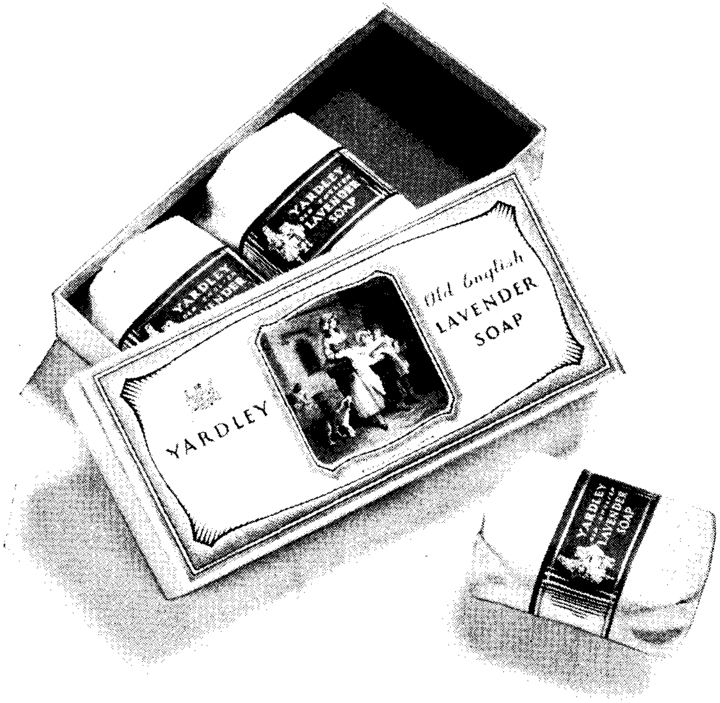

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dress with delicate lace around its décolletage and a prim black velvet sash.

Carnegie's wool evening coats also present a challenge to fur. A fitted navy one has large pockets of blue, silver, and coral embroidery at the hips; a jet fringe drips from the deep, black beaded yoke of a turquoise-blue coat; a full-backed magenta-and-red checked version has black sequin doodads in front of each shoulder. Carnegie's fitted black broadcloth coat, which started out to be just a double-breasted coachman number, ends up with black velvet across the shoulder blades forming a fichu, and is as smart as it is unexpected.

THE *grande-luxe* evening picture at Bendel has its surprises, too, although many of the dresses follow a type for which this house has always been noted. There is the perfect "débutante" dream dress, which consists of a modest, strapless bodice made of shirred pink tulle (a modest décolletage is, in itself, startling for evening, and Bendel harbors many of them), a huge skirt with layers and layers of pink tulle tucked in bands, and a sleeveless black lace jacket to top it off. Another picture dress, this by Molyneux, is of black velvet with pleated black net surrounding its strap neckline and making bands on its full skirt. Gold and brown sequins are used on a tight brown velvet bodice to be worn with a full chocolate-colored satin skirt; its neckline is a simple off-the-shoulder arrangement, which Bendel continues to love, usually with snug elbow- or wrist-length sleeves below it. A current favorite is a full-skirted black velvet dress with a wide band of pale-blue faille gathered at the waistline and extending down the front; or, for your picturesque moods, you may like a Renaissance gown in a curious dull-bottle-green velvet with gold-and-chartreuse embroidery around its off-the-shoulder neckline.

In the past couple of seasons, Bendel has experimented with a revival of one-sided drapery and detail and now offers a dress of dull-white jersey that leaves one shoulder bare and pulls up to the opposite shoulder in a huge cerise taffeta bow; low on the skirt on the other side is a large reinforced godet swinging out sideways. Among draped versions, you will like a long-sleeved dress in an olive-green silk jersey with a deep fold of drapery down on one hip. When it comes to tubular evening fashions, Bendel sometimes avoids the slashed hemline by substituting a slightly flared section just below the knee; this idea is worked out in a slick black dress with

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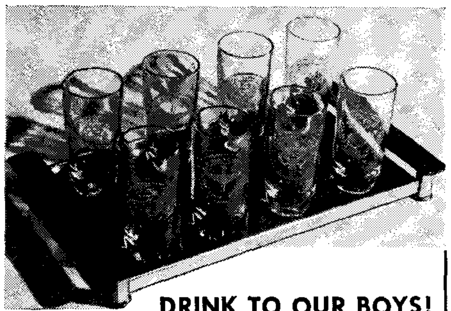

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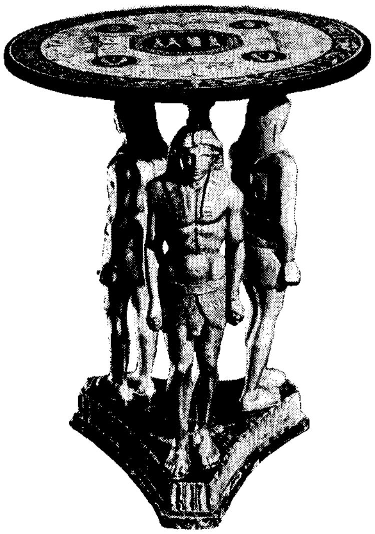

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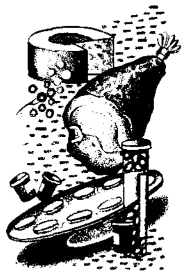

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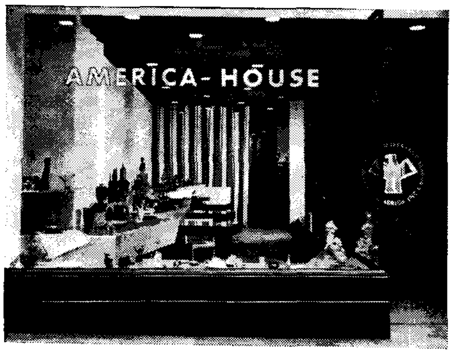

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a straight black jacket striped in bright-green sequins, and in a green crêpe sheath with green velvet at the bottom of the skirt to match drapery over the bosom. For a season in which there is likely to be so much embroidery and beading and glitter that the addition of any jewelry, true or false, may be risky, Bendel shows numbers of simple, draped dresses that are a background for your own ornaments. A yellow-green crêpe, for instance, consists of drapery pulled into a V neckline and draped forward on the skirt. Here, as elsewhere, however, they find it hard *always* to resist the feeling for a splash of color. The simplest black faille dinner dress you ever saw keeps to the straight and narrow until you add a jacket which succumbs to the temptation of a flaring red felt peplum covered with sprawls of black braid and punctuated with jet beads.

SO women who just love to look martyred at parties or be mousy at night clubs had better start checking over their last year's wardrobes. There is little in our new and exhibitionistic collections for *them*. —L. L.

ABOUT THE HOUSE

Knickknacks, Mostly

WITH the launching of the Corner Cupboard (second floor, south side), Bonwit Teller's hat is in the decorative-accessories ring, where I, for one, should be happy to see it stay. The Corner Cupboard is an airy, uncluttered, and well-stocked shop with a plan behind it which, if the staff can only keep up the pace, should endear the spot to orderly people who are happiest when things around them match, especially if they don't have to work too hard to achieve this desired harmony. What the Corner Cupboard proposes to do is fix it so such customers won't have to work at all—not a new idea, certainly, but they've carried it a step or two beyond what has been done to date.

A favorite stunt here is the building up of complete groups of accessories—mantel and hanging-shelf arrangements, buffet services, or table decorations—around ancient treasures that might otherwise be useless, however beautiful. An enormous old soup tureen or platter, a milk-glass dish, or a single candlestick is made the keystone of a group in which old and modern *bibelots* mingle so compatibly you would swear they had been custom-made to be used together. Some old, flower-patterned china plates, pretty but pointless, turn

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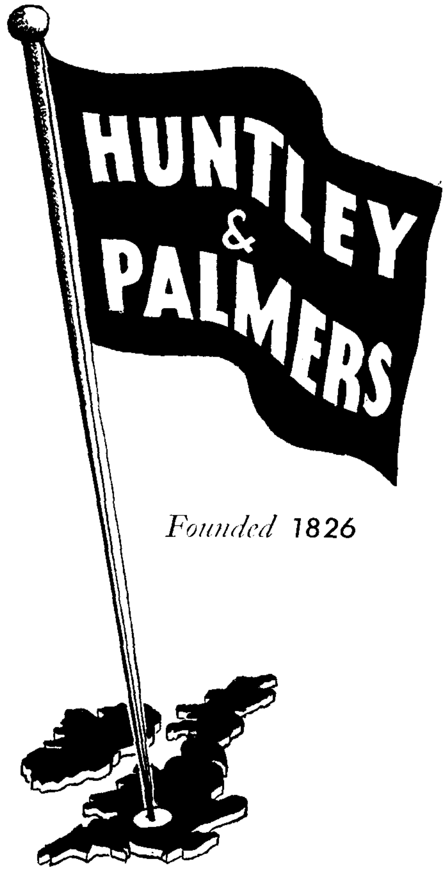
into something you covet on sight when they're linked with a tea cloth or table mats bearing the same flower pattern. A nineteenth-century Russian serving dish, its dome-shaped cover in deep, brilliant blue rimmed with gold and having a gold-and-white knob on top, is given companion plates of much more recent design—white, with rose bouquets in their centres and broad bands of the same wonderful blue around the edges. With these go rose-patterned white china candlesticks, to make your luncheon table memorable. And so on. You're under no compulsion to buy a whole group if you only want a part, or even one piece, of it, but I doubt if many will have much heart for breaking up what has been so lovingly joined together.

Other than this, the shop has done a tasteful if routine job in the selection of small occasional pieces of furniture, and a smart one in stocking up on miscellaneous assortments of wares, like ironstone and milk glass, to satisfy the public's insatiable appetite for white. The ironstone collection is good, with small pieces (covered dishes, gravy boats, etc.) starting at about $2, just as in most antique shops; the milk glass is mostly reproduction and includes some plates and stemware with painted flower and fruit decorations that should set a handsome table.

A giant dining table of old pine with an enormous Lazy Susan built right into it created a stir on opening day and may have been snatched up by this time by some avid collector of unorthodox antiques with $225 to squander. It is round, of course, and big enough to seat a crowd at a terrace or country-kitchen party—about six feet across, with a four-foot turntable covering the centre section; not even a family-reunion feast would crowd it. I don't recall ever having seen a table like this anywhere before, but the story is that they are common enough in Southern hillbilly sections, so maybe Bonwit Teller will be able to round up a few more.

WISHMAKER HOUSE has reopened at McCreery, for the second year in succession offering house furnishings that harmonize right down to the last infinitesimal detail, which happens to be bathroom soap in appropriate colors. This time the theme is Federal, with the eagle, pineapple, shell, and acorn motifs rampant, and the colors are those of early-nineteenth-century America—mauves, blues, mustard gold, good greens. Both symbols and colors have been put to especially good use in a group of wallpapers (scenics, medallion



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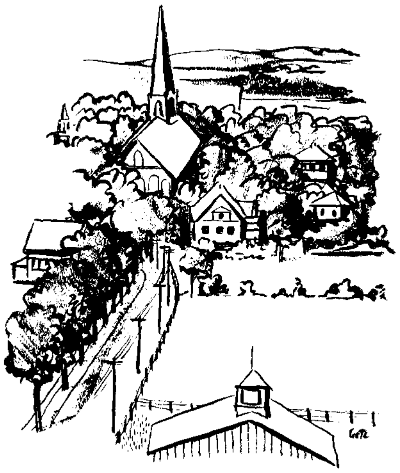
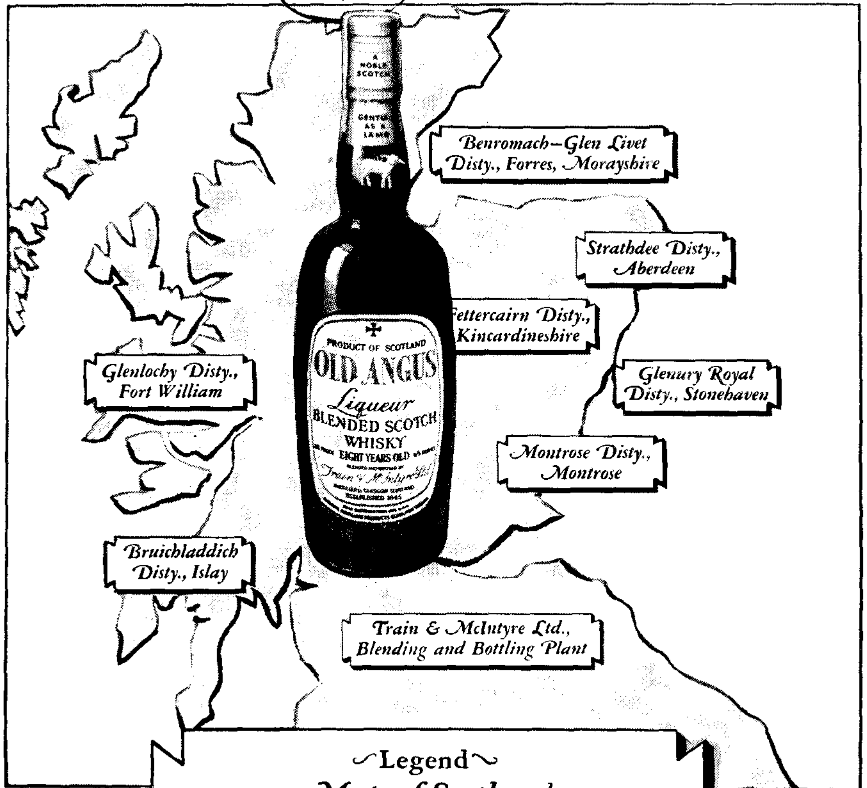
patterns, and narrow stripes with swag borders to use around the top of the wall), but the truly outstanding job is the one that's been done on little-money accessories planned for splash and drama. There's one indirect-light table lamp, standing a good two feet over all, which has a composition fluted-column base painted black and a big, gold-lined black paper shade decorated with the eagle-and-stars motif in gold; $12.50, complete. Other lamps, equally large and only slightly higher in price, have bases in which heavier fluted columns are surmounted by gold plaster eagles with wings spread, and there are electrified reproductions of tall old oil lamps in brass with crystal oil bowls.

Plaster composition, grained and finished to look the image of pickled pine, appears in fancy trimmings of a dozen different sorts—great, footed urns and cornucopias, metal-lined to hold flowers or laurel (from $4.45 to $7.50 each, and best in pairs); acorn-shaped cigarette boxes ($1.95) and giant ash cups (the acorns here are as big as pineapples); shell, acorn, and leaf-scroll bookends, wall brackets, and wall pockets, the last also metal-lined, so you can grow ivy and things in them. Two-candle eagle wall sconces of the same good-looking stuff, about two feet from top to bottom, are $7.50 each, and plenty of overmantel decorations for the money. Cornucopias like the ones made up as vases appear also as lamp bases that support paper shades covered with heavy silk fringe atop; $17.50 takes all. You wouldn't want too many of these matching things in any one room, but a few of them would do a fine, quick freshening job on wilted decorative schemes.

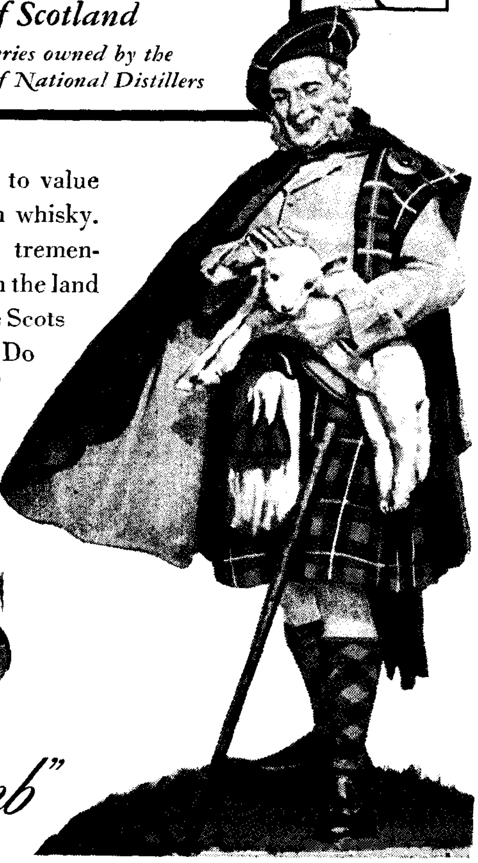
PRESUMABLY to fill in while the House of Years is being redecorated for fall, W. & J. Sloane have done a series of budget rooms, not bothering too much to make them decoratively



It MUST be good to be one of the largest-selling Scotch whiskies in Scotland!


A NOBLE SCOTCH
GENTLE AS A LAMB
PRODUCT OF SCOTLAND
OLD ANGUS
Liqueur
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
EIGHT YEARS OLD
Train & McIntyre Ltd.
Benromach—Glen Livet Disty., Forres, Morayshire
Strathdee Disty., Aberdeen
Fettercairn Disty., Kincardineshire
Glenury Royal Disty., Stonehaven
Glenlochy Disty., Fort William
Montrose Disty., Montrose
Bruichladdich Disty., Islay
Train & McIntyre Ltd., Blending and Bottling Plant

Legend
Map of Scotland
showing distilleries owned by the Scottish affiliate of National Distillers



Trust a Scot to know value—and to value good taste and quality in a Scotch whisky. That is why Old Angus enjoys a tremendous and ever-growing popularity in the land of its birth. Why not check up on the Scots by checking up on this Scotch? Do as the Scots do—call for Old Angus!

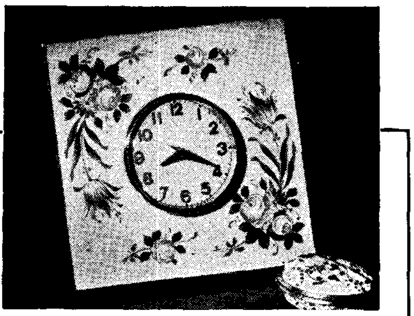
OLD ANGUS
A NOBLE SCOTCH
"Gentle as a Lamb"

National Distillers Products Corporation, New York • 8 Years Old • 86 Proof

Wake up the Natural Beauty of your Hair

Conti CASTILE Shampoo

MADE FROM CONTI PURE OLIVE OIL CASTILE SOAP
No Alcohol No Acids
No Free Alkali



PORCELAIN CLOCK, hand painted colored flowers on white, or gold flowers on dusty peach, pale turquoise and white. 5¼" square...*$18.50*

MINIATURE BOX for your vitamin pills, shell-shaped, 2¼", colors as above, to be cherished later as an heirloom..........................*$8.50*

Alfred Orlik Inc.
421 Madison Avenue, bet. 48 & 49 Sts., N. Y.

Any mail for me?

USE Eaton's FINE LETTER PAPERS

notable but including a great many small furniture pieces, particularly tables, that look at least twice their price and make the exhibit worth visiting if bargain-hunting is on your program. In a room furnished as a one-room apartment for two, there's a pair of oval lamp tables in mahogany, copied from a Sheraton original with all the sturdy delicacy of the model retained; at $17, these are a credit to their maker. The same room has an extension dining table, again a Sheraton copy, to seat six when fully expanded ($51.25) and an oversized mahogany coffee table of sound, simple, squarish design ($22.50). Things as good as these are scattered all through the show. —B. B.

•

NON-STOP SENTENCE DERBY

[*From "Nature and Children," by E. E. Higbee, in the "Lincoln Literary Collection," edited by J. P. McCaskey*]

While we would by no means neglect on such an occasion as Arbor Day to call attention to the great economic uses of forests, the perils attending their wanton destruction, the necessity of prompt and watchful care lest through the rapid march of civilization we bring upon ourselves the very evils we seek to avoid, and would keep up from year to year a spirited and concerted action against our dangers, by planting along roadsides, in parks and yards, and around every school building, trees, and shrubs, and vines, and flowers; yet we would, with special emphasis, call the children to a wholesome converse with Nature herself; would withdraw them from the restraints of books and recitation tasks, and woo them to her shady haunts, her valleys and hills, to deepen in their souls a sense of her life and a delight in her beauty, and some clear and sympathetic feeling of perpetual companionship; we would take them to the deep ravines, though themselves scarcely so tall as the brambly goatsbeard growing there; and they should scale the scarry heights and gaze delighted on the billowy green below; they should know the jutting rock, and moss-lipped spring, and foamy torrent; they should ramble over the rolling hills, or look upon the reddening flush of clover-fields, or watch the ripples running over the wind-touched wheat; they should mark each willowy creek, following it until through laurel bloom and fragrant birch, but a brook, it leaps laughing from the shadows of the mountain; they should scan each winding valley until narrowing to a wavering path it vanishes in the distant misty hills; they should hear the sparrows' silvery song thrilling the briery hedge, and see the bobolinks, with quivering wings, send down showers of rapturous melody upon the dew bent grass; they should learn to love Nature with such tender reverence as never to abuse her or profane her; and, inspired by such love, they should seek her help in making home, or school, or village, or city, a comforting delight, a culturing power, a presence of beauty through life.

Apartments
One to Five Rooms
...many with terraces

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serving pantries...hotel service...
moderate rentals...furnished or
unfurnished...long or short periods

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Embodies the newest design in low pressure pick-up with *permanent* jewelled stylus. NO NEEDLES REQUIRED.

Unbelievable richness of tone—finest construction—amazingly compact. Available in aero tweed or cowhide; AC and AC-DC.

AVAILABLE AT ALL FINE STORES OR AT:
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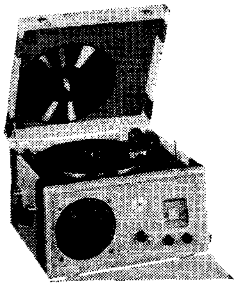
985 Madison Ave. (at 77th St.), New York, N.Y.
Write for complete Port-O-Matic Catalog "YT"



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THE RACE TRACK

Big Doings

IT would be difficult to complain that nothing worth recording happened around the tracks last week. I don't remember when there were better horses or more exciting finishes in the Bay Shore and Beldame Handicaps; Requested came through beautifully in the Cowdin Stakes; and there was the dead heat between Alsab and Colchis in the Eastern Shore Handicap at Havre de Grace, which would have been an event in any season. As if all this were not enough, War Relic beat Whirlaway in the Narragansett Special.

From now on, my favorite two-year-old is Requested. He is not a great horse—there is none this year—but he is consistent, able to carry high weights, and has a kind of élan that gives the effect of superior quality. He is a smooth, well-made, medium-sized dark chestnut with a Roman nose, and is owned by Ben Whitaker, a betting man from Texas, who took up racing about five years ago when physicians advised him to spend more time out of doors. Requested cost $1,300 as a yearling and has since won nine of his fourteen starts, together with $47,850 in prize money. What impressed me in the Cowdin was the way he turned back the challenges of Seamanlike and Apache and had a bit left at the end. The rest of you can worry all you please over what's going to happen in his match with Alsab at Belmont Park on Tuesday; I've gone direct to my favorite source of information, myomancy, and the signs say that if you don't bet on Requested you might as well not bet on the race.

On the face of it, a meeting between Requested and Alsab ought to be something extra. I must say that the only time I saw Alsab was at Hialeah in February, and he ran last in a field of fourteen. Once he got going, though, he swept through the season, winning sweepstakes at every turn—eight, to be exact. He is named, in case you've wondered, after his owner, Albert Sabath. An observer reports that Alsab had jockey trouble in the Eastern Shore Handicap; otherwise, he would have won comfortably. By the way, Colchis, with whom he ran the dead heat, was third behind Requested in the East View

Suddenly . .

Miss America is the Busiest of Women . . .

She knits. Drives. Flies. Folds parachutes. Learns air-code signalling, community feeding. Helena Rubinstein, herself one of the busiest of women, knows that these women have no time for complicated beauty care. Knows, too, they never needed Beauty more than now. She recommends two famous creams . . three dramatic make-up essentials that take no longer than putting on her hat . . that will keep busy Miss America confidently beautiful.

No More "Powder-Puffing!" TOWN AND COUNTRY MAKE-UP FILM is the exquisite, pearly base that holds powder for hours. 1.00, 1.50. Helena Rubinstein's POWDER is like a perfumed mist! 1.00, 1.50, 3.50.

Keep Your Skin Smooth and Soft with PASTEURIZED FACE CREAM. Wonderful cleanser and massage cream. Smooths and soothes. 1.00 to 4.50.

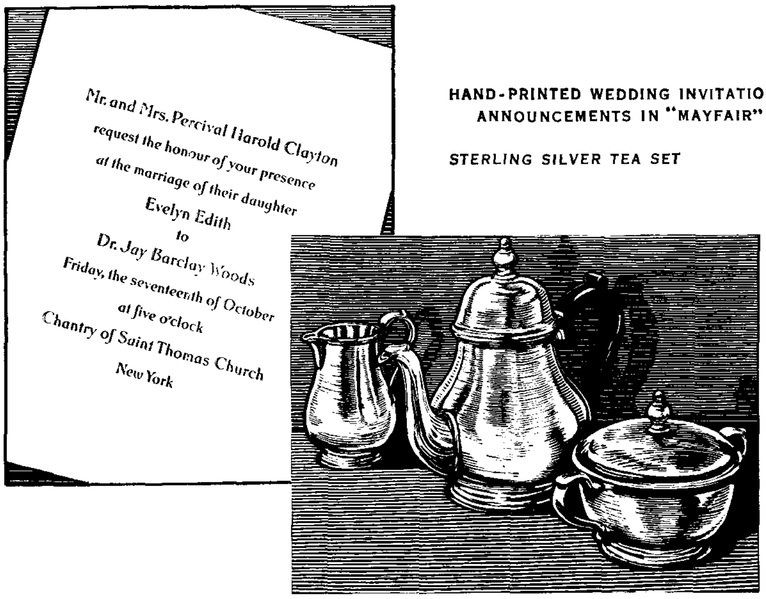
Make Over a Faded, After-Summer Tan with WAKE-UP CREAM! Helena Rubinstein's original cream. Famous for brightening dull, weather-beaten, sallow skins. 1.00, 2.25.

Helena Rubinstein's Lipsticks are famous for their velvety texture, and wonderful colors! APPLE RED for brunettes, RICO RED for blondes, RED VELVET for evening drama. 1.00, 1.50.

You are cordially invited to visit Helena Rubinstein Salons for consultation about figure, coiffure or complexion problems. Salons in New York, Chicago, Boston, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Toronto, Mexico City, Rio de Janeiro.

helena rubinstein

715 FIFTH AVENUE, AND AT ALL SMART STORES



Mr. and Mrs. Percival Harold Clayton
request the honour of your presence
at the marriage of their daughter
Evelyn Edith
to
Dr. Jay Barclay Woods
Friday, the seventeenth of October
at five o'clock
Chantry of Saint Thomas Church
New York

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WEDDING AND PERSONAL STATIONERY FOR THE BRIDE. SILVERWARE, CHINA AND GLASSWARE FOR HER NEW HOME. GIFTS OF FINE QUALITY AND WORKMANSHIP.

TIFFANY & CO.

FIFTH AVENUE & 57TH STREET NEW YORK

GALA FALL OPENING • WEDNESDAY EVENING • SEPT. 24TH

Persian Room at the Plaza

JEAN SABLON
AT DINNER AND SUPPER
and at Saturday Dansant

GOWER & JEANNE
at Dinner and Supper
and at Sunday Dansant

DICK GASPARRE
and his Orchestra
at Dinner and Supper
and at Saturday Dansant

COCKTAIL HOUR
Saturday and Sunday

THE PLAZA • FIFTH AVE. AT FIFTY-NINTH ST. • NEW YORK

Stakes at Empire City, and Contradiction, who was third in the Cowdin, was second to Alsab in the Washington Park Futurity. If you think, though, that such comparisons will help you figure out how to bet, you're crazy; the riding tactics in two-horse races are likely to upset all studied calculations. So far as the Requested-Alsab match goes, you might as well toss your past-performance charts out of the window. Remembering a few races at Aqueduct, you might do that anyhow.

AS for the most startling happening last Saturday, almost nobody dreamed that Sam Riddle's War Relic would beat Whirlaway. Some of us old, old horseplayers believe there is a grim bogle who sets traps for the favorites in those New England specials. Didn't War Relic bring off a big surprise in the Massachusetts Handicap in July? Perhaps Riddle was thinking of that when he said, after War Relic lost a close decision to Whirlaway in the Saranac Handicap at Saratoga, that he hoped the winner would run against his colt at Narragansett. From all accounts, Whirlaway did not run much. It was very embarrassing to people who say he's the greatest horse since—oh well, since Man o' War.

WHILE War Relic was amiably pushing over Whirlaway, Fairy Chant was winning the Beldame at Aqueduct. She won the event last year, too, you may remember. The most interesting part of the whole thing was that Jack Campbell's handicapping brought out fourteen fillies to run, even though the purse was only $15,000. The Narragansett Special was for $25,000, and only four horses started in it.

You hear a lot about long-distance races these days, and how they improve the breed of the thoroughbred (and I wouldn't be surprised if some improvement were needed), but the best show in months was the Bay Shore, a sprint at seven furlongs. Fifteen ran, among them Dispose, who hadn't been out since May, and it was won by Pictor, a 10–1 chance. George Widener thought it was such a good race that he's going to ask the Saratoga Association to put on a short one like it next year.
—AUDAX MINOR

•

BREATH BLOWED IN A SOLUTION
TELLS HOW MUCH ALCOHOL A
PERSON HAS CONSUMED
—*Headline in the Times.*

Incoherent speech is a symptom, too.

THE WAYWARD PRESS

STRAWBERRY TIME AT ROSIE'S

A COMPARATIVE study of the provincial newspapers of Britain and America is the subject of one of those fascinating monographs long planned and never likely to be written—not, at any rate, by me. The reason for the differences in the two products, in case it has never occurred to you, is, of course, geographical. It all boils down to transport and to the fact that our English distances are so much shorter than your American ones. The morning paper created in London has for years leaned cozily against the toast rack in the Orkneys at breakfast time, and, except during blitzes, I believe that this is still the case. So Fleet Street feeds the nation its daily dose of world intelligence in a manner Times Square can never hope to equal until the glorious day when the Boeings are relegated to the rôle of delivery vans and can drop off bundles of newspapers by parachute over Cincinnati, Topeka, Kokomo, and Cheyenne.

The local newspaper, therefore, is far more important in your extra-metropolitan life than in ours; our local boy with the inky urge has to take that momentous one-way ticket out of Ecclefechan, while yours may quite possibly stay home in Emporia and still make his mark. The effect of being thrust out of the big-news market by the ubiquitous London daily is to make the British local paper truly local. Its field of reference becomes the parish or, at most, the county. World affairs figure only in their local application.

Lately I have been seeing something of our local press. My service in the Army has taken me out into the broad acres where the journalistic arc of vision is perforce narrow, and now I am a confirmed local-newspaper reader. These homely sheets are full of a quiet delight for me. I am devoted, for instance, to the gentleman who, in one country newspaper I've come across, has run a gossip column for something close to half a century. He writes under a pen name, but of course everybody who has lived in his compact and matey circulation area for more than a few months knows who he is. Nevertheless, this respectable small-town Winchell continues to live, like an ostrich, in a charming atmosphere of self-created and wholly self-enjoyed mystery. He firmly believes—and reveals his belief at every writing—that he is a kind of invisible man. He attends all the local functions, meets everybody who is anybody, and everybody knows just who he is and why he is there. Yet in his column he writes as if he had projected himself astrally into the gathering and had got away with an adroit piece of eavesdropping. His best touch of all is to refer to himself by his real name, aiming thus to baffle his following still further. He will slyly write something like this:

> Among those present I noticed Mr. John A. Smith, chairman of the Salvage and War Weapons Committees, looking bronzed and fit in spite of the pressure his multifarious duties must impose on him.

And all the community knows that Mr. John A. Smith's is the pen inditing this judicial and admiring comment.

The most striking impression the local newspapers of Britain leave on their casual reader at the present time is that of their pleasant remoteness from the war. They leave all that heavy stuff to the big-city papers, and I must say I see their point. (Examples of curious perspective in these history-making days are not, however, entirely confined to the local press. There was the London film critic who bluntly described Disney's "Fantasia," in an issue of his journal otherwise taken up with the Russian resistance to the Nazi thrust, as "undoubtedly the most exciting thing that has happened this century.")

I AM writing this in a country house and the current local paper is beside me. Its front page is devoted to advertising, and I think an American looking at it would be impressed first by the penetration of things American into our rural life.

It is most noticeable in entertainment advertisements. The first names I see, in good, big capitals, are Lou Costello and Bud Abbott. A quick skim over the page discovers George Murphy, Lucille Ball, Fred Astaire, Paulette Goddard, Loretta Young, James Cagney, and Ann Sheridan. It is not only the screen that reflects the influence of the Western Hemisphere on British country life. The dancing teachers practicing in these parts offer "Jitterbug, Rumba, and Tango. Daily 10–10," which seems a lot of jitterbug for some hard-working teacher.

Events of the last year don't appear to have reached the producers of touring stage shows of the lighter sort; they still cling to the Gallic motifs. So, if you have the petrol, you may, within a few miles of where I write, see the "direct from London" show "Why Go to Paris?," which promises "the intimacy of a midnight floor show on a theatre stage." Nor is this an isolated case I happen to have lighted on. Further down the page is an advertisement of "Memoirs de Paris" (the retrospective note in the title, it is true, suggests a slightly greater awareness of recent history). The "Memoirs" take the form of "A New Spectacular Revue in 20 Scenes—Speed—Sparkle—Spice—with a Cast Including 10 Panama Girls and Beautiful Exotic Jeanetta in Artistic Studies." I am avid to inspect the ledgers of the theatre and get a line on the appetite of this rustic and conservative neighborhood for speed, spice, and artistic exoticism.

The paper's placid remoteness from war, though bombs are by no means unknown in the district, is coolly apparent in the first news items. A schoolgirl production of Tennyson's "Princess" is reported for three inches of type. Somewhat oblique contact with the war is made by an item recording an entertainment given by the staff and patients of a hospital, where, between the acts, there was an auction of model ships and of a lady's ring made from part of the windscreen of a German bomber by Bombardier Dillon. Bombardier Dillon auctioned the ring himself and raised £10 for the Red Cross.

A girl who was fined £2 for a black-out offence gets only three lines of the smallest type, but there is a handsome, long story about the two thousand people who took advantage of an invitation to look over the gardens of a local "stately home" on Sundays in July and dropped a total of £10 in the collection box of the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. British money-raising efforts are not entirely devoted to tanks and Spitfires.

The exciting war photographs now available, especially since the dynamic Russian propagandists went to work, exercise no appeal to the local editor. Thirteen cuts cram his picture page. I have analyzed their subject matter: the King inspecting local Home Guard, two; the Queen talking to girls at same inspection, one; local weddings, three; local appointments (portrait photographs), two; local man awarded D.F.C., one; opening of a new institute

THERE ARE OODLES OF CLOSETS!

"Well, I've kept my word, Joe, old boy, and have dug up the grandest apartment for you at the Savoy-Plaza that you can rent by the month, season or year. It's a 2-room suite, southwestern exposure, and the living room is square and simply enormous! There are oodles of closets, and a particularly choice cedar affair with large double mirrors that has 'bachelor' written all over it. There's a grand serving pantry, too, for you know what! Ed and I have an apartment a few floors below. Have luncheon with us in the Cafe Lounge tomorrow. The food is simply divine, and the renting manager will show you this and other suites afterward."

SAVOY-PLAZA
OVERLOOKS CENTRAL PARK
BUT OVERLOOKS NOTHING ELSE
FIFTH AVENUE · 58TH TO 59TH STREETS

Henry A. Rost, Managing Director
George Suter, Resident Manager

CALL TO FALL COLORS
at P. M.

The fall foliage at Pocono Manor is aflame with brilliant crimson, mellow golds, greens and browns. It's a sight to see, and a wonderful opportunity for taking color pictures. Come Columbus day. Be prepared for golf, riding—and bring the family.

SELECTED CLIENTELE
POCONO MANOR
535 Fifth Avenue Tel. VAnderbilt 6-3154
HERMAN V. YEAGER, General Manager
POCONO MANOR, PA.

in the region, one; local entertainments (groups), three.

The war has its tragic local angle, of course, in the Roll of Honour. The week has brought news of five local boys who have given their lives in the Army, three in the Navy. A Mrs. Clinch has come to the sorrowful end of a period of suspense which began more than a year ago, for, I read, she has learned that her corporal son, "who was well known in the district," was killed by enemy action at the time of Dunkerque. The airman son of a local rector is reported missing in operations over enemy territory. In a way, that little list, drawing its black circle round such a relatively tiny corner of England's map, is more poignant than the big lists one reads in the metropolitan press.

The omnipresent "V" sign (already rather commonplace and tiresome in its uses among the British, though a propaganda triumph in the occupied countries) crops up in the advertisements. But "V for Value" in a bedding ad seems to use the symbol in an unwarranted manner.

When the editor's voice is lifted on the main page, it confines itself to home ground. "County Council Problems" is the heading of the leading editorial. The "Letters to the Editor" column deals with the following topics: farming, a plea for queuing up for buses instead of having to fight one's way on by what amounts to a football scrimmage, a continuation of an argument about a contest between teams of amateur firefighters (it seems the paper named the wrong team as winner), and a comment from an Oxford man on the V campaign—he wants the B.B.C. to play "B.B.B.C." (in the musical alphabet) as their station signal, his idea being, of course, the three dots and a dash.

On the "Society and Personal" side, an heir to a baronetcy has been born and four couples are going to be married. As for the arts, twenty-two solid-type inches go to local results of the Royal School of Music examinations. On the women's page, I learn that during a meeting at Fairlawn "a beetle drive organised by Mrs. Bennett caused great amusement." Under the heading of "Notes and Queries, Edited by Ernest W. Dormer, Fellow of the Royal Historical Socy.," I read:

> Colonel ffennell has a home for babies under five at Wytham Abbey, where, amid rural beauty and relative safety, they may be free from the horrors of the bombing raids on London. When these babes grow older they may be told something of the story of the great house which received and sheltered them when the wings of death hovered over their own humble abodes.

Which is just the notes-and-queries editor's way of leading into the history of a house. He really has me by the ear when he says:

> There is a tradition that a body of nuns came to Wytham shortly before this time [eighth century] but were quickly dispersed and their house abandoned. The memory of their brief sojourn is said to be retained in the name of the present house.

Wait a minute, my dear Historical Fellow. You can't treat nuns like that. Why were they quickly dispersed, by whom, and how? How *does* one quickly disperse a body of nuns? It seems to me the Fellow has missed the big story in this assignment. He becomes more practical toward the end when he writes:

> Perhaps some day the babies when fully grown will come again to take their fill of Wytham strawberries—the best in the world—and wander down to the ruined walls . . .

But whimsy gets him, and he finishes:

> . . . where Rosamund fair [Rosie hasn't appeared in the story before] once dreamed away her long enchanted days.

A paragraph I started to read in the section headed, I regret to report, "Facts and Facetial," threw me for a minute:

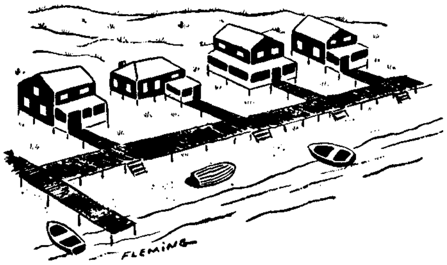
> Her Majesty's frigate has within these last few days been launched. A floating bath has been prepared, we believe, for the use of the Prince and . . .

I took a startled glance back at the subhead. It read, "100 Years Ago."

One of the charms of the local newspaper is its imperturbability; we are so used to the more pushing sort of paper shoving its classier wares under our noses. Now, in a modest corner of my journal, I find a poem by Lord Dunsany, apparently first published here. "For a Fallen Soldier" it is called, and it is written for a local man who fell in Belgium last year. It begins:

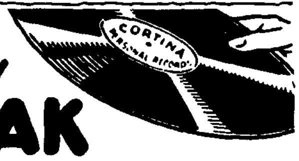
> I cannot send a wreath at such a time,
> Nor would it reach him in that foreign
> land . . .

If an *Express* or *Daily Mail* or *Mirror* had the chance to print a memorial notice written by a well-known poet-peer,



And in the Latin American vogue — the music of Gus Martel and his "Gauchos"

The VIENNESE ROOF
(Air-Conditioned)
presents Hal Saunders & his orchestra
Theatre Dinner • Dinner • Supper • Dancing
The Viennese Roof is also open
for Luncheon daily except Sunday
THE St. Regis 5th Avenue at 55th St., N.Y.



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Please send me—without obligation—your free booklet. I am interested in (mark):
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NEW Cocktail Cigarette *with Spirit!*
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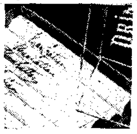

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it wouldn't slip it quietly onto the back page.

WHEN we all return to our normal lives, I shall live in London again. But when I go weekending, I shall write ahead to my hostess and ask her to arrange that the local paper be sent up with my morning tea. I am sold on the local paper for good. Life will never be complete again without it.

See you in strawberry time, down at Rosie's place. —STEPHEN WATTS

•

THE VOICE ON A RIVER

It was a sweet murmuration of pretty
ladies
Came to him as he rode upon the waters.
It was as though their voices and lily
laughter
Came from queens' light-foot maids and
kings' bright daughters;

And his poor boat was a barge burnished
with silver,
And he himself a prince with a jewelled
sword,
Reclining on tapestries, full of
commendable fancies
As to which of the delicate rout would
call him Lord.

Surely they all were dressed in Doric
draperies
The zephyrs molded to their innocent
thighs;
And truly, too, each held a snow-white
pigeon
That said coo, softly, and looked with
large dove's eyes

At the fine barge floating on the
shadowed river
And the stateliness of its career upon it,
While their mistresses saw the sword of
the tall-formed helmsman
And read in his face the battles where
he had won it.

Oh, it was fine to be in such a country,
To pass such pretty ladies on such a
sunny shore;
So he thought on until their voices faded,
And the bend was passed, and he could
see the dour

Village, and all his world was real once
more.
What he had heard was silly girls of the
town
Cackling their gossip. Before he took up
the oar
He stared at the sullen water and wished
that he might drown.

—PETER M'NAB

Heed the Elephant... and Remember

★★that this GOOD HOPE BRANDY is the perfect answer to your search for a fine imported brandy. It's the equal, we believe, both in flavor and bouquet to the best of Old World Cognacs . . . and costs less than you are accustomed to pay for many of these.

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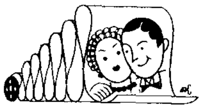
Just East of Park Avenue

Bertram Weal, Manager

THE CURRENT CINEMA

Time, in Your Flight . . .



THE American public must enjoy an infinite amount of leisure. This particular city is renowned, I know, for a degree of bustle and of scurrying about, and a notion (false, I suspect) exists that no one really has time for anything. Life in the outlying districts, we are told, moves at a different pace, and in the country one rambles and saunters and may snooze at will. The truth must be, however, that neither in this city nor in any other, nor in the great open spaces, is there any actual pressure of exigent engagements. The majority of our population has time and enough to spare. Hours and hours daily must be lived through, no matter how, and for their endurance anything will serve which can lull the senses and be termed, even in the most perfunctory fashion, entertainment. I gather this impression of the national condition from those movie producers who know the public and have made their fortunes out of it. A new batch of movies, all running, quite unnecessarily, over a hundred minutes, and all very typical of the industry's output, serve to indicate our nation's happy lassitude.

"Lady Be Good" (110 minutes), which suggests to older types the Astaires and the Gershwins and something light and delightful, now reappears as a dissertation on the marital problems of a young couple. Flip in tone, it is yet, I suppose, a kind of drama. The husband composes music; his wife writes the lyrics, writing them archly on her handkerchief. They squabble a lot. They divorce and remarry. That is the story on which we must concentrate for many reels. A part is even arranged for Lionel Barrymore. Ann Sothern and Robert Young portray for us the familiar troubles of professional people in wedlock. Eleanor Powell, who can dance, talks a great deal. Once she takes a few spins and toward the end does actually dance, giving us altogether, you might say, a dance and a half. The famous title song, to be sure, is present, and there is an unexpected inclusion, charmingly sung by Ann Sothern, of Jerome Kern's "The Last Time I Saw Paris." The title song and this Kern insert, Miss Powell's spinning, and a ten-second giggle inspired by a weird Miss O'Brien,

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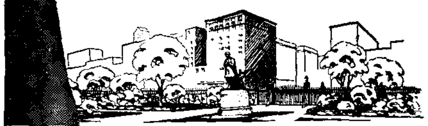

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a comic with surprises, can't, however, occupy us for more than twenty minutes.

A BACK BAY tempo may be suitable for "Lydia" (103 minutes), since this film tells of the love life of an heiress from that neighborhood. The poor girl has such bad luck with her men that she finally takes to good works. Indeed, we meet her first as an antiquated spinster faced simultaneously by her four major romances. The makeup department has taken a ghoulish pleasure in showing us Merle Oberon, Alan Marshal, Joseph Cotten, George Reeves, and Hans Yaray wrinkled, wizened, and begrizzled, and has been able to contrast the lugubrious spectacle with a display of them all at the height of their youth and beauty. There are nice brushes of comedy and drama in these various chapters, with a certain fanciful note here and there, as when the girl's grandmother (Edna May Oliver), a formidable Back Bay matron, hopes to heaven the child will marry the butler's son. Four loves might well take a lot of time in the telling, but these are all so tentative that most people would pass them over with a sneeze. Only one offered complications which the heiress might really brood on through all the decades of charitable enterprise. She has dreamed only of one who had been faithless, a seafaring man, bad as they make them. He turns up, too, when they are all in their eighties, and it is a neat touch, I think, that he himself can't remember anything at all about the whole affair.

BUSY with war work, Warner Brothers have given us "Navy Blues" (108 minutes), letting loose Ann Sheridan and Martha Raye among the gobs in Honolulu. Jack Oakie and Jack Haley expand in the sunlight of the South Seas, and their well-known humor is given ample, very ample, expression. As a novelty, one Herbert Anderson is much in evidence. He is a talented hog-caller. —JOHN MOSHER

•

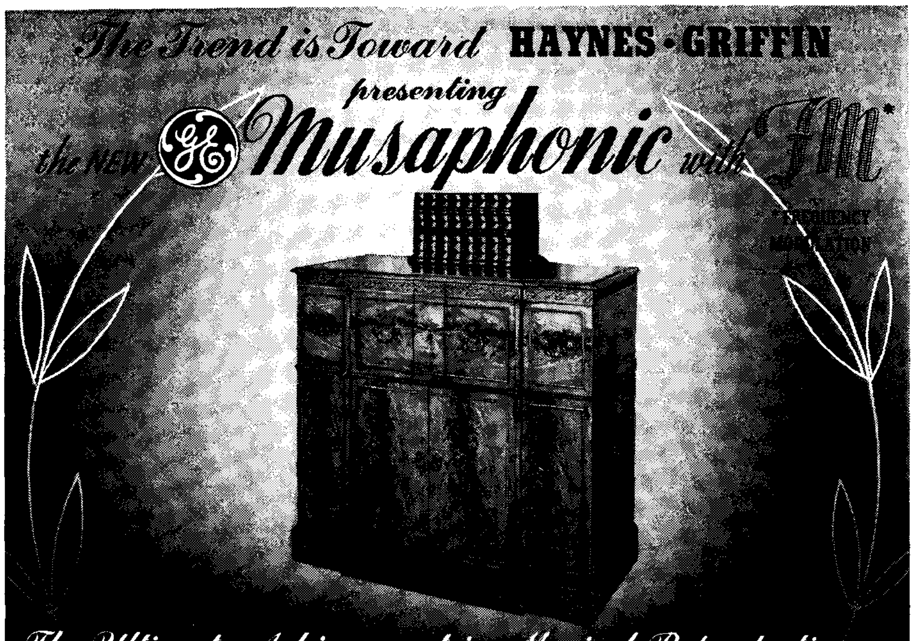
TEAM 27
CAPTAIN, DR. E. H. CUSHING

Dr. and Mrs. Harold N. Cole, $200; Dr. Carl H. Lenhart, $150; Dr. F. W. Walz, $100; Dr. and Mrs. George Crile, Jr., $300.

Many sufferers relieve nagging backache quickly, once they discover that the real cause of their trouble may be tired kidneys.

The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking the excess acids and waste out of the blood.—*Cleveland Press.*

Anything to that, Captain Cushing?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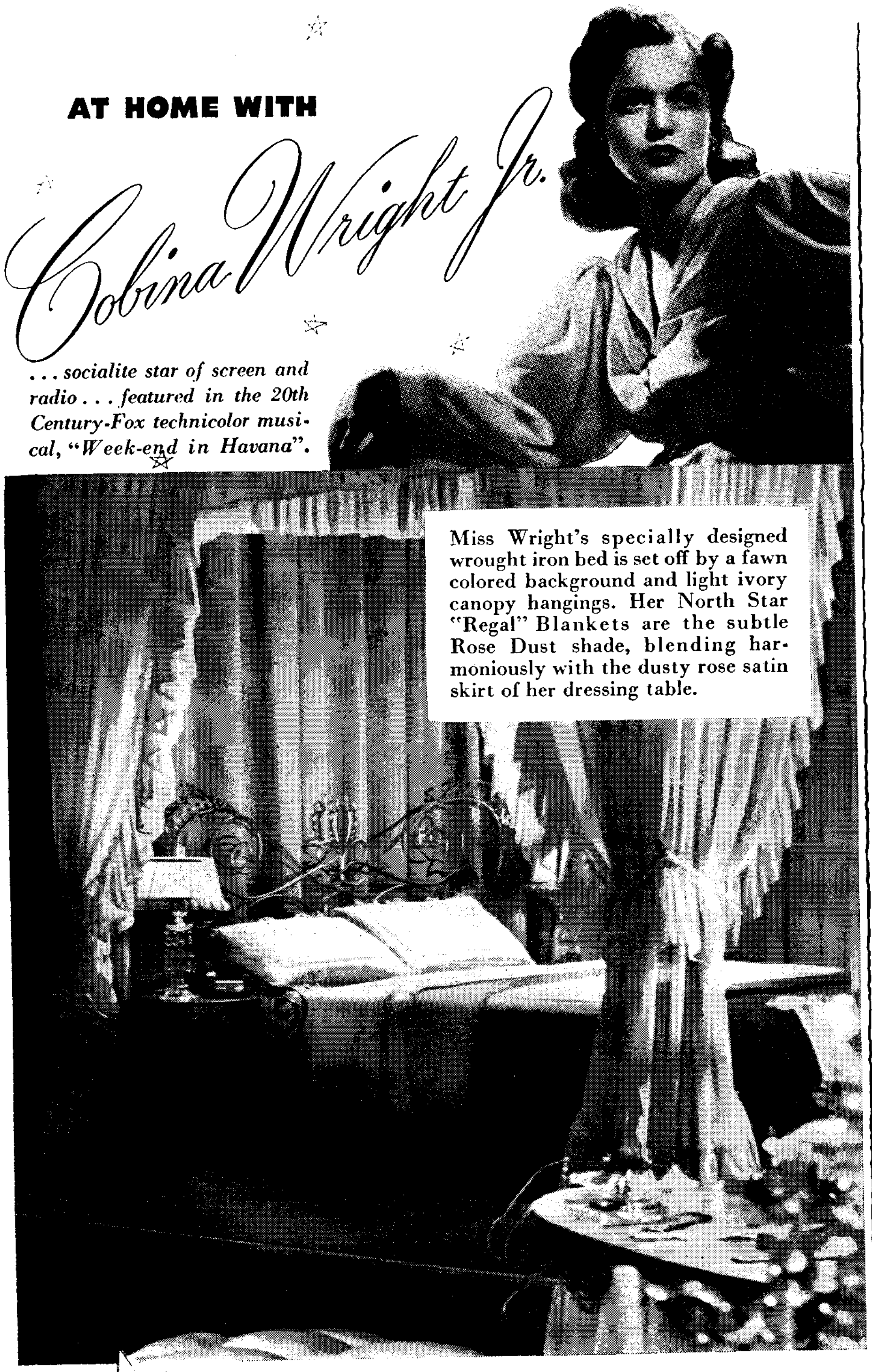

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Cobina Wright Jr.

. . . socialite star of screen and radio . . . featured in the 20th Century-Fox technicolor musical, "Week-end in Havana".

Miss Wright's specially designed wrought iron bed is set off by a fawn colored background and light ivory canopy hangings. Her North Star "Regal" Blankets are the subtle Rose Dust shade, blending harmoniously with the dusty rose satin skirt of her dressing table.

Every time you go to bed you'll congratulate yourself for owning a North Star Blanket. It's that kind of a possession. North Stars are woven of purest wool and nothing else. They come in ten lovely shades, luxuriously bound to match. You can pay as much as $175 for a pair of North Star Blankets, or as little as $7.95 each.

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Blanket of the Stars

TEE AND GREEN

Ladies' Man

THREE guesses as to who had the most to do with winning the 1941 Women's National Amateur Championship, held last week at The Country Club in Brookline, Massachusetts. Hal Pierce, president of the United States Golf Association? Nope. Mrs. Elizabeth Hicks Newell, the winner? Again, nope. Miss Helen Sigel, the runner-up? Nope a third time. You may get off those tenterhooks; it was Ernest Jones, formerly the pro at the Women's National Golf and Tennis Club at Glen Head and today the pro at the Cedar Creek Club (same place), which is the result of the merger, earlier this year, of the W.N.G.T.C. and the Creek Club.

It all goes back to an evening about two weeks ago—four or five days before the start of the championship—when Mrs. Newell, a Californian, was a guest at the Long Island home of Mrs. Helen Hicks Harb, a former champion. Mrs. Newell, Mrs. Harb, and Miss Virginia Van Wie, another former champion, were sitting around the Harb living room after dinner, discussing, of all things, golf. Mrs. Newell had gained the floor and was saying, in effect, that her game was shot to hell. She couldn't seem to get the feel of a swing any more, she said, and her best score since mid-July was a ninety-four. Miss Van Wie said that was too bad, but why didn't Mrs. Newell, since she was right there in Rockville Center, drive over to Glen Head and take a little instruction from Ernest Jones, than whom there was no better? Miss Van Wie was so strong in her praise of the Jones teachings that Mrs. Newell spent two hours with the pro the following morning, learning how to "swing the club head," as Jones puts it, instead of the club. After that workout, plus a few practice sessions based on the Jones Principles, Mrs. Newell headed for Brookline, her ninety-four complex forgotten, and disposed of half a dozen of the country's best golfers, including Miss Clara Callender, Mrs. Estelle Lawson Page, and Miss Sigel.

Jones has dedicated the better part of his teaching career to the instruction of women golfers. If any proof were needed that he is just about the best women's instructor in the business, this year's championship provides it. Counting his two-hour student, Mrs. Newell—and it is fair enough to, under the circumstances, you'll admit—three of the quarter-finalists were Jones products; the other two were Mrs. Reinert M. Torgerson and Mrs. Sylva Annenberg Leichner. Any other pro would have been proud to have one pupil do that well.

Mrs. Leichner, incidentally, is someone not to get in the way of. A lot of the contestants stayed at Boston's Hotel Somerset during the tournament, and when a copy of the draw for match play was posted on the bulletin board in the lobby Monday evening, one of the many men who gathered around shouldered Mrs. Leichner aside as she was trying to read the name of her next day's opponent. She plucked at his sleeve and asked, "Who do you play?"

JACK DREYFUS, JR., who with Paul Runyan, the Metropolis Country Club pro, won the first annual Metropolitan Golf Association amateur-professional four-ball championship at the Lakeville Country Club on Long Island, appears to have hit on a way to make the game even more complicated than it is. I refer to his idea (I assume it's his) about mirrors. Before each match, Dreyfus showed up at the practice area with a gilt-framed mirror. He would lay it carefully on the ground, tee a ball beside it, and then check himself for possible flaws of form. Probably it's a perfectly dandy idea; at any rate, it seems to work for him. Runyan got along O. K. without any mirrors, though. On the first hole of the quarter-final match, which he and Dreyfus played with Charlie Whitehead and John Kinder of Plainfield, he provided half the winning margin by sinking a chip shot for an eagle 3. —P. W. W.

•

Her palatial home on Hoover, in the old and exclusive residential section, was the center of much entertaining. In the white drawing room, the old Italian dining room, and on the Italian loggia, an international group of smart setters were often gathered.
—*Los Angeles Examiner.*

Tails and tongues awag.

•

WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE DEPT.
[*From the Bound Brook* (*N.J.*) *State Centre Record*]

Many children have been away on vacation with their parents while others, less unfortunate, were given the privilege of going to camps.

Leading the way!

Blackie: "People have a lot of faith in us, Whitey"

Whitey: "Naturally—we always lead them to pleasure, Blackie"

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THE PIANO-TUNER

ANGELO NUÑEZ was not his right name, but that is the one he used when he stood at my door that bright tropic morning, one hand holding a worn portfolio and the other making wild gestures in the air to supplement his rapid-fire Spanish. I was the lady, was I *not*, who had a piano in need of tuning? Somebody had told somebody else, who in turn had told someone who told him. He could, he said, whipping a mass of papers from the portfolio and thumbing through them, present the very best of testimonials and character references. Everyone knew, he added, that a piano out of tune was worse than no piano at all, and if I wished him to do the work, he would have much pleasure to begin at once. Where was the piano?

Later I was told by my friends, and by their friends, that I should have been less trusting. But I hadn't lived in Santa Rita very long, and even now I can see no reason to have doubted the good intentions of the wide-eyed, smiling young man who had so opportunely knocked at my door. For I *did* have a piano, an upright, and it *did* need tuning, and if there is anything harder to find in the Republic of Colombia than a piano-tuner, I hope I'll never have to look for it. I opened the door and asked him to come in.

He sat for a few minutes on the piano bench, playing scales and striking chords. Then he played bits of "Malagueña," and although, as I found out later, he didn't know much about tuning a piano, he certainly knew how to get the best out of one. Suddenly he jumped up, raised the top, and having folded it back, unhinged and lifted out the front panel, and set it against the wall. The piano needed a lot more than tuning, he said after peering long and authoritatively inside it. It needed new felt pads for one thing and a good cleaning and re-graphite job for another.

"But it isn't worth while," I said.

He was taking off the keys and putting them on the floor.

"It's an old piano," I went on nervously, "and not worth spending much money on. Besides, I'll be leaving here soon and I'll only have to sell it when I go."

"Then why not have it in good condition?" He smiled brightly. "It will be that much easier to sell."

"Well, it's my piano but it's my husband's money, and I'm sure he won't care about having all that done," I said. "You see, he doesn't care much about my playing."

But Angelo didn't stop until he had removed the last key. When he started tinkering with the hammer board, I lit a cigarette and offered him one, hoping to distract him.

"How much would all this cost?" I asked.

He lit his cigarette, inhaled deeply, then put back his head and blew smoke rings thoughtfully at the ceiling. The materials, he calculated, would cost thirty pesos. For his time and effort he would be content with fifteen—forty-five pesos for an instrument like new. Did I think it was too much?

"It'll seem like a lot to my husband," I said. "Anyway, I must consult him first. Sit down and wait while I speak to him on the telephone. No, please"—as he turned toward the piano bench—"not there. Take a comfortable chair." He turned on a confidence-inspiring grin and sat where he was told.

WHEN I came back from the telephone, Angelo was toying with my two-year-old's photograph, which stood on the table beside him. "A beautiful child, Señora. She is yours?"

"Yes, she's mine. But—"

"She is the only one, Señora?"

"Yes, she's the only one. Now about—"

"But what a shame, Señora! Anyone who has one child so beautiful—"

"Thank you," I said hurriedly, "but my husband says he will spend no more than thirty pesos on the piano."

"Ah." He put the photograph down and looked at me sadly. "I would like to do it for you, but for thirty pesos I cannot. The materials, you understand." He shrugged his shoulders and spread his hands, palms up, before him. "My time, also. It may not seem worth so much, Señora, but the work would be well done. And my mother, whose sole support I am, is in need of medical attention. No, I cannot afford to work for less."

Bargaining, like shaking hands, is a South American custom, and we both knew we would compromise in the end, but it took a while before we arrived at thirty-five instead of forty-five pesos. He would, he said, contrive to get the materials for less and, little as he could afford to, would accept less for his work. It would be necessary to take the hammer board to his workshop, where he had the facilities for its reconditioning.

"Naturally," I said. "Where is your workshop?"

From his coat pocket he pulled another mass of papers and rummaged through them until he found a dog-eared card which confirmed his vocation and gave the address at which he practiced it.

"There is one thing more, Señora," he said, looking grave. "I can get the materials from only one place, and that is the supply shop of the Conservatory of Music. Although they know me well, they will not give me credit. They will not give anyone credit, not even the honorable Córdoba, who comes from Cuba once a year to repair the Conservatory's own pianos."

Had his capital, he added, not been depleted by his mother's illness, this would not be a consideration, but under the circumstances it would be necessary for me to advance some money. If I would allow him to use my telephone, he would call the Conservatory now and get an estimate.

I'll never know to whom he talked or if he talked to anyone, but the monologue was convincing, and when he hung up the receiver and told me the best price for the materials was twenty-five pesos, I wrote a check for that amount. Angelo signed a receipt stating that the money had been received, and what it was to be used for, and that the balance of ten pesos would be paid to him on completion of his work. Expressing his gratitude and that of his dependent mother as well, he promised to be back in three days. Then he said goodbye and left, lugging away my piano's very heart.

THE three days, during which the "one child so beautiful" had a high time with the piano keys placed too invitingly on the living-room floor, passed. The fourth, being Saturday and a half-workday, I let pass without any apprehension. But when Monday and Tuesday came and went without a sign of Angelo, I began to wonder, and decided to make inquiries.

The address on the card he had left with me proved to be that of a little *tienda* filled with cigars, cigarettes, yucca bread, and rickety children. Nobody there knew who Angelo was or what a piano-tuner was. I left the place with a heavy spirit and thought what an opportunity this was going to be for my husband to compliment me on my business acumen. I thought how often the innocent in heart are hoodwinked, and then I thought of the mayor's office.

They knew Angelo Nuñez there all right. They knew him very well and by many another name. They showed me a copy of his *cédula* and confirmed the fact that he had cashed my check at the bank the same day it had been given him. The Conservatory of Music denied his acquaintance and added that foreigners should be more careful.

"He knows more about picking pockets than he does about tuning pianos," the mayor's secretary told me. "Of course, we'll make every effort to find him. Meanwhile I shall make out a formal *denuncio* for you to sign." He waved me to a seat beside his desk and I waited while he wrote down my complaint on a sheet of legal paper.

The *denuncio* finished and officially stamped, I signed it and went home. My husband, who is surprisingly sportsmanlike at times, warned me to "let it be a lesson" and said no more. And after we had moved the piano, with its ravaged breast, into the trunk room, life went on as it does anywhere, but especially in the monotony of the tropics—much the same as usual.

ONE sweltering winter day four months later, I received a phone call from the mayor's secretary. "You must come to the municipal jail," he said. "Your piano-tuner came back and he's been arrested."

"Congratulations on the efficiency of your police force," I said, "but why must I go to jail, too?"

"Well," he replied, "the man is being detained because of your *denuncio*, and he's asked to see you. You really should identify him, but if you don't care to come, please don't molest yourself."

"All right, I'll go," I said. "I've seen the aqueduct; I may as well see the jail. When is the best time?"

"At your convenience, Señora, but I wouldn't go alone if I were you. Perhaps your husband could—"

"No, my husband couldn't possibly," I said quickly. "He's very busy. Furthermore, I started this affair and I'll finish it."

"I see," he said. "Well, if you like, I will accompany you." He offered to call for me in his car, and I gratefully accepted.

It was an afternoon I'll always remember and can still smell. Standing on a balcony with the mayor's secretary and

More money! Doesn't it feel great when something **new** *is added? Something* **new's** *been added to Old Gold Cigarettes, too . . . to give* **new** *pleasure.*

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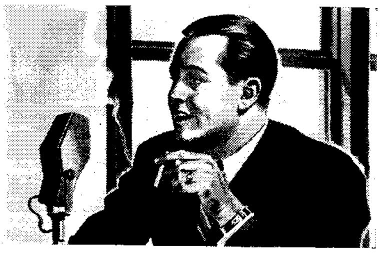
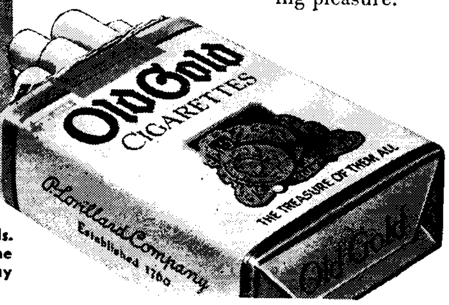


"Even better than I expected," says Millicent Barr, fashion editor, New York. "The new Old Golds have a delightful new taste, new fragrance—new overtones of flavor. They have 'class.'"

"The class of the field," says Earl Harper, sports announcer, Maplewood, N. J. "New Old Golds, with Latakia, break all records for smoking pleasure."



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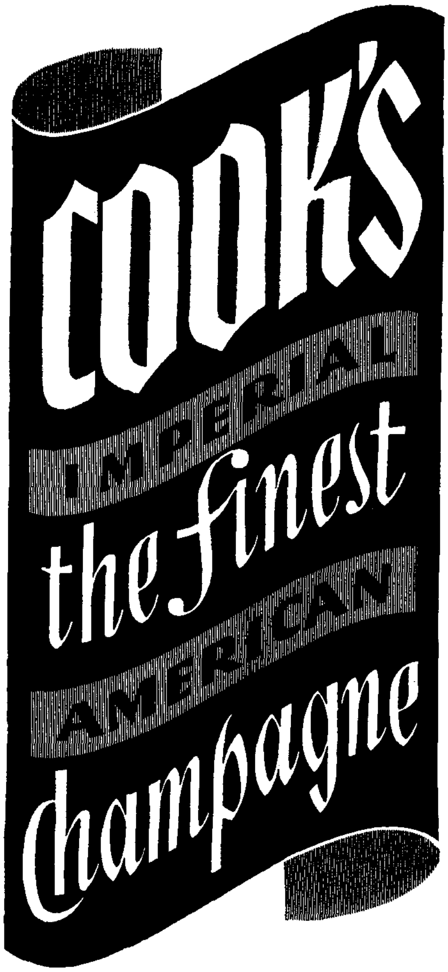
P. Lorillard Company, blenders of fine tobaccos since George Washington's day



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Oct. 6-9 . . Women's Tournament
Oct. 10 . Mixed Scotch Foursomes
Oct. 10 ..... Annual Golf Dinner
Oct. 11-12 . . . Pro-Amateur Event
Amateurs to be paired with such pros as Sam Snead, Clayton Heafner, Bob Cruickshank, Gene Sarazen, Pete Snead, Byron Nelson, Wiffy Cox, Billy Burke, Nelson Long, etc.

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looking down on the filthy patio where the prisoners were kept, I knew that if I were the cause of Angelo's being confined there, he would soon be out. Nobody deserved such punishment because of a piano, not even the man who had murdered one. When, handcuffed and ankle-bound, Angelo was brought upstairs, his smile was noticeably dulled by dirt and a week's whiskers.

"Señora, what a miracle to see you!" he cried.

"I never expected to see you again, either," I said.

"How have you been, Señora, and how is that beautiful little—"

"Come, come," the mayor's secretary broke in. "This lady didn't put herself to the trouble of coming here to pass the time of day with you."

"I've been very well, Angelo," I said. "And I'm sorry this had to happen, but why didn't you come back about the piano?"

"I did go back, Señora, but there was nobody at your house. They told me you had gone away."

"If there was nobody there, who told you I had gone away?" I asked.

"The servants in another house where I inquired, Señora. They said you had gone to the States and would not return. What could I do?"

"Of course, what could you do?" I agreed for the time being. "But tell me, what *did* you do with the hammer board of my piano?"

It had, he was sorry, been stolen from him. While at the Conservatory supply shop he had left it in the hall outside. In vain, he said, shrugging his shoulders and shaking his head, he had accused several workmen of the theft. They were always looking for such parts to repair the students' pianos.

"So. You were left with the materials and nothing on which to use them," I said.

He brightened at my intelligence. "So it was, Señora."

"And what happened to the materials?" I asked.

"It was about the materials that I went to see you to ask your advice and

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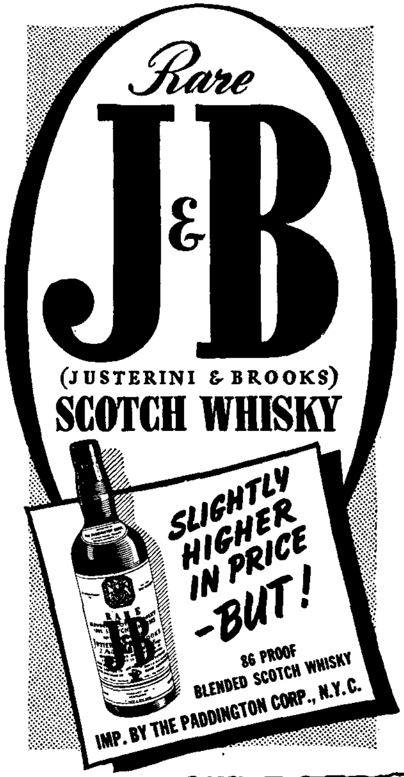

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they told me you had gone," he said. "The things were of no use to me, so I sold them back to the Conservatory. At a loss, you understand. They only gave me twenty pesos. They are such difficult people to deal with."

He lied so exquisitely that for a moment I was tempted to keep him in jail. But it was an awful jail and the smell of the patio was getting positively nauseating. I lit a cigarette and looked at him sternly. "Angelo, why did you call me down here?"

"Because you are the only one who can get me out," he said.

"And why should I get you out?" I asked. "You took my money and you ruined my piano."

"If I am kept here, I cannot work," he said. "If I am at liberty, perhaps I can get some money and repay you."

The secretary, whose impatience had obviously been mounting, could contain himself no longer. "Has he convinced you yet that you should withdraw your charges?" he asked.

Hopefully the prisoner watched me.

"I might as well," I said. "He says if he's free, he'll try to repay the money."

The secretary shrugged. "Very well. We'll release him before night. It will be one less for dinner. If you will wait here one minute, I will give the order."

Angelo beamed. "You are too good, Señora. You are an angel. Immediately I will go to work, I promise you. Let me sign a receipt now for the—"

"Oh, let's not bother signing anything more," I said. "You get a job, and when you've got the money bring it out to my house. You know where I live. And if anybody tells you I've gone away, don't believe it. Just keep knocking on the door until somebody answers."

"Yes, Señora. With much pleasure."

The secretary came back and offered me his arm.

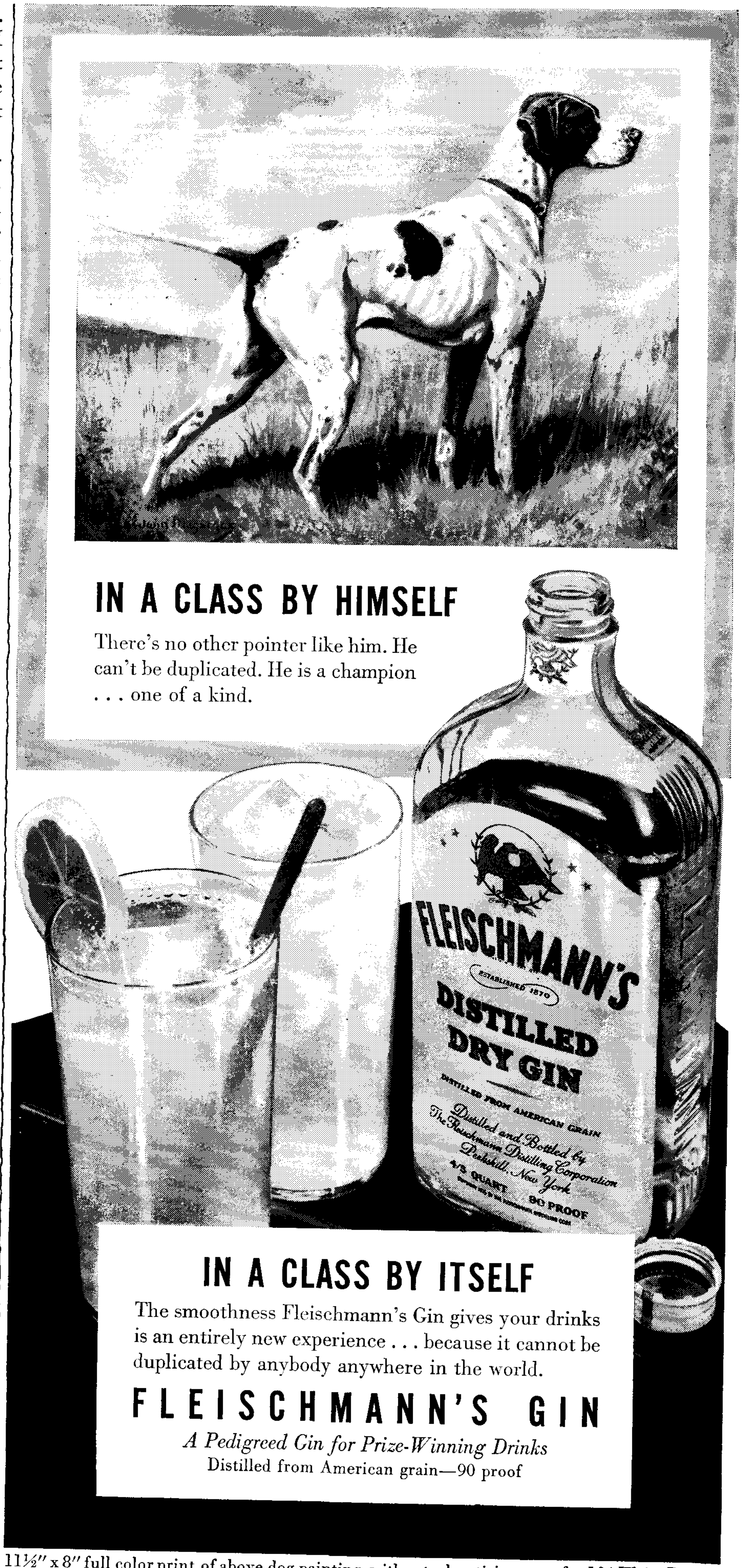
"Goodbye, Angelo," I said. "Good luck."

He bowed. "*Adiós, Señora.* Many thanks. You are so sympathetic. Salute your husband for me."

NOT twenty-four hours had passed when the mayor's secretary telephoned again. "It is about your piano-tuner," he said. "I thought you ought to know."

Suddenly depressed, though I hadn't really expected Angelo to do anything but skip the city anyway, I sighed into the mouthpiece. "I suppose he's gone away again," I said.

"Not exactly. He's dead. He was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stabbed last night and he died this morning."

"Oh!"

"He tried to steal some money from the cash register of a *cantina* on Eighth Street only two hours after he'd been released," the secretary went on. "He was a bad one all right. He died the way he deserved. But I'm sorry to say there's no chance of getting your money back now. His attempt at robbery was most unsuccessful."

Only two hours after he'd been released! "*You are too good, Señora,*" I could still hear him saying. "*You are an angel. Immediately I will go to work, I promise you.*"

"*Señor,*" I said quickly, "could I ask a favor of you? Could I ask you to take me to see him again?"

For a moment the line seemed dead. Then I heard the secretary's shocked voice: "But he is in the morgue, my dear lady! He will be buried this afternoon."

"Nevertheless, I would like to go." I laughed unevenly and gave the first excuse that presented itself. "I've never seen the morgue."

After I had thanked the secretary for offering to call for me, I instructed the girl to press my dark linen suit, and with that timeless feeling of having done the same thing somewhere or other before, I made ready to see Angelo for the last time.

THE bamboo blinds at the windows were drawn and the room was pleasantly cool after the glare of the hot and sun-baked streets.

"You are generous to visit him," the secretary whispered at my side. "He has had no one else, I assure you."

I stayed for only a minute and I've always wondered why I went at all. I think it was to make sure that it was really Angelo. It might have been a twist of the mouth, ill seen and confused in the gloom of the shaded room, but I thought he was still smiling.

When we were once more in the reassuring back seat of the municipal car, the secretary's voice returned to normal. "Very generous of you indeed. Poor fellow. It wasn't a surprising end, however."

"No. I don't suppose it was," I said. We rode in silence until we reached the Plaza.

"If you will be so good, Señor, to drop me here," I said.

"But of course."

"Thanks so much. You've been very kind. My husband will not forget it."

"Not at all, not at all," he said. "A pleasure to serve you. May the next time

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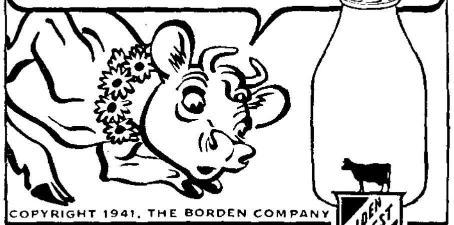

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we meet be under more cheerful circumstances.”

IF the secretary wondered why I was so “generous” to Angelo he kept it to himself, which was more than the clerk at the florist’s could do.

“Isn’t that the fellow who was stabbed last night?” he asked when I told him the flowers’ destination.

“Yes, that’s the fellow.”

“Was he a friend of yours?”

“No. Not precisely,” I said. “He—he did some work for me once. I felt so sorry when I heard.”

The clerk finished arranging the flowers, wrapped them in a piece of green cellophane, and pinned down the edges to keep out the sun. “A bad business, stealing,” he said. Then he added, “Especially out of a cash register! I wonder why the fellow took such a chance?”

“I don’t know,” I said, carefully counting the change he gave me. “I don’t know.”

But all the way down the narrow, sun-struck street I walked in the dark shadow of Angelo’s face, and I could hear his voice, like the ghostly sound of a voice that has been caught up by the wind and brought from far away, saying, *“If I am at liberty, perhaps I can get some money and repay you.”*

—ELEANORE AUSTIN WREN

•

CAMPING OUT. The sport of abandoning ordinary house-life, and living in tents, touring in vans, boats, etc., has been elaborately developed in modern times, and a considerable literature has been devoted to it, to which the curious may be referred. —*Encyclopædia Britannica, 11th edition.*

Listen, don’t snoot us!

•

Under the proposed World Calendar the first of January would always begin on a Sunday, Christmas (still celebrated on the 25th of December) would always fall on a Monday, Easter would always be on the fifteenth Sunday in the year, which would always be Thursday, November 28 . . . —*Leesburg (O.) Citizen.*

Sounds exciting.

•

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MUSICAL EVENTS

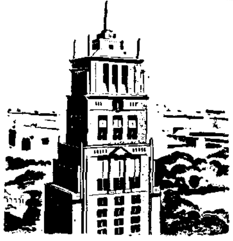
Popular Records

AN album of boogie-woogie music consisting of eight recordings grouped under the almost inevitable title of "8 to the Bar" is one of the better items to appear among the light stuff lately. It's a Victor set (P-69) and it gives those boogie-woogie experts Albert Ammons and Pete Johnson a real opportunity to show off their singular skill. Now, boogie-woogie, as everyone has learned to his pleasure or pain by this time, is something you either like or you don't, much the same as frogs' legs and fancy hatbands. It has easily as many detractors as it has adherents, although it's a good guess that it would have a lot more friends if there hadn't been so much well-meant but utter rubbish going around about its supposedly lofty qualities—its wide artistic scope, its spiritual possibilities, and so on.

But to get back to Messrs. Ammons and Johnson, the tunes (such as they are) in this thumbnail survey of the team's abilities are the compositions of the two gentlemen who play them, and if there's a certain similarity about the pieces, that, of course, only enhances their value as boogie-woogie. There's a certain and equally authentic similarity about the titles, too, among them being "Cuttin' the Boogie," "Walkin' the Boogie," and "Movin' the Boogie."

OSCAR STRAUS, whose fame goes all the way back to the beginning of this century, has been given a belated chance to get together an album of his own music (Columbia 67). The word "nostalgic" is almost sure to crop up in any mention of Viennese music, and it certainly fits this collection, which includes "My Hero," hit waltz of "The Chocolate Soldier;" "The Last Waltz," from—as the saying is—the operetta of the same name; and items from "The Princess of Tragant" and "A Waltz Dream." There are eight pieces in all, and Mr. Straus conducts the Columbia Concert Orchestra through them with the understanding care you'd expect of a composer-director let loose on his own music.

MARY MARTIN's singing of "Kiss the Boys Goodbye" (Decca 18184) should click nicely, and the com-



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pany, evidently counting on that, has made it the A-side number. Good as the A side is, though, it's the B side that's going to rank first with many, for there Miss Martin delivers "Do It Again" with a very special emphasis on the unwritten lines, and an articulate young lady she is in this field. She is accompanied in both songs by Richard Himber's orchestra, and capably.

THERE must be a dearth of presentable contemporary material; at any rate, band-leaders seem to think so and have been falling back a good deal lately on old pieces, as you can see from the following list of some of the best recent dance records (asterisks mean swing):

PARADISE and YOU WERE MEANT FOR ME—Claude Thornhill and his orchestra. Rich harmonies, flowing melody, and the soft piano-playing of the leader do the trick in both of these. Kay Doyle sings the vocal in "Paradise," which is done in fox-trot instead of the customary waltz tempo, and Dick Harding's voice is heard in "You Were Meant for Me." (*Columbia 36298*)

BLUE SKIES* and BACKSTAGE AT THE BALLET—Tommy Dorsey and his orchestra. Irving Berlin's good old "Blue Skies" stands up well under the swingy treatment given it by the Dorsey crowd. Listen carefully to the beginning, with its clever dialogue between the leader's trombone and the sax section. "Backstage at the Ballet" is an instrumental novelty. (*Victor 27566*)

FROM ONE LOVE TO ANOTHER and ANYTHING—Benny Goodman and his orchestra. The Duke Ellington influence is spreading, as witness the moody arrangement and slinky playing—both expert—of these two pieces. In "From One Love to Another," the symphonic connotations aren't to be sniffed at, indicating that Mr. Goodman's sabbatical among the long-hairs hasn't done him any harm. The rhythm goes right on down below just the same. (*Columbia 36305*)

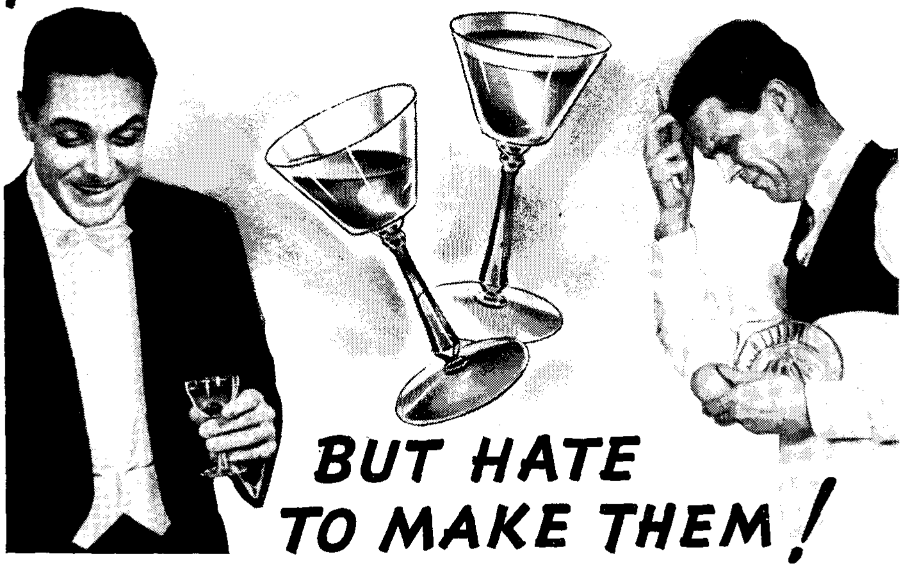
CLOSE SHAVE* and BUGLER'S DILEMMA*—John Kirby and his orchestra. Here we have a demonstration of purified swing—no extras, no cluttering up of any kind, only a mighty smooth delivery of mighty smooth arrangements. (*Victor 27568*)

GETTING SENTIMENTAL WITH TOMMY DORSEY—Tommy Dorsey and his orchestra. A collection of favorites from the Tommy Dorsey archives since 1935. There have been some changes in the orchestra's personnel but none in the Dorsey individuality, which sticks out all over these numbers. Four records, which give you "I'm Getting Sentimental Over You," "Royal Garden Blues," "Marie," "Who?," "Stardust," "Song of India," "I'll Never Smile Again," and "Little White Lies." (*Victor Album P-80*) —OFFBEAT

•

But who is Harold Ickes? Did he rise, like Venus, from the foam of the sea, or spring, like Minerva, full-panoplied from the brow of Jupiter? Ask anyone in Chicago.—*The Times.*

We'll hop right out there.



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RESTAURANTS

Back Again

IF you take advantage of the pre-October lull to revisit places you're fond of but somehow don't get around to as often as you'd like, you'll probably find, as I do, that they're flourishing politely, with those in charge feeling just enough pain at your having been away to make you purr. I mean those nice little dependable restaurants, which rarely move and usually have nothing more than a new coat of paint to make them seem different from the last time you were in. The result is that you relax and start having fun right where you left off.

One such pet of mine, it so happens, *has* moved. That is the Château Richelieu, which has finally shaken itself out of its old lodgings and settled in splendor on the same block, at 37 West 51st Street. I liked it as it used to be and I wasn't too sure that any change would be an improvement, but it is. Step around to the new number and see if you don't think it's just the old place grown up and using lip rouge. I admired the chandeliers with the pink glass globes; in fact, I admired everything but the daisies stencilled on the upholstery, which made my eyes jump, but maybe yours are different. The always good food is grander than it was, somehow. There's every entrée you'd normally want—chicken sautéed their way, frogs' legs, baked lobster thermidor, pompano with white grapes. Any of these can follow a firm base of spaghetti *en casserole* or homemade ravioli for those whose hearts and appetites are faithful to *pasta*. Fresh things, like radishes, celery, and scallions, turn up on your table at the start, and they make a point of orange juice for those who stand off from beginning too ambitiously. They still treat *pêche flambée* with imported brandy before setting it afire, and also, unless you speak up firmly in advance, with Melba sauce and a too noticeable (for me, anyway) dash of curaçao. Brandy is as far as they ought to go, say I.

Now that I've found I can have my entrée served on a round plate at Louis & Armand, 42 East 52nd Street, instead of on one of those consternating oval platters, there is nothing more to ask. The menu offers stylish tidbits to start with, as you know, but you can begin gently, with such simple things as vegetable juice or strained gumbo, if you'd rather. Sea food is served with wild rice and very good. Maybe, though, you'd go for breast of guinea hen *hongroise* (a wise thing to go for) or braised Prague ham with spinach and one of those sauces. The salads are fine and the desserts comfortably pedestrian—ice cream and like that. This being the sort of place you'd enjoy just as much without *a single* familiar face, you almost always see someone you dearly love. People sit around talking for hours, and none of the staff seems to mind.

I've just been round to the Caviar, at 18 East 49th Street, and I'm enchanted to report that those flannel grapevine effects which have fretted me for years have gone. If you were loyal enough to like them, be assured that they're not lost to the world; Papa Dadone (that's the boss) has retired them to his country house, where they should be as content as a horse turned out to grass. The Nova Scotia salmon is dry and sweet and expertly sliced by Dadone himself, who knows as much as anybody about that sort of thing. I recommend the *châteaubriant* with *sauce béarnaise*, but I don't see why you shouldn't be sidetracked by chicken *à l'estragon*, terrapin (put up in glass jars by the management, so you're independent of seasons), or broiled boneless saddle of lamb. Fresh caviar is still a problem; Russia is practically out, of course, and the boys who catch American sturgeon find they have to use salt, so Papa Dadone is shaking his head, and let's hope something will be done about it. Sturdy cheesers shouldn't overlook the goat cheese, though Brie, Oka, or *petit suisse* with guava jelly may suit you better if your palate reels easy. The domestic table wines are thoroughly satisfactory.

DON'T FORGET: La Crémaillère, at 24 East 62nd Street, has a handsome list of specialties for every day, including *escargots, rognons flambés*, and *baba au rhum*, and will produce more remarkable items if you but give warning—bouillabaisse, *soufflé toute saveur*, and even wedding cake, should you think up a good reason for having one. Such poetically sober dishes as brook trout *meunière* and minute steak with *pommes soufflées* are just what they ought to be around here, and the *pâté maison* (the one you can take home in a crock if you like) is as good as ever. . . . The Golden Horn, at 31 West 51st Street, is a place that sees me every so often. I go, as much as anything, for their flat, crisp unleavened bread, served

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HUNTER DISTILLERIES CO., INC., BALTIMORE, MD. • 86.8 PROOF • 49% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS hot from the oven and wonderful with whatever they call their sort of clabber, but dishes like eggplant and onions in olive oil, charcoal-broiled meats of different kinds, and upstanding Eastern coffee are not to be ignored. . . . Even if you think you know the Mirliton, at 14 East 58th Street, back to front, you don't know its best unless Georges has cooked veal for you over a spirit lamp at your table, tossing in butter, chives, cognac, and heaven knows what provocations with a fine, free hand. It is still the only place in town for those oranges cooked with maraschino, too. . . . The Sixty-eight Restaurant, at 59 Fifth Avenue (13th), goes marching confidently on, with *escarole* soup, homemade green noodles, and essentials like lobster, squab chicken, and sirloin steak. If Tony has ever creamed the butter for your steak, adding parsley, Worcestershire sauce, and other oddments, you know there's nothing better to look at or to taste. If he hasn't, you'd better ask him to the first chance you get. . . . Giovanni, at 66 East 55th Street, pleases persistently with everything, from his outsize cocktails in champagne glasses, through clam broth, breast of chicken in cream, and minute steak *bouquetière*, right down to his celebrated *cerises jubilé* and figs with brandy. And Giovanni is so nice, and so are all his men. It's cozy, too. . . . I still keen for the old Reuben's on Madison Avenue, but there's no denying that the present one, at 6 East 58th Street, is as good as you'll find for your twenty-four-hour appetite. I keep going back for the thin rye toast in enormous slices and the roster of bacons, but you may like those involved sandwiches, or you may even eat a real meal there, for all I know. Whatever your taste, Ethel Merman may switch past your table in a tight, tailored suit with a red flower over one eye, and I submit that's lift enough for anybody. —SOUBISE

•

SOLDIER

A reader insists that SOLDIER, because of its spelling, should rhyme with colder, bolder, holder.

To further emphasize that, in English, words cannot be pronounced as they are spelled, let us compare: bomb, comb, tomb; four, sour, tour, couch, touch; said, maid; how, tow; come, dome; sew, few; and that famous sextette: bough, cough, rough, through, though, hiccough.

As to SOLDIER, the silent "l" is influenced by former spellings: "soder" and "souder." But please note that the vowel sound is not "aw," as: "SAW-der." The correct vowel sound is, "ah." Say: "SAH-der."—*Troy Times Record.*

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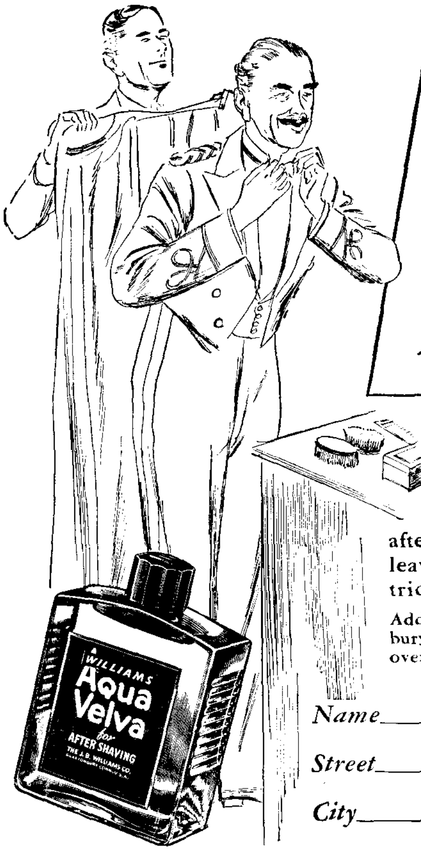

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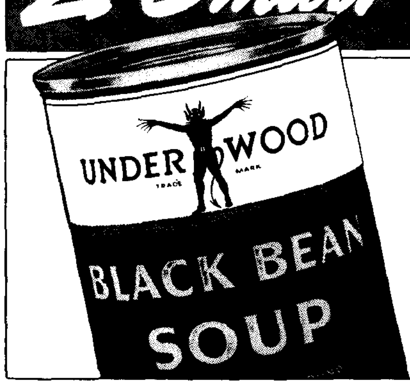

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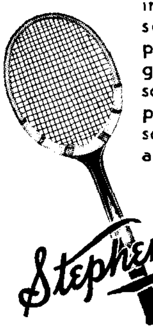

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BOOKS

Short View of the English People

THERE seems little doubt about it. Something is happening in England, not in the England of "The White Cliffs," not in Halifax's England or Duff Cooper's, but in the England of yeomen, workmen, and the great, stalwart middle class. If we are to believe such observers as Margaret Kennedy, whose "Where Stands a Wingèd Sentry" was noticed in these columns last week, that something is nothing less than a quiet, bloodless, even good-natured revolution. This revolution, if you wish to call it that, does not turn upon the seizure of power by one class as against another. It doesn't appear to have a great deal to do with Marxist or Fascist formulas. It is as much moral as political and its centre is a new conception of citizenship, apparently increasingly held by all sections of English society except the Tory diehards and the small but by no means negligible group of "realistic" appeasers.

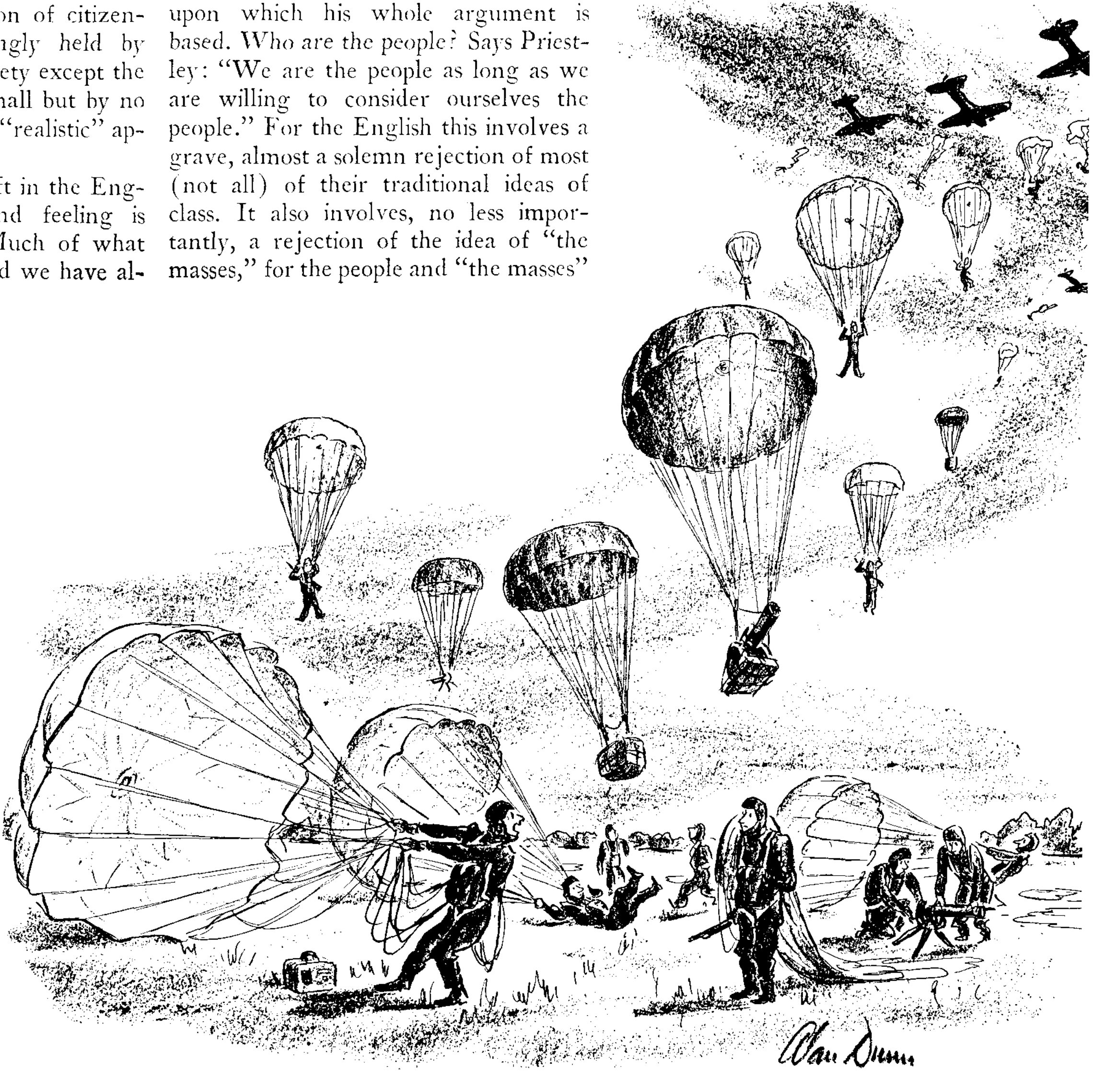
To Americans, this shift in the English way of thinking and feeling is not immediately clear. Much of what England is moving toward we have always taken for granted. Much of what it will stubbornly cling to we tend to think mildly absurd. There have been a number of books, some trivial, some pertinent, telling us how the English are taking the war. But these books don't help us much to find out what the English want to have after the war is over and, indeed, what they are beginning to want even now amid the bombs. And it is important for us to know this, for Englishmen and Americans, apart from all sticky sentiment, are going to be closer neighbors in the future than they have been at any time since July 3, 1776.

Hence I recommend to your attention a brief, meaty, simple book by J. B. Priestley, called—the phrase is from our own Walt Whitman—"Out of the People." Mr. Priestley is doing for his countrymen, in a much mellower and more pipe-smoking manner, something of what Tom Paine did for us in those other times that tried men's souls. He has been now for many months the voice, or one of the voices, of *unofficial* Britain. Some have rated his influence as second only to that of Winston Churchill. Whether this is true or not, there's no doubt that Priestley is talking not for himself, not for a group or class, but for a multitude of Englishmen who are to be found on every social level except that to which belong the highly privileged and the conscious or unconscious Fascists.

There is nothing sentimental, Jacobinical, or Marxist about Priestley's conception of the "people," a conception upon which his whole argument is based. Who are the people? Says Priestley: "We are the people as long as we are willing to consider ourselves the people." For the English this involves a grave, almost a solemn rejection of most (not all) of their traditional ideas of class. It also involves, no less importantly, a rejection of the idea of "the masses," for the people and "the masses" are opposed notions. That more and more Englishmen are coming every day to this sense of themselves as simply "people" and of England as the home of the people is the essence of the quiet English revolution and the promise, Priestley believes, of a finer future.

This is not mere rhetoric. Priestley is well aware of the obstacles to the continued growth of democracy—the decay of religious belief, the dangers inherent in the centralization of authority, and the dehumanizing effects of modern large-scale industry. But he believes, and he expresses his belief with great cogency, that none of these obstacles is insuperable, that it is not too early to begin breaking them down *now*, and that, indeed, they are already under fire.

Priestley knows what the official British propagandists do not know (and



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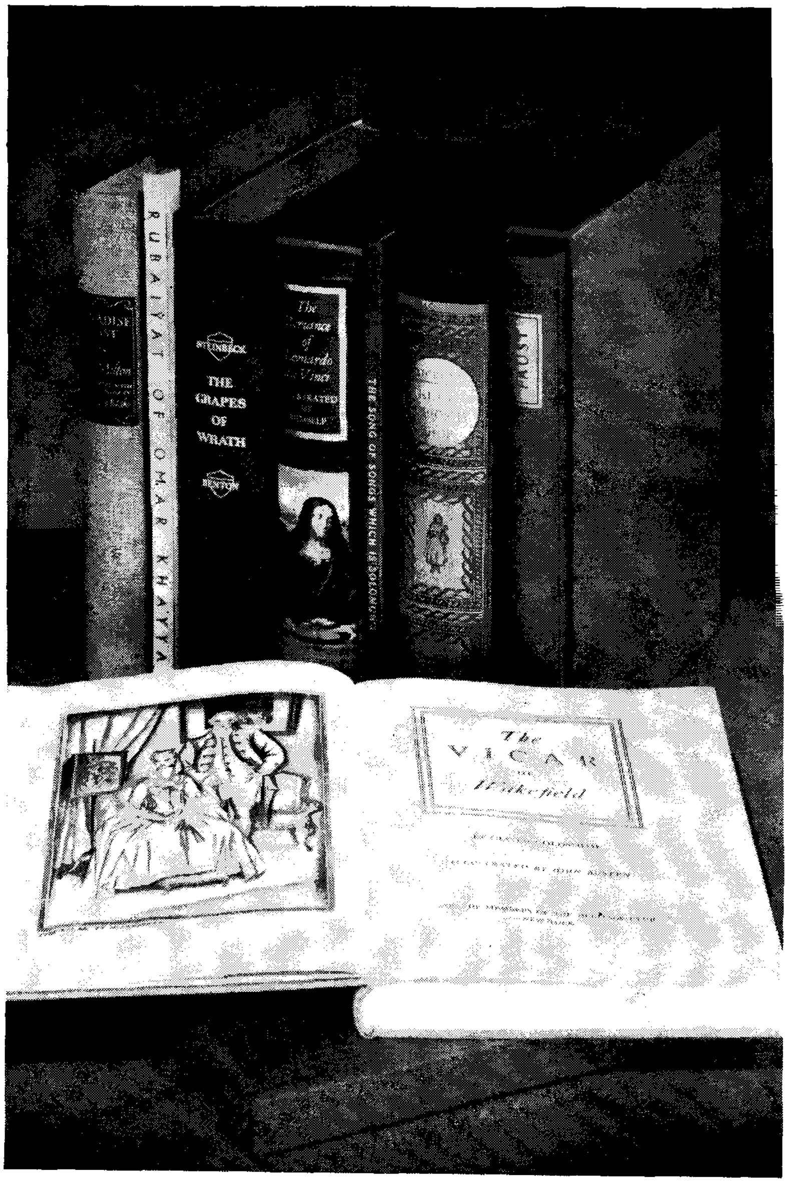

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that goes for some of our own, too): that "preserving our way of life" is not a war-winning slogan. People will fight to keep alive, but they will not fight indefinitely to keep alive. Priestley makes it clear that most Englishmen don't think any too highly of the way of life they are asked to preserve. They want a new and better one, a friendlier one, a decenter one, a less dull one, a *freer* one. This is their true war aim, not yet expressed by their official leaders, and it is because this war aim is clearly or vaguely in their minds that they find it possible to be heroes. That is what you gather from Mr. Priestley's book. He may be right, he may be wrong, but at the present moment in England's history it seems to make sense.

ELLIOT PAUL, the Left Bank Rabelais of yore, and Luis Quintanilla, who draws like a combination of Goya and Edward Lear, have merged to produce a gastronomical hodgepodge, "Intoxication Made Easy." The ostensible purpose of this highly unsystematic manual is to instruct the reader in the preparation of a true Spanish rice. A Spanish rice, of course, is no mere dish of rice but a profound synthesis of materials and flavors whose proper appreciation involves ceremonials of much complexity. The ingredients include the rice itself, mussels, scallops, inkfish, shrimps, salt, pepper, peas, saffron, frustums of pork, and that heavenly sausage known as *sobresada.* Mr. Paul's discourses on these matters lead him quite plausibly into a consideration of Einstein's continuum, St. James of Campostela, an Irish girl with beautiful knees, the parturitional experiences of the Emperor Nero, and much natural and unnatural history. The requisite amount of agreeable literary obscenity is sprinkled through the text, and the whole makes diverting reading.

CREDIT to Bernard Smith, first for conceiving a fresh idea in anthologies, a hard enough job in itself, and second for carrying it through with rare conscientiousness. "The Democratic Spirit" is a huge volume of almost a thousand pages. It contains generous selections, tracing in prose and verse, rhetoric and humor, philosophical essay and dialect jingle, the graph of our democratic and equalitarian emotion, from the Mayflower Compact to Carl Sandburg. There are over two hundred items and each author is ushered in by a short, thoughtful, biographical commentary. Oddly enough, the modern period, represented mainly by novel-

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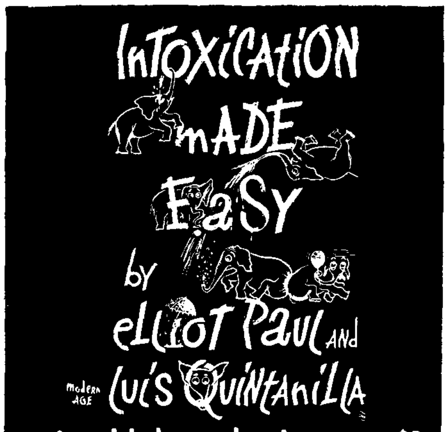
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ists and poets, is less striking than the pre-Civil War period, in which jurists, philosophers, and statesmen have their full-dress say. The thread of the democratic tradition is strong and unbroken, but its later literary expressions are light in weight compared to the grave, considered reflections of such men as Roger Williams, Adams, Jefferson, Paine, Channing, Garrison, Theodore Parker, and Lincoln.

The book as a whole, however, is impressive. There is no need to point out its timeliness.—CLIFTON FADIMAN

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE LONG WINTER ENDS, by Newton G. Thomas. A group of Cornish miners, forced by hard times to leave their native duchy at the beginning of the century, find a means of livelihood in the copper mines of northern Michigan. One of them is a boy of twenty who has worked in the mines since the age of nine. The cold American winter overwhelms him at first, but in spite of the snow he can go to school for the first time, and by spring he has decided that the new country is better than the old. Full of interesting details about Cornwall, and told with warmth and feeling.

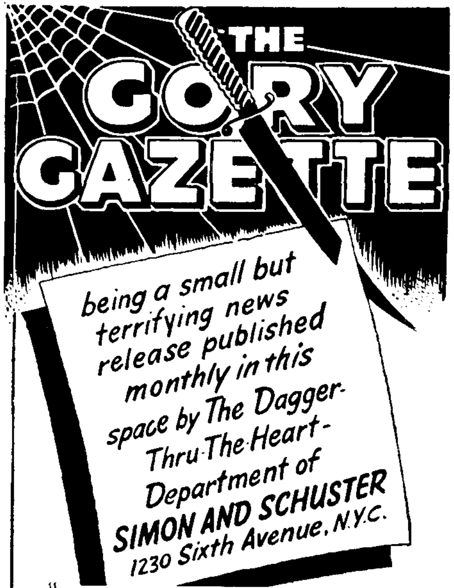
SO IT DOESN'T WHISTLE, by Robert Paul Smith. A novel about a group of youngsters in New York. They like listening to swing records, sitting in bars, making love, arguing. They have ideas about life, and the ideas are very young indeed. Mr. Smith has an unusually acute ear for current colloquial speech.

THE STRANGE WOMAN, by Ben Ames Williams. The life story (684 pages) of a woman who lived in Bangor and thereabouts from the War of 1812 until nearly the end of the Civil War. She is a pungent and colorful character, not afraid to do what she likes even though it shocks the neighbors. Two husbands, several lovers (one the son of her first husband), and four sons help to complicate her life. Altogether, a lively, readable piece.

ARIADNE SPINNING, by Eleanor Green. Rather tenuous short novel, a bit in the Virginia Woolf manner, about a rector's wife, her one near infidelity, and a small peccadillo of the rector's. Extremely sensitive writing does not quite redeem the story's unreality.

GENERAL

ANTHONY WAYNE, by Harry Emerson Wildes. Smoothly organized, full-

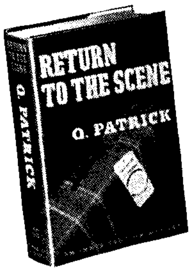


THE GORY GAZETTE

being a small but terrifying news release published monthly in this space by The Dagger-Thru-The-Heart-Department of SIMON AND SCHUSTER 1230 Sixth Avenue, N.Y.C.

The Gory Gazette's Ship News reporter tells us that it's tougher every day to get a visa to Bermuda. This being the type of problem we love to wrestle with, we wrestled with it. **The Gory Gazette** is now proud to tell its readers that we have found one practical and economical way to get around the State Department.

Read the latest Inner Sanctum Mystery, *Return to the Scene*, by **Q. Patrick.**



Here, without the expense of passage, extra play clothes and new luggage, you can enjoy all the pleasures of a Bermuda jaunt. In addition, your friends will not commission you to smuggle back eccentric knicknacks and/or cases of Scotch, you will not have to send lying postcards inscribed "Wish you were here," you will not have to risk life and limb re-learning how to remain seated on a bicycle, and **The Gory Gazette** guarantees a complete absence of sea-sickness.

Above all, you'll have an unusual amount of excitement on your trip. Along with you will go Kay Winyard, returning to Bermuda to stop a wedding, and seething with dangerous secrets. On arrival there'll be a corpse, together with as fascinating a group of suspects as any traveller could hope to meet. To say nothing of clues—like the bride's bloodstained dress that somebody tries to destroy, the silver bathing cap clutched in the dead man's hand, the weird tracks on the swimming beach, and the water-stained leather cushion.

Of course you'll be too busy trying to solve the case (any bets you can't do it?) to get the most out of the enchanting Bermuda setting. But enough of it ought to rub off to furnish you with bits of information that will dazzle your envious friends.

Therefore **The Gory Gazette** recommends, for that post-vacation exhaustion, and pre-Fall lassitude; in other words, as an unbeatable tuner-upper.

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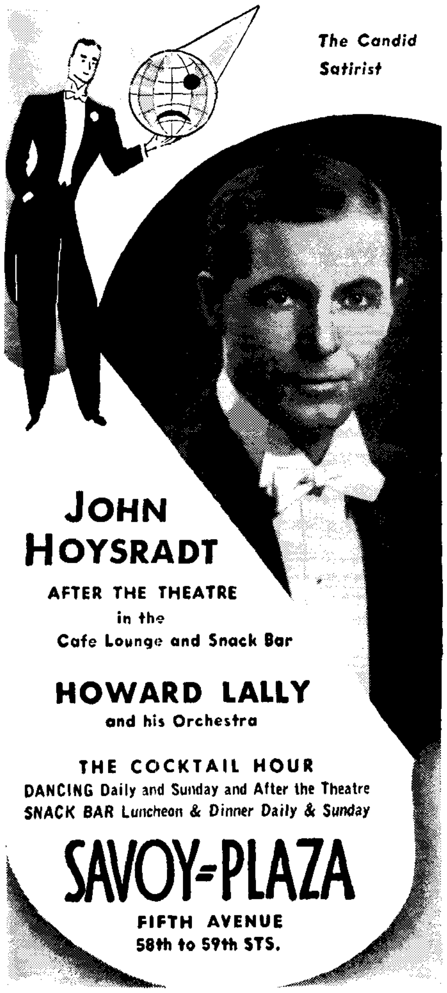

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length life of a choleric Revolutionary hero (inappropriately, the author says, called Mad Anthony) who was also, it appears, a good strategist, an often brutal disciplinarian, a rather cautious devil with the ladies, and a hidebound Whig. A readable new interpretation, much of it founded on fresh material, worked into a colorfully detailed picture of opportunist wrangling and other social diversions in officers' circles during the Revolution and later. Frontispiece and maps.

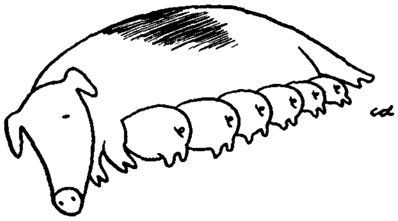
The Quest for Law, by William Seagle. Cultural history of the law in action, traced through what Mr. Seagle regards as its three major institutional phases: primitive, archaic, and mature law. Evidently authoritative, fertile in ideas, and engrossingly written, if you don't mind a little thinking now and then. Notes and bibliography.

A Thousand Shall Fall, by Hans Habe, translated by Norbert Guterman. A Hungarian writer who served with the French Army in the Battle of Sedan gives us a powerful and affecting narrative of the French breakup, his imprisonment by the Nazis, and his resourceful escape to Unoccupied France. A fine professional job, the product of a warm and acute sensibility. The translation is excellent.

Walt Whitman, by Babette Deutsch. Excellent short biography of our great democratic poet, who lived through nearly a century of American experience, from Lafayette to Thomas Eakins. Intuitively realized, well put together, and handled with a fluent, simple warmth. The book also comprises an anthology of Whitman's poems arranged for classroom use. Illustrated by Rafaello Busoni.

Barrie, by Denis Mackail. The life of Sir James M. Barrie, Bart., the mercurial little Scotchman who invented Peter Pan, done with taste, deftness, and indulgent understanding in a 736-page biography that is clearly definitive as well as exhaustive. Barrie, it appears, was his own most successful character. Frontispiece.

The Shoemaker's Son, by Constance Buel Burnett. A quite different sort



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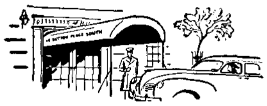

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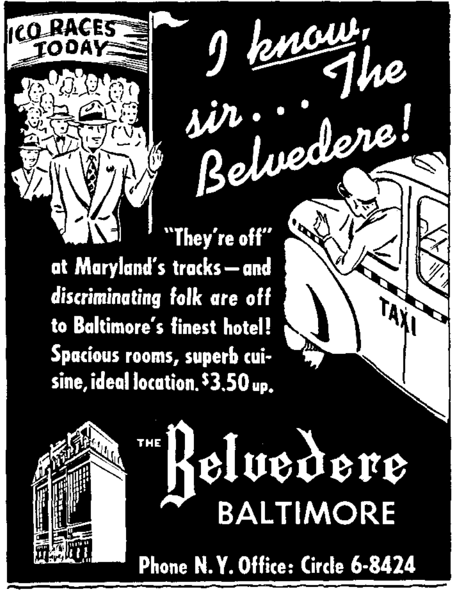

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of biographical subject—Hans Christian Andersen, the gentle and charmingly awkward peasant boy who became a famous storyteller. The author brings Andersen to life, in the midst of his own spick-and-span, provincial nineteenth-century Copenhagen, with a fluent and graceful penetration. Photographs, plus decorations by Fritz Kredel.

BALTIMORE ON THE CHESAPEAKE, by Hamilton Owens. Entertaining history of a vigorous Eastern port: Joshua Barney, privateering, Jerome Bonaparte, the birth of "The Star-Spangled Banner," Civil War riots, and the founding of Johns Hopkins, plus sidelights on the Baltimore clippers, the pinkish brick row houses, and other matters. Maps and illustrations. In the Seaport Series.

MEET THE SOUTH AMERICANS, by Carl Crow. The author of "Four Hundred Million Customers" makes a swing around the southern continent. Rather superficial in regard to the South Americans themselves but up-to-date and readable on the subject of North American business methods (very successful, the author believes) and Axis propaganda (a flop, he thinks). Some of the material has been published in various magazines. Map and decorations.

BIOGRAPHY OF THE EARTH, by George Gamow. The lurid past, exciting present, and grandly tragic future of our local habitation, with a sidewise glance at the sun, moon, and planets. First-rate popularization, with helpful drawings and photographs.

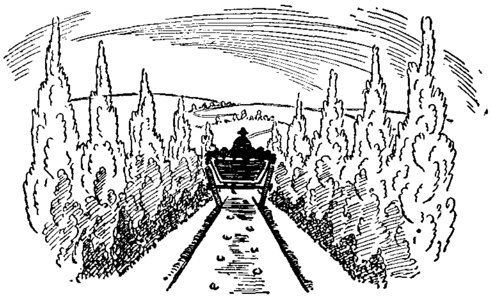
THE OAKEN HEART, by Margery Allingham. A crack detective-story writer deserts her trade to write a simple, heartfelt report on how an actual English village, her own, has been behaving during the last two years. The sentiments are by this time familiar, but the observation is keen, and humorous.

VERSE

PULITZER PRIZE POEMS, compiled by Marjorie Barrows. A collection showing only too clearly the wavering taste (or is it courage?) of the committee handling America's largest annual poetry award. Here are Speyer, Frost, Wurdemann, Robinson, and MacLeish, but where are Sandburg, Stevens, Eliot, Williams, and Marianne Moore?

SOPHOCLES: OEDIPUS AT COLONUS, an English version by Robert Fitzgerald. Mr. Fitzgerald's version—accurate and unaffected, if not particularly

AN ACRE OF FRANCE THAT ESCAPED



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moving—should send the reader to the great renderings of the choruses by Housman and Yeats. Fitzgerald, with Dudley Fitts, has already translated, without fustian, the "Antigone" and Euripides' "Alcestis."

MYSTERY AND CRIME

THE SMILING CORPSE, by Hilea Bailey. Hilary Bailey, who does his investigating from a wheel chair while his daughter Hilea (the author uses herself as a character in the story) does the footwork, learns that a saboteur has been having fun at the Burke-Smith Funeral Home in a small Indiana town. He sends Hilea to live at the funeral home, which turns out to be a nice place to visit. A lot of people named Smith provide complications in this well-plotted story. Recommended.

THE SINGING CLOCK, by Virginia Perdue. The Crandall family, who live somewhere near Chicago, are as queer as Dick's hatband, and young Jacklin Bogart, a cousin, is the queerest one of the lot. A dramatic story, beginning with a murder and ending with a bang-up mental collapse. Not a mystery, but very frightening indeed.

•

EDITOR, INDEPENDENT:

I think it is high time our city should at least try to make that Pike safer for our youth. Why do they condone the dark dance places and drinking in so-called cafes? I refer to that disgusting incident of Saturday night when two civilians jumped on a sailor and in the fracas two innocent people were knocked down.

It seems as though our service boys are kept away for long periods and when they come back are given liberty. It's true they are starved for pleasure, but why does it have to be their luck to have the human vultures waiting to pounce on them. I refer to that pack of loose girls that prowl the Pike and dance halls waiting to catch any boy that may show signs of being a little intoxicated. If our city dads and police force would be more alert a lot of these could be stopped.

What good is our USO to these boys if these girls get to them first?

I have two sons in the navy and I was proud to see how the navy boys stood by their buddy.

Is your city so poor that it has to keep selling liquor to an intoxicated sailor till he loses all respect for himself and others? Why not just take his money and be done with it? But for heaven's sake, keep those loose girls where they belong.

MRS. MARCELINA GRAVES

Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth. —ECCLESIASTES, XI, 9.—*Long Beach (Calif.) Independent.*

Last tag, Mrs. Graves!

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